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September 9, 1939

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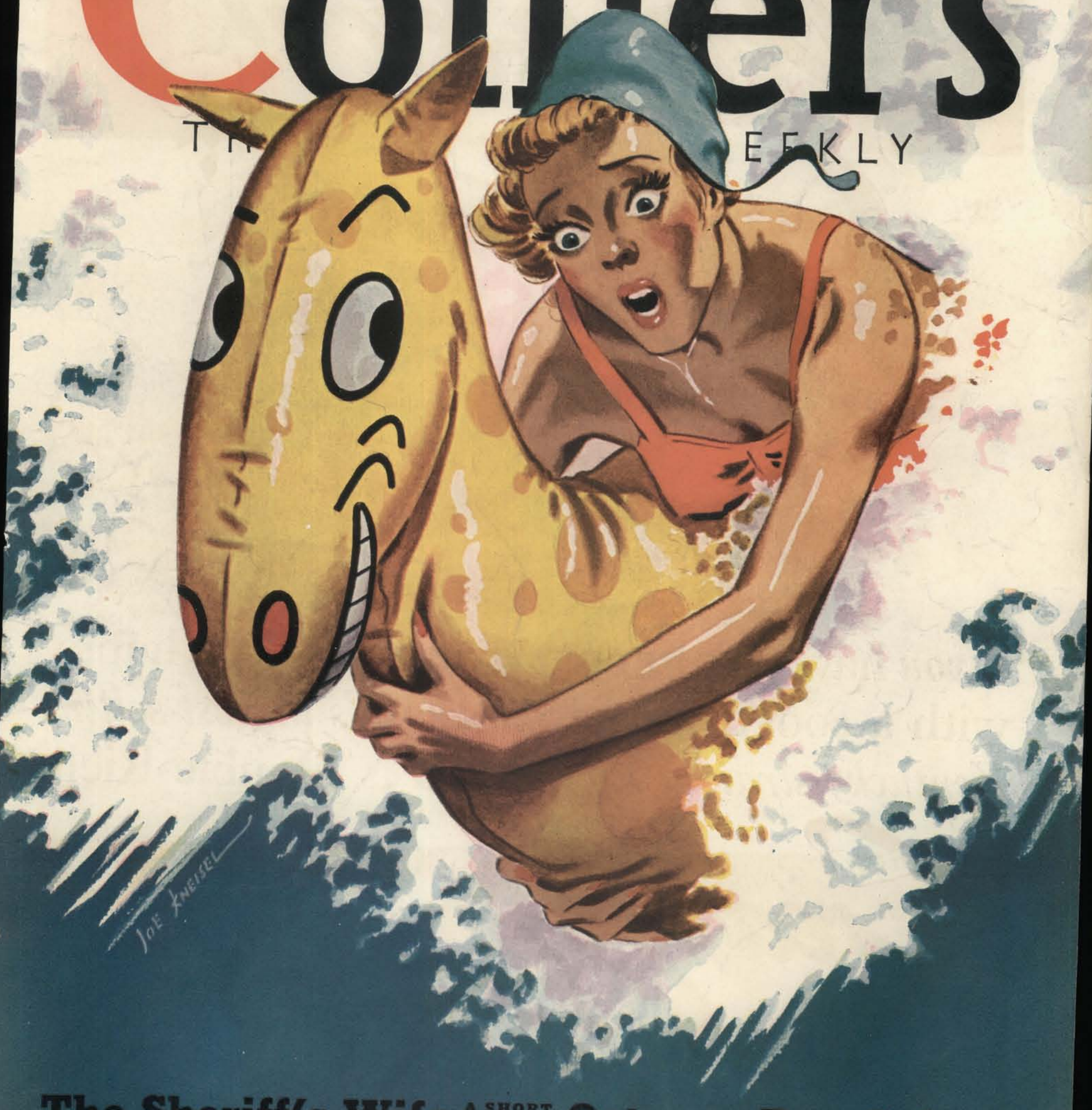
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Sheriff's Wife A SHORT STORY BY **Octavus Roy Cohen**

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SEPT. 9, 1939

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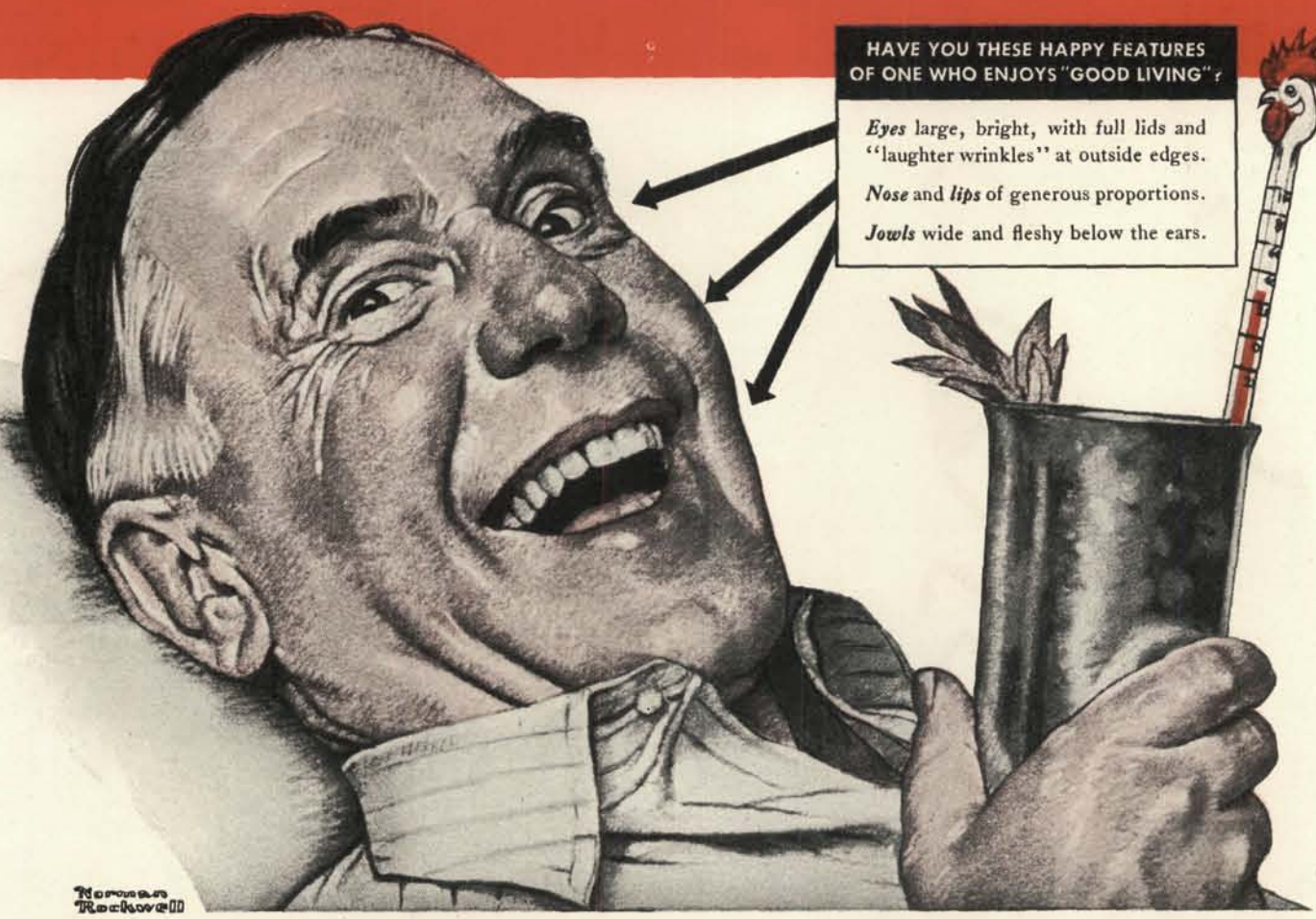
If you are this type you'll like this Bourbon that's

"Double-Rich!"


HAVE YOU THESE HAPPY FEATURES OF ONE WHO ENJOYS "GOOD LIVING"?
Eyes large, bright, with full lids and "laughter wrinkles" at outside edges.
Nose and *lips* of generous proportions.
Jowls wide and fleshy below the ears.
Norman Rockwell

If *you* have this happy nature, you'll be happy with a cool drink of *the world's largest selling Kentucky straight Bourbon*. It is "Double-Rich."

SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

Say "MAKE MINE CREAM!"
A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit*. Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. Copr. 1939.
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Collier's

September 9, 1939

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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

THERE is this about Portuguese men, or at least about men like Black Manuel: they know they need only wait silently and in the end they must have their way. Without Manuel, the story of Francelina and her beloved Sydney would have been unremarkable. But with him it became tragic and terrifying and at last beautiful. "The Secret," by Mary Heaton Vorse, *is a short story you won't* forget easily.

THERE'S gold in selling babies; it's the bonanza of the day. More than two thirds of 17,000 children adopted last year were literally sold, for private profit, by the hundreds of homes and institutions throughout the country that are selling secret maternity, sometimes openly, on a quasi-legal basis, more often furtively and with complete illegality. The bootlegging of babies is a heartless business with the single motive of profit, and the results have been appalling. It's possible because only five of our states have anything approaching humanitarian laws to regulate the traffic. Mona Gardner tells you about it in an eye-opening article.

YOU take a lifeguard. Not any lifeguard, but that one over there named Eddie. Give him a hundred and fifty bucks of folding money. Add an imported roadster and a night off. Add also, very casually, something quite special in girls named Laura. Then sit back and watch the fun. That's just what Author William Fay has done, and he's done it in "The Grand Manner," as you might expect.

WE'VE discovered some long-lost relatives for you. You won't recognize them though: they're only five inches high. They're Yale University's Tarsius monkeys, once thought extinct, and their *n*th great-grandfather was also our *n*th great-grandfather. And it's no good getting stuffy about it either, because after fifty million years they still have the family resemblance and we don't.

IN ADDITION, there's a rousing sea tale by Jacland Marmur, and one of Harry Sylvester's top-flight tennis stories. James Connolly discusses in a provocative article the effects of alcohol on the training of athletes. Selma Robinson tells you about the amazing store in Dallas that sets styles for American women. There's also Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and, of course, Erich Maria Remarque. And Freling Foster. And others. We're glad you left it to us.

This Week

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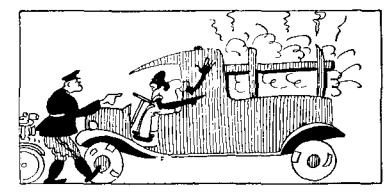
COVER JOE KNEISEL

Any Week

WE'RE not surprised that we should be receiving a few political notes from Louisiana where government à la Alcatraz is causing some of that state's foremost patriots quite a little uneasiness. Just before the grand jury got hot, says Mrs. Julia Bernia of New Orleans, some of the lads had loaded what was left of the state into trucks and were about to take off for Mexico. "*The ensuing odors*," says Mr. J. B. Foster of Monroe, "remind me that we have an automobile speed law. A motorcycle cop arrested a Negro truck driver for speeding. The colored man protested that he didn't know he was going so fast. 'Boy,' roared the cop, 'you got a governor on that truck?' And the boy replied indignantly: 'Nawsuh, thass fertilizer you smells.' "



AND we've had considerable correspondence about a paragraph in our Keeping Up with the World department. The paragraph had it that all the Eskimos in the world could be seated in Atlantic City's Municipal Convention Hall. This enthralling bit of information aroused both the friends of the Eskimos and of Atlantic City. Both sides seem to think that we're promoting some Eskimo movement. Anyway, it wouldn't work because, says Mr. Leef Joergensen of Seattle, Washington, "Eskimos do not attend conventions because at conventions they have to sit down and it is almost impossible to make an Eskimo sit down, being very nervous and suspicious." And Mr. James W. Hurlbut of Washington, D. C., wants to know who is going to pay the cost of transporting eight thousand Eskimos to Atlantic City. Added to this is a note from Mr. Joe Blow, an Eskimo of Ketchikan, Alaska, who advises us that "Eskimos don't travel good." We have also a note from the management of the Municipal Convention Hall advising us that reference to the hall's engagements for the next two years fails to reveal any proposed Eskimo convention. And all we said was—

BUT let it go. Maybe the weather has something to do with it. We also have two letters inspired by Charles Hoffman's short story "Part Payment." Therein Mr. Hoffman's heroine, one Miss Consuelo Whittaker, a lady from Butte, is described as one who would "love an affair but in the end might turn out to be very Butte, Montana." Frankly we thought that was pretty alluring, having been in Butte several times and having permitted our aging eyes to rove a bit. But Mr. Philip M. Roberts of New York City, a transplanted Butteite, resents it pretty bitterly, demanding that we do something about this "scurrilous reference." And yet *here's Miss Gordie McFall of Butte* with: "As a representative of the women of Butte, I thank you and Mr. Hoffman. I'll bet both of you put together don't know the half of it."

IF YOU'RE "an average reader" of this extraordinary magazine you may recognize yourself in A Description of a Collier's Reader written after much painstaking thought by Mrs. G. S. Landt of Norman, Oklahoma. "American born of substantial citizens. Married. Owns home. Two children. Original wife. New car every three years. Wears nationally advertised ready-mades. Advertisements govern family budget. Leaves churchgoing to the wife. But kids go to Sunday school. Occasional night club to keep up with the world. Drinks moderately. Fraternity man. Bridge clubber. Lion rather than Rotarian. Elk rather than Mason. Tolerant. Conservative. Conventional. Interested in national and international politics, not local. Likes realistic stories with happy endings. Must have humorous slant. Likes adventure stories, Westerns, of down-and-outers who've made good. Likes to read about wealth, glamor boys and girls, college boys, old men about to be retired. Thus gets kicks vicariously. Law-abiding. Busy. Get's good night's sleep. Salt of the earth."

MAYBE the lady's right. But somehow we'd be rather afraid of him. He has too many virtues we lack. Still, somebody's got to be an inferior brand of citizen. We guess we'll have to be content with our lowly role. Mr. Gawley Campbell of Cleveland, Ohio, was telling us one day of his remonstrances with a family black sheep. "Well," sighed the playboy, "somebody in my family's got to raise hell and it might as well be me."

PEPPER of the earth. W. D.

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Thrilling *new* way gives teeth Brilliance, Sparkle ... *Extra Care!*

Blessed is the bride who's found the Luster-Foam way of keeping a smile ever lovely for a husband's approval.

That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste does wonders in giving teeth the luster demanded of glamour girls before the studio cameras.

LUSTER-FOAM in LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE forms a "*Bubble Bath*" of amazing *penetrating and cleansing power*

When a tooth paste can get thousands of men and women raving about it to their friends, and snapping it up to the tune of more than a million tubes a month—*it's got something!*

In the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, it's Luster-Foam detergent. Born in the brain of a clever European scientist, this dainty magical ingredient is now incorporated in a tooth paste, to give super-cleansing in a new, delightful, different way.

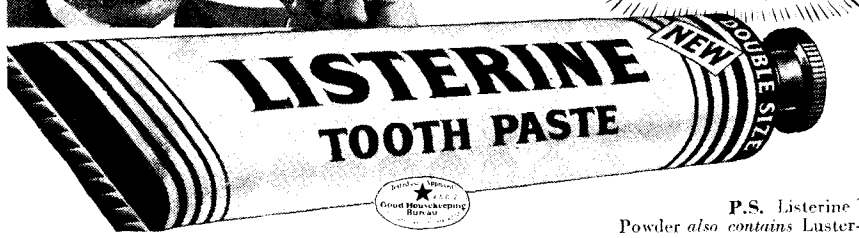
You will love that foamy, aromatic bubble bath Luster-Foam creates when saliva and brush set it into gentle action. Its power to spread and penetrate is simply unbelievable.

That's why it reaches hard-to-get-at areas where old dentifrices may never penetrate—the very areas where some authorities say from 75 to 98 per cent of decay starts. This surging "bubble bath" quickly attacks enamel-clouding films. The teeth soon flash with new brilliance. Hosts of acid ferments and decay-fostering bacteria are swept away in a sea of foam.

And all the while your mouth feels younger, fresher, cleaner—such is the stimulation of that gentle bubble bath. Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. Now at any drug counter, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube containing more than ¼ lb. of dentifrice, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

I'm the A-1 sourpuss of the world, but I've got to admit that Luster-Foam detergent gets after fresh tobacco stains on the teeth like nobody's business.

THE *NEW* FORMULA supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM



P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder *also contains* Luster-Foam

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

As late as 1921, twelve hundred clergymen, representing fifteen denominations, met in Philadelphia to choose and promote a "moral gown for women." The creation finally selected was somber in color, sacklike in design and reached from the neck to the ground. The ladies were merely amused.—*By Mrs. Charles Luoma, Hollidays Cove, West Virginia.*

Persons who feel they have previously visited a place or performed an activity that, in reality, they have not, are undergoing an illusion called paramnesia. For instance, it can occur when a person has his attention distracted immediately after having seen a new place. Upon again becoming aware of his surroundings, his memory recalls the scene but places the time far in the past.

The ticking of a watch may be heard at a distance of fifty feet by placing it in the proper position before a parabolic mirror and having the observer stand at the point where the reflected sound waves converge.—*By Byron Taylor, Nashville, Tennessee.*

China possesses the only ivory carvers who are able to make "puzzle balls." Starting with a solid sphere of ivory about the size of an orange, they finish first the outside ball and then, carving through decorative holes about three quarters of an inch in diameter, make eight similar balls inside it, each smaller than and separated from the next outer one.

The racing clothes of a jockey, including his boots, seldom weigh more than thirty ounces.

The longest-term theatrical contracts made at the present time are those issued by the Comédie Française, the French national theater in Paris. An artist who becomes a member of this company is obliged to sign an agreement to remain for twenty years.

After 2,200 years, most orthodox Jews still wear their phylacteries during the time of prayer on all mornings except those of Sabbaths and holy days, as reminders of the obligation to keep the law. Consisting of two small boxes with thongs, they contain pieces of parchment upon which are written passages from the Old Testament. One box is bound between the eyes and the other is fastened to the upper part of the left arm.

French is still the language used in treaties concluded between more than two powers. French is employed also in the third copy of treaties drawn between two countries in their own languages, the French translation to be decisive in case of a difference of opinion as to the precise meaning of the other texts.

"*The* Mongolian spot," is a patch of pigmentation appearing on nearly all children of Mongoloid peoples. It occurs at the lower end of the spine, has a dark blue or mulberry color, is about the size of a silver quarter, and disappears before the fifth year.

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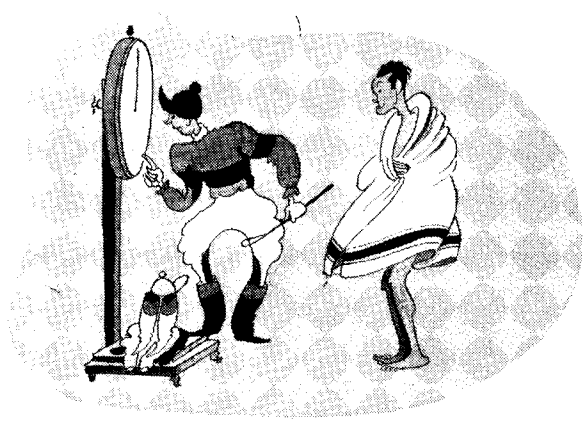

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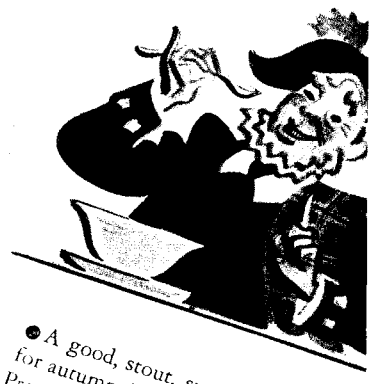
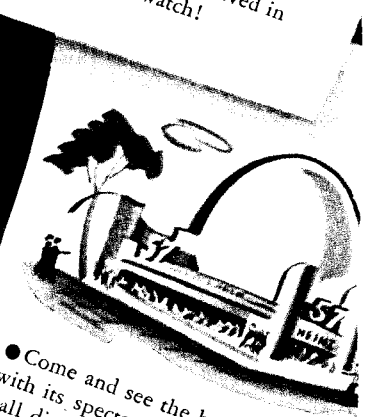


●A good, stout, sustaining soup, ide for autumn days, is Heinz Scotch Broth. Prepared from carefully selected mutton, choicest garden vegetables and barley, it's almost a meal-in-itself. Why not give some to the youngsters for lunch *soon?*

●How long since you've served Hein Chicken Gumbo Soup? Here's a delight- ful, distinctive old Creole favorite your family will *relish!* It's chock-full of ten- der chicken, pearly rice, okra and other top-grade vegetables—cooked and sea- soned so expertly it would rate compli- ments from a Southern mammy!

●At soda fountains—luncheonettes— restaurants all over the country—Heinz Electric Soup Kitchens bring you the same enticing, nourishing home-style soups you enjoy at home! Just order your favorite kind. It's heated and served in two minutes flat, as you watch!



●Come and see the huge Heinz Dom with its spectacular fountain and novel wall displays at the New York World's Fair. And be sure to visit Heinz inter- esting exhibit of historical kitchens at the San Francisco Exposition!

••WITH OODLES OF NOODLES *and Chicken Too!*

Heinz Chefs Simmer The Rich Broth, Roll Their Own Golden Egg Noodles, Fully Prepare The Soup —Just As Mother Used To Do It Years Ago

EVERY savory spoonful of Heinz Chicken Noodle Soup is brimful of rich, old-fashioned flavor . . . and unforgettable memories . . . You'll recall how deftly mother rolled her egg noodles, the care with which she selected her plumpest chickens, the tantalizing fragrance that wafted from the staunch old kettle on the woodstove . . . For Heinz Chicken Noodle, with its succulent chicken morsels and oodles of noodles made by Heinz chefs, *looks* and *tastes* like mother's soup! That's because it's cooked her way—in small batches —as are all 23 Heinz Home-style Soups.

Why not try ready-to-serve Heinz Chicken Noodle for the children's lunch —or for supper tomorrow? It's an old-time treat the *whole* family will applaud!

HEINZ *Chicken Noodle* SOUP

A 70-YEAR TRADITION OF QUALITY BEHIND HEINZ SOUPS

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Collier's The National Weekly for September 9, 1939

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She caught sight of the scarf in the mirror and her eyes grew wide

THE minute Kate Crawford saw her husband climb down out of his car in front of their house she knew something was wrong. It was just a way Ed had of moving slowly when he was thinking, with those keen gray eyes of his half shut as though what he'd see might interfere with his thoughts.

Watching him walk up the path to the front porch, Kate thought, "I hope it isn't anything really serious. He's an awfully young man to be sheriff of Karnak County."

Well, Ed was kind of young, considering. Twenty-eight, but strangers would take him to be lots older than that. He was tall and rangy and he had black hair and a dark complexion, which made his eyes look a lighter gray than they were. He did everything as though he had lots of time to do it in, even smiling. He'd get an idea that amused him and the eyes would light up first and then his mouth would crease at the corners and first thing you knew he'd be smiling—and you'd smile, too. It was a gentle smile; a friendly one.

But there were times when the eyes were not soft, but more like ice, and when the crease at the corners of his mouth didn't mean he was pleased. You'd get the idea then that Ed Crawford could be pretty dangerous, and that was what most of the voters thought of when they elected him sheriff. The youngest sheriff Karnak County had ever chosen. Ed was mighty proud of that, and so was Kate.

It was an early April evening. The night promised to be cool, but the day had been warm with a message that summer wasn't so far away. Ed walked up the gravel path and didn't seem to see the azaleas that were flaming there, and the jonquils and jasmine and honeysuckle, nor the nice new green-and-white porch furniture they'd bought from the Bon Marche before they had got married a year ago and went to New York for their honeymoon.

Ed pushed open the screen door, and when Kate came forward to greet him he smiled and kissed her,

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All of a sudden it seemed natural that she should be here alone with this man

but she knew that he wasn't concentrating on her right then, but on something else.

She was worried, but not about his failing to show more affection—because Kate and everybody else in Karnak knew good and well that being in love with her was something that Ed couldn't ever help or change any more than he could help breathing. It had been that way ever since they were kids, ever since they'd started growing up. It stayed that way even when she married that crazy Clint Baxter, and during all the time she lived with Clint and fought with him and separated from him—and went back to him.

Yes. All through that brief, wild marriage, Ed Crawford had been in the background, loving her and wishing her luck, but realizing that a keen, sensitive girl like Kate wasn't cut out to be the wife of a wild lad like Clint Baxter. Not that Clint was a bad sort. He just wasn't steady or responsible. He was hot-tempered and impulsive and generous and selfish all at the same time. It wasn't surprising that the marriage broke up. It wasn't surprising that they were divorced. And it certainly didn't surprise anyone in Karnak when Kate and Ed Crawford got married.

Of course there was a deal of gossiping at the time. Nobody—and least of all Kate—really believed that she loved Ed. She liked him, yes; and she was attracted to him now because he was so steady and quiet and gentle and understanding—and so different from a firebrand like Clint Baxter. He was the sort of man who gave a lot and asked mighty little, whereas Clint was just the opposite. It wasn't any wonder that a girl—kind of hurt and sorry over her marriage breaking up—would turn to just the opposite sort of man. And maybe, too, there was more than a little to the certainty that by marrying Ed she was making him happier than any other man had ever been before.

So you couldn't say that Ed and Kate weren't happy, but you also couldn't figure out just how happy they were. Certainly Kate never could. It was all so placid and peaceful and gentle. Ed never said much, but he treated her as if she were something extra-fragile.

Well, on this night Ed went upstairs and washed, and brushed his hair, and by the time he came down again dinner was on the table. All through the meal he didn't let on about what was worrying him, and Kate was too wise to ask, knowing he'd tell her when he got good and ready. But that didn't happen until she'd given the colored girl directions about the next day and had come back to the sitting room to join him.

It was a comfortable, homey room. Ed filled the bowl of his pipe with plug cut, tamped it down carefully, lighted it and looked over at his wife. He said, "You aren't like other women, Kate."

She flushed, kind of pleased, and asked, "Why?"

"Because ever since I came in, you knew I've been studyin' about something, an' you never asked a question."

"I knew you'd tell me when you got around to it."

He did something then that he didn't usually do. He got up quickly, walked over to her and kissed her—then dropped back into his chair again. He said, "Well, I've got around to it now."

She waited, knowing it was something important, or else he wouldn't be leading up to it in this way—as if he were scared he might tell things wrong. He said, "Anything else that might have happened in this town, you'd have heard about right away. But you're the one person nobody'd tell this to."

"Why?"

His gray eyes were steady on hers. He said, "Because it's about Clint Baxter."

SHE didn't show what a start she got inside, or, anyway, she thought she didn't. She just asked, "What about Clint?"

"He's got himself into a mess."

"How come?"

"He's committed a crime. Highway robbery."

Her eyes got wide, and she said, "Clint! Doing something like that?"

Ed Crawford nodded. "Yes and no. According to the lawbooks, it's highway robbery, all right. But according to the way human beings think, he had every right to do what he did."

She said, "Go ahead."

"Some months ago Clint and George Greckel made some sort of deal. They talked it over all fair and square and both understood just how it was to work out. But they also signed a contract, and George is pretty shrewd on things like that. The writing they signed wasn't the way they'd agreed on things at all. Leastways, that's what Clint claims and ev'ybody believes him."

"They've got a right to," stated Kate. "Clint isn't a liar."

"He sho' isn't. Anyway, under this contract George Greckel got pretty nearly five hundred dollars that Clint says is his, according to the way they agreed. First Clint was going to beat hell out of him, but George would take a licking any day for that much money. So Clint sued him instead. The money was being held up until the suit was decided. This afternoon the decision was handed down in favor of George and they gave him the money. He started home with it. Clint stopped him on the road. He had a gun. He took that money away from George—just exactly what George rightfully owed him and not a cent more."

"But if it was his . . . ?"

"It wasn't. Not legally. George has sworn out a warrant for Clint's arrest. Highway robbery—and that's a mighty serious charge. No chance he wouldn't be convicted, no matter how friendly the jury was." Ed rubbed his jaw reflectively. "That's the way it is, honey. He's guilty and I've got to bring him in."

Now Kate knew what he'd meant when he said that this was one piece of news nobody would pass along to her. Her ex-husband technically guilty of highway robbery; her present husband sheriff of the county. She asked, "Where's Clint?"

"Out at that old cabin on the Catbill. It isn't any secret. He's got a rifle and he says he's figuring to keep what's rightfully his."

She asked, "What are you going to do?"

SHE waited, and after a long pause he said: "You know how things always have been in Karnak. For sixty years there's been fighting between the Crawford and Baxter families every so often. If a Crawford does something to one Baxter—why he does it to all, and the first thing you know the two families are gunnin' for each other."

"So you figure—"

"Yes. I'm sheriff, and I've got to go get Clint. But he doesn't scare worth a damn. Before he'll let me take him, he'll start shootin'—and he shoots pretty straight."

She said tensely, "So do you."

"Uh-huh. One of us'd be bound to get the other."

She waited for him to speak again, and when he did his voice was heavy with worry: "If Clint had done something really bad, there wouldn't be any real danger, no matter what happened between the two of us. Folks hereabouts are law-abidin' and decent. But ev'ybody feels Clint had a moral right to do what he did today, no matter what the law says."

"Won't George Greckel withdraw the charges?"

"No." *(Continued on page 36)*

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Child's Play

By Bob Considine

It's something Bromwich thought up when he was very young. You can tell it's tennis because he plays it on a court. And it might make him No. 1 amateur of the world

ONE summery morning in January, 1925, in the back yard of No. 52 Illawarra Street, Kogarah, New South Wales, where the seasons of the year are reversed, a six-year-old boy named John Edward Bromwich resolved to beat the stuffings out of a ragged tennis ball.

He was aided by two advantages: His father, a man of moderate means, had scraped together enough money to build a tennis court in the rear of his modest property. His father, in addition, owned a good, stout tennis racket. And this the boy lugged out on the court, and took the first curious swing of an even more curious sports career.

It was a heavy racket, suited to the slow backcourt game his father and mother played. To swing it with any degree of accuracy or pleasure the boy had to hold it with two hands. But that was natural as well as handy. Because from the time he could toddle he had seen and played rudimentary forms of cricket. Thus, though he knew his father and mother didn't hit a tennis ball that way, and certainly wouldn't approve, he decided to use a cricketer's grip and a cricket swing. He could hit that tennis ball harder that way.

When they saw this strange hybrid of a stroke, half tennis and half cricket, his father and mother laughed at the sober kid and made a mental note to teach him the right style when he was older. But John couldn't wait. Left to his own devices he began adding strokes to his two-fisted forehand.

He decided, after trial and error, that it was all right to use two hands on his service, too, like a boy beating a carpet strung high above his head. He decided further that backhands were too difficult to make, either with one or two hands, so he simply decided to eliminate the troublesome backhand from his game. He was ambidextrous, so what he did when a ball came to his left, or backhand side was suddenly shift the racket to his left hand.

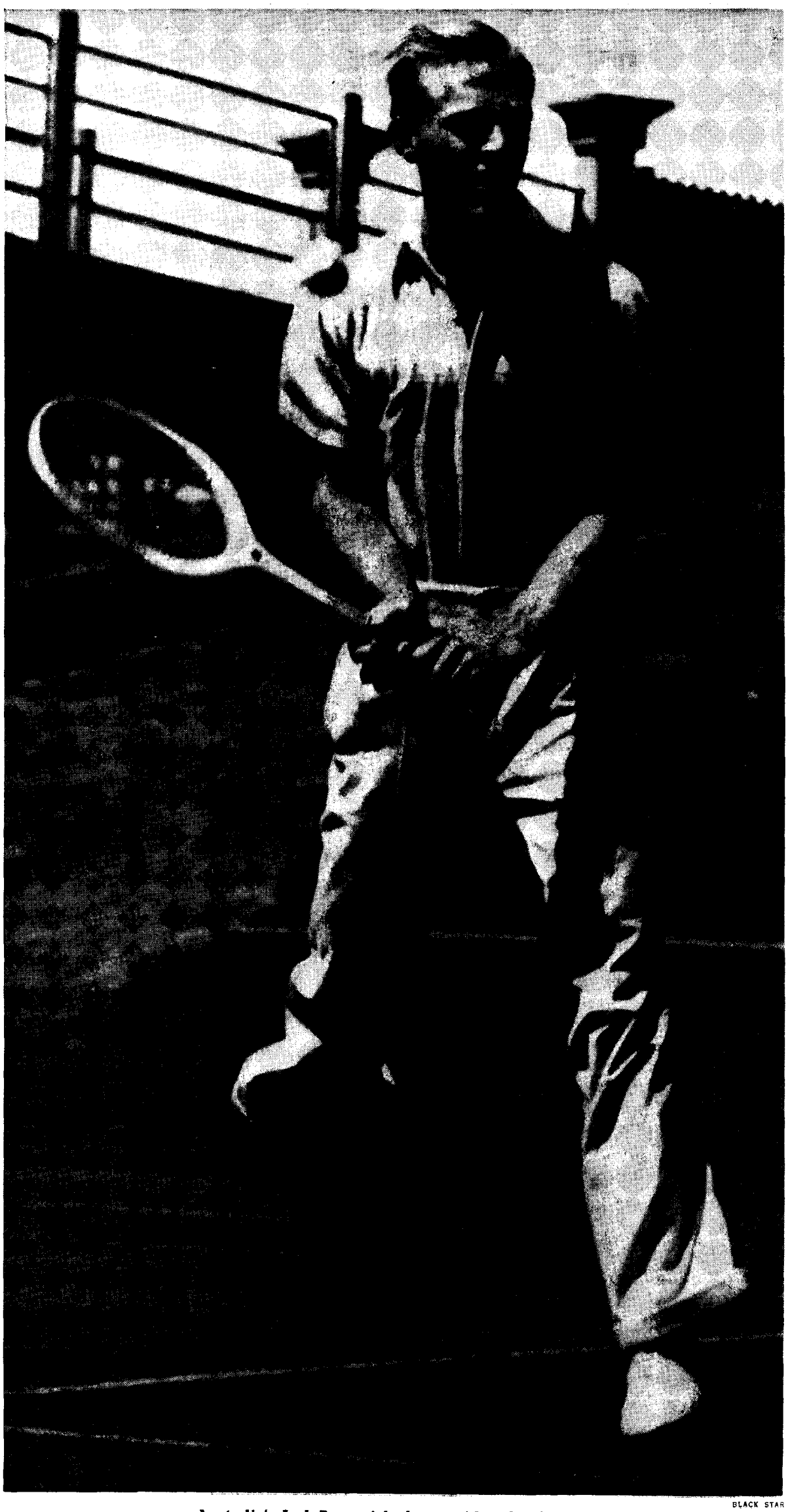
Eccentric but Effective

Jack got around the problem of how to throw the ball up in the air on his service, what with both hands busy holding the racket, by gripping the handle with four fingers of each hand and sticking his index fingers straight out to form a little platform on which to hold the ball—and from which to catapult it into the air by suddenly bringing his arms up.

Before his parents could get around to curing him of all these absurdities, John had become the neighborhood champion. He couldn't swing the heavy racket fast enough to hit the ball for placements, but he could run like a frisky young deer, and for a longer time, and any ball that he could reach he could push back over the net. Even in those tender years, when the world's most eccentric tennis game was jelling about him, he seemed to sense that tennis matches are lost by errors, and never won by brilliant shots.

This month Jack Bromwich, now a diffident yellow-haired boy of twenty who looks like a slenderized Tommy Farr and talks in a quick and almost Cockney voice, when he talks, is destined to become the world's No. 1 amateur tennis player. On September 2d, 3d and 4th, on the grass courts of the Merion Cricket Club (prophetically enough) the cricketerlike Australian boy is expected singlehanded to capture the Davis Cup for his country by winning both his singles matches against the defending Americans and by dominating the important doubles match. It would be the first Australian victory in a Challenge Round since Anthony Wilding and Norman Brookes won the Cup in 1914 from the American team of Maury McLoughlin, R. Norris Williams and Nat Bundy.

Beginning September 7th at Forest Hills, Bromwich is further expected to win his first U. S. singles championship, succeeding the man who preceded him as the No. 1 amateur—Don *(Continued on page 44)*



BLACK STAR

Australia's Jack Bromwich shoots with either hand—or both, as in this two-handed forehand drive

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AFTER spending twenty years working up from hotel thief to the extortion racket, a sensible man doesn't attempt to milk a town bone-dry. He gets away before anybody even thinks of squawking. This was Carver's rule, and he followed it faithfully. Still, even though he knew he was clean, he had a feeling of relief as he took his Pullman seat in Car 5 of the New York express. When you've had three previous felony convictions, it's an ordeal to go through any train gate.

But it was all right. The train began to move, and he could relax in comfort. The porter was passing, and Carver called him: "Get me a Scotch and soda, George."

George was a small man, very black and beaming, with hair like steel wool. "Yessuh!" he said. "Right away!"

When he came back with the highball, Carver paid for it, and as George was making change he noticed half of a five-dollar bill in the Negro's hand. "What's that, George?" he asked, observing that the raw edge of the bank note had been torn in a neat saw-tooth design. "Somebody playing tricks on you?"

"Nossuh. A gentleman tip me that way. He gives me one piece now and one piece later, if he's satisfied." George laughed richly. "He'll be satisfied, all right."

Carver was impressed. He took a five-dollar bill from his own wallet, and tearing it across, gave one part to George and put the other back. "You treat me right," he said, "and you'll get the rest in New York."

"Yessuh," George beamed. "I treat you mo' than right."

Over the edge of his glass, Carver examined his fellow passengers. Some of the mugs looked like ready money. A man might make his traveling expenses without running much risk. . . . But he put the thought out of his mind with decision. He had twelve thousand dollars in the money belt under his shirt, and he intended to take things easy for a while.

Presently, he had another drink, and then went along to dinner. As he passed the open door of Compartment B, Car 5, his alert little eyes noted that it was occupied by two prosperous-looking businessmen who were drinking Martinis.

The idea of a friendly poker game occurred to Carver at once, but again he thrust temptation behind him. That last two-year stretch in Atlanta had stiffened his fingers too much for any kind of really accurate dealing.

HE SAW the two men once more about an hour later. They were standing in the vestibule of the diner, waiting for seats.

The older one had changed to a black mohair coat, for greater comfort, and as Carver passed he heard him say to his companion: "Hang it, I left my wallet back in the compartment. Wait a minute, I'll go get it."

"I'll catch the dinner check," the younger man protested, as Carver loitered to light a cigar. "You're taking care of the porter. Come on, let's eat, or we'll lose our places."

Carver walked back to Compartment B. There was nobody in sight, and the two men were set for at least a half-hour in the dining car. Carver slipped through the door and into the compartment. If he hadn't, he'd have felt that he was refusing his luck and thus storing up trouble for himself.

Inside, when he looked around, he nearly burst out laughing. When he changed his coat, the old sap had laid his wallet on the little folding table between the seats. All Carver had to do was open it, slip the tightly folded bills into his hand, and transfer them to his own wallet. The edges of the notes showed all fives, tens and twenties—nothing anybody could trace.

Getting out was just as easy as getting in. The corridor was deserted, and Carver walked through the train to the club car to have a drink. It wasn't anything worth celebrating—he didn't even bother examining the money—and yet it was such a neat coup that he felt better than he had for months.

He went to bed a little tight, put his wallet under his pillow, and slept like a schoolboy, his money belt safely strapped around him.

The train was due in New York at nine o'clock, and at half past eight, after he had dressed, Carver saw the expected commotion in the neighborhood of Compartment B, and deduced that the loss had been discovered. Conductors and brakemen conferred anxiously, and George was summoned for questioning.

A little later, when the porter came to brush him off, Carver said: "You look worried, George. Something wrong?"

"Gentleman in B, suh. Lost some money. Three hundred dollars, he say."

"That's a shame, George," Carver said sympathetically. "I hope he gets it back."

The Pullman conductor came around and asked each passenger in turn whether they had noticed anything suspicious. Nobody had, of course.

WHEN the train stopped, Carver found himself standing in line behind the two men from Compartment B. They moved down the corridor toward the door, and Carver had the old familiar feeling of arrivals and departures, as if the pit of his stomach had dissolved. There might be dicks there on the platform, they might have got something on him, maybe a blast from Chicago. . . . He shook his head impatiently. The idea was absurd.

George was standing on the platform, at the foot of the steps. The two men from Compartment B were picking out their baggage. Carver took out his wallet, and opened it.

The bills made a tight sheaf, but he found half a five-dollar bill, and passed it to the porter. "Thank you, George."

"Yessuh. Thank you, suh."

It was too much to give him, for a tip, Carver thought, but it was a lordly gesture that the actor in him could not resist.

A redcap picked up his suitcase, but hesitated as George spoke. "Excuse me, suh," he said, puzzled. "I think there's some kind of mistake."

The two men from Compartment B were looking on. Carver smiled indulgently. "No, George. That's the other half of the five-dollar bill I said I'd give you."

"Yessuh, thankya, suh. But las' night you gave me half a five-dollar bill, and this mornin' you give me half of a different one. You can see for yourself, suh."

Carver, looking down at the Negro's outstretched hand, felt his heart jump with sudden panic as he recognized the neat saw-tooth pattern on the raw edge of the bank note.

The older man from Compartment B reached across Carver and grabbed the torn money. "Wait a minute," he said sternly. "That came out of my wallet."

"Ridiculous," Carver protested. "This is an outrage." But his words carried no conviction, even to himself, and his old mistrust of train gates came over him more strongly than ever as he saw the conductor coming through this one with a man who was unmistakably a railroad dick.

He hesitated as George spoke. "Excuse me, suh," he said, puzzled. "I think there's some kind of mistake"

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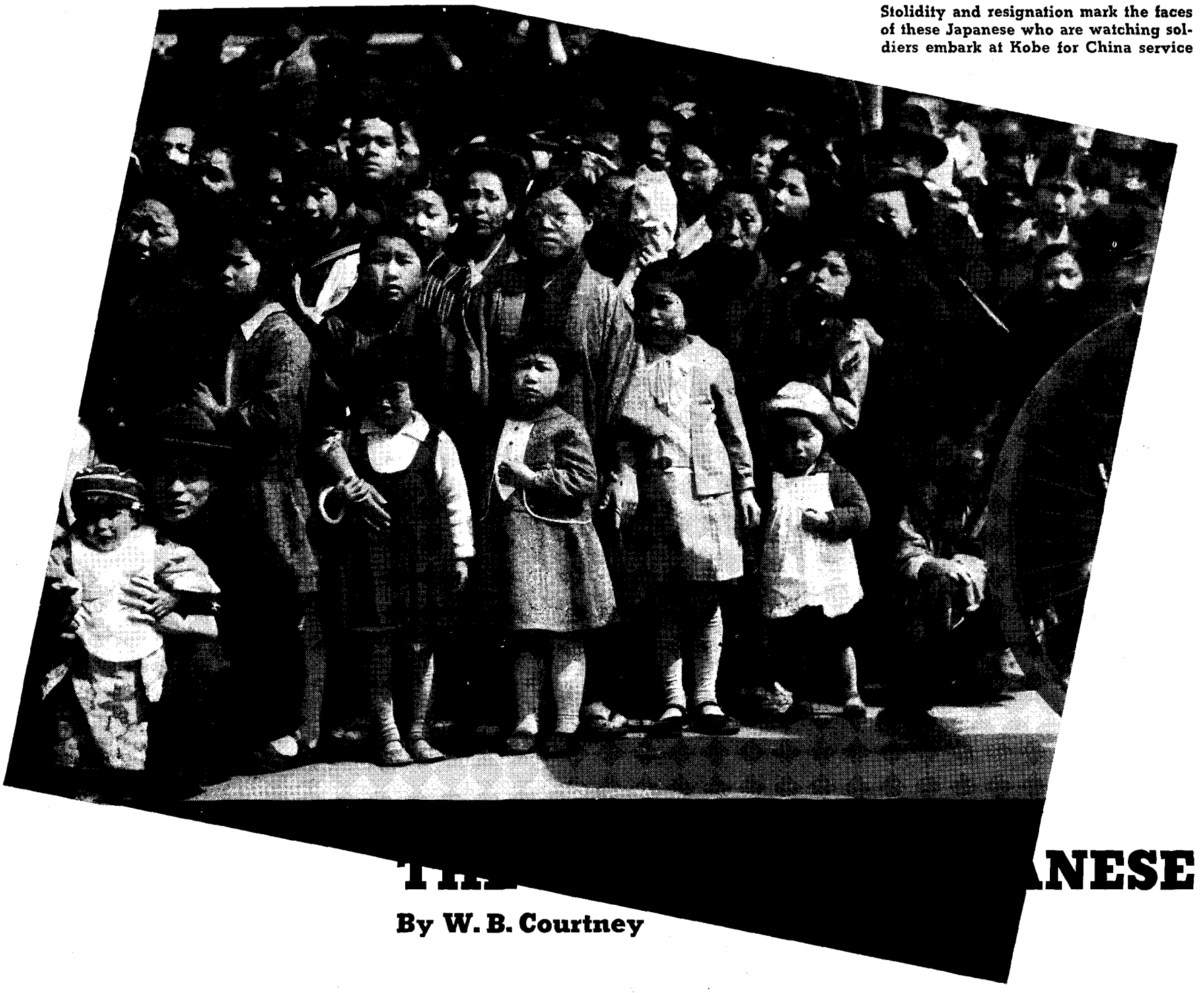

Stolidity and resignation mark the faces of these Japanese who are watching soldiers embark at Kobe for China service

THE [illegible]ANESE

By W. B. Courtney

There's no such person as an average Japanese, and if there were he wouldn't have the foggiest idea of what all the shooting is about. Even if he did, as do a pitifully small percentage of Japan's 70,000,000 population, he wouldn't care much. War is the army's affair, and Japs mind their own business—or else. W. B. Courtney takes you to talk with those who pay for wars

ON TENSHOCKU, the Emperor's birthday, there was, after the fashion on great national holidays in all countries, a military review in Tokyo: the customary demonstration of man's inability to get along with man.

The show of armed power was given added meaning and sharpness, even poignancy, by the current war; but how was it reflected in the men and women of Japan who could not march or fly? The answer was not here among the brass hats and starched ambassadors in the official stands, but on the farthermost boundaries of the field, where it seemed the whole population of Tokyo had piled up in a congealed wave on the brown reef of the police lines. Out there stood Japan—that human surf which you could hardly see even when the tan fog of dust gaped, it was so far away.

Japan is an exciting land, for the simple truths of its national character hover elusively behind your back while expositions of its deepest traits bob up in your path with such incredible patness that circumstance and time seem in a conspiracy to give you insight. None of us, therefore—the Briton who taught English, the American missionary and your reporter—were surprised when a made-to-order incident met us downtown, after the review.

Japan decorates easily, often, and with taste; on these occasions the whole land blossoms with flags and lanterns, bunting and posters. You soon grow accustomed in Japanese railroad terminals to walking upon hundreds of paper flags that have been used to *banzai* soldiers on their way to the front and discarded the moment the train has left. I have seen editorials in Japanese newspapers reprimanding the public for this; not, however, because of disrespect to the flag, but on account of the way the stations are littered!

This flag, however, was different from the little paper or cotton ones of poor celebrants. It was a large and beautiful ensign of silk, which had flown on the roof staff of an office building. The wind, particularly vicious at this corner, had whipped it loose; and just as we came along it swirled down into the street. Hard blown, it settled over a young cyclist. Flag, boy and bicycle went down in a smother. The crowd, incurious in the reticent Japanese manner, flowed on; wheeled traffic split around the fallen lad. A pair of gendarmes near by looked on apathetically. The boy unwound himself, and got up; he was not hurt much, but he looked mad enough to bite a handle bar. He bunched the flag, which was as large as a bed sheet, and threw it toward the sidewalk; it fell short of the curb and the wind spread it out in the muck.

There were soldiers in that dense throng, also officers, as well as civilians of all classes. Yet not one hand went to the rescue of the bedraggled silk flag, which soon lost its identity in the rain water and ordure of the gutter. Those who had witnessed its fall passed on, some even consciously shying from it; later comers presently were trampling it as just another bit of nondescript street refuse.

Bewildered, you wrestled with the contradictions of the morning. You had observed Tokyo's millions suffering discomforts of weather, time, congestion, without hope of gaining even a remote vantage place, yet patiently assembling with every outward aspect of sincerity to show homage and devotion for the throne. All the familiar signs of quickened love of country were visible. Then, suddenly, a fraction had moved out from the mass into the sharp focus of an intimate picture, wherein you saw callousness and indifference that would have been unthinkable in your country. Americans or Europeans, seeing their national standard thus fallen, would have picked it up—sheepishly, perhaps, yet with a sense of responsibility. The missionary shrugged:

"Don't make the mistake," he warned, "of thinking of what you saw in terms of foreign notions of

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patriotism. There were social pressure, centuries-old instincts of fear, involved in that neat little play. You mustn't expect our sort of 'Jump forward, lads! Old Glory's folds must never touch the dust!' The idea is different here. That flag was a material possession, which someone bought and paid for. Silk, *kinu*, best quality, 2 ken square—10 yen. Those folks meant no slight to their flag when they failed to pick it up: they were respecting a property right. Japanese are born with an inherited veneration for ownership; they are raised and drilled in it. Each Japanese who saw that flag come down figured that it didn't belong to him: it belonged to someone else, whose business it was to pick it up if he wanted to. If a passer-by were to touch that flag the owner might call a gendarme to arrest him for intent to steal! Hard to believe? So is Japan!

"Keep your hands off what doesn't belong to you. Mind your own business!

"Those are the fundamental rules of daily life and social intercourse in Japan. They have helped make living here pleasant for us. Until recently there was little or no thieving in Japan. There are no Paul Prys here, except the police. No gossip of the sewing-circle variety. You've been trying to find out what the Japanese equivalent of our 'man in the street' thinks about Japan's wars. There it is! War is not his property; it belongs to the army. War is not his business—it is the government's."

Japan outwardly today provides abundant support for the missionary's argument. Pinch yourself hard as you please, you cannot wake up to the fact that you are in a country which has finished a couple of years of major war. The Japanese urban civilian goes about his daily business, in street, office, subway or bus, and does not look up from his morning paper if a hospital train moves by. Saturday afternoon he will play golf; Sunday he will take his wife and children for a sedate walk in the nearest park—if he is an office worker and gets time off. Week nights he goes to movies, bars, geisha parties if he is well-to-do.

American visitors who remember 1917 look in vain for the old familiar and stirring indications of a people engaged in a great war.

The only hackneyed manifestation to be found is the ceaseless blaring of The Rising Sun March from every radio shop. But no one ever stops to listen; and rarely do you hear a delivery boy whistling it. The citizens of Japan appear neither harassed nor elated.

Yet, you can't jump at what you see on the surface in Japan today as proof of how the Japanese at home feel about the war. For there is no "average Japanese."

A Look at the Japanese Mind

It is reasonably safe to generalize about the average Briton, or the average Frenchman, or the average citizen of the United States. You have a type in mind; knowledge automatically trims him for you, tolerance makes the necessary allowances. But Americans and Europeans who have lived in Japan for many years assure me they cannot, by taking thought, conjure up a "typical" Japanese.

There are class distinctions in our democracies, of course; but there is also, in our more or less uncensored literature, in our more or less widespread availability of similar cultural advantages for all classes, a universal note which oversteps barriers and enables us all to meet on a common plane where there is understanding and mutual interest, as well as envy and criticism. You can toss a feather or a brick; and detect the general trend of thought. There is no such public market place for the things of the mind in Japan.

For ages she has been dourly regimented in the feudal way. Her peasant bulk has never been more than one crop from starvation. Her blood and yen aristocrats have never known the starker problems of living; there are no "social-welfare workers" recruited from their idle younger ranks. Strangely, only the militarists are socially class-free and sympathetic. The very heart of Japan's culture teaches subjects to be patient with their lot; obedient, compliant, loyal, respectful. There is utterly no interchange of advantages, thoughts, interests or experiences among the classes; no transfer of ideas, no overlapping and no meeting ground. Publishing is among the larger enterprises; but its chief output is a vulgar mess specifically grooved. The daily press and services are controlled and subsidized. *Domei* is on the Foreign Office budget. There are no magazines, no books that, like those of the United States and Europe, have appeal for more than one social class. There is no Collier's in Japan. The Western public reads about its Van Ascotbibs with a yearning, perhaps a secret hope, to be as they are; the lowly Japanese does not read about his Mit-snooty-sans, because his life is unconditioned by hope of betterment or by ambitions beyond the next meal and a plenitude of children—the "Treasure of the Poor," according to the old Japanese proverb—to help with the family earnings.

Writers in the democracies salt their characters liberally with the conceits and the attributes of all strata. But there is no Babbitt on the bookshelves of Japan, no Pickwick, no Jean Valjean.

Yoi-San, the Good Provider

In the United States you can find in street, office, farm, shop or home an "average man" ready to interpret American and international affairs for you at the drop of a hint, with a mixture of bile, humor, tolerance, good sense, ignorance, intelligence and contempt. It is futile to look for his carbon in Japan. There is no articulate representative of Japan's common mass to show either alarm or defiance because his country is at present in the world's doghouse.

There are, however, in Japan veritable types within classes.

Each in his own way feels the war. Some can tell you why and how; others cannot. In each main category we shall look in upon a Japanese friend and his family; sometimes you will find yourself in homes stalked by want and oppression and hopelessness. Yet always you will find courtesy, gentleness in personal relations; and you will see how matters tick in the homes and the minds of the only world power that has engaged in a major war since the Great War's armistice. You can judge whether it would be like this in your country, in your heart, and head, and household.

We go by train, northward from Tokyo. One difference between this nation and ours smites you at once. In the United States, even in certain sections of the relatively populous East, you can stare by the hour from your train window upon the open countryside without seeing anyone. In Japan's remotest pre-

BLACK STAR

Top, a Japanese upper middle-class family in the living room of its city home. Homes like these f rm a small percentage of the total. Below is the kitchen of a lower middle-class residence

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BLACK STAR

Top, a Japanese rural family irrigates its tiny rice field. About half of the workers are peasants like these. Below, the squalid jumble of shacks that fills the interior of most city blocks in Japan

fectures there is never a moment when you cannot see one or more persons walking or bicycling along the road, working in the fields. The land fairly teems. Japan proper contains less than a quarter of a million square miles—and upward of 70,000,000 inhabitants. It is as though more than half the population of the United States were crammed into Texas. Even this figure does not adequately reveal the tragic pressure of life in Japan—the degree to which her prolific and diligent people lack an equitable share of room on this earth. For much less of the area of Japan than that of Texas is actually fit for habitation.

But here we are in Fukushima Prefecture, exchanging bows with Yoi-san, our friend and host.

Yoi-san is an average peasant and represents slightly under one half of all the occupied, or employed, Japanese. He is in many respects the most important man in the empire; he furnishes 75 per cent of her soldiers and in a pinch can provide 100 per cent of her food. Because of Yoi-san, Japan's enemies could never blockade her to the point of starvation, unless the gods intervened with a famine year.

Yoi-san and his little Oku-san and their four children peck with the hand tools of their forefathers at two and one-half acres of jittery land. Four to seven times a day there are earthquakes that he can feel; quite often one that damages his buildings—the bamboo and paper construction of which is a kowtow to Vulcan—and maybe three hundred a month of which he is not aware. His landscape presents the classic dilemma of the man caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. For Yoi-san is 40 per cent of the total population of the land, yet he lives on and is able to cultivate less than 15 per cent of its whole surface. He clings, as it were, to a convulsive shoulder which hell thrusts above the Pacific. In front of Yoi-san's nose are unstable, barren, volcanic, utterly waste summits; at his heels is a narrow black lava beach. Half his land is low enough for rice paddies; the rest, upland grains and truck and fruit. He owns the poor scrap of dirt to which he and his family are bound as truly as if roped down; one in three of his neighbors doesn't have that satisfaction. Yoi-san's humble board has six; his city brother's five. Japan has the customary Oriental high-fertility rate. In the old days she also had the backward Orient's fearful infant mortality and famine rate. After Commodore Perry opened her vistas to modernization she kept the former; checkmated the latter. The result is that since Perry's day her population has trebled.

There never comes to Yoi-san, as to fathers in other lands, the homely, warming sounds of his children at play. His little ones began to work as fast as they became sturdy enough to leave Oku-san's back; and she labored the same, wherever they were. There are no dogs or cats to fill the young lives with comradeship and devotion; it is all Yoi-san can do to feed the human mouths. In his bare feet, with mud-caked trousers rolled up, wearing a straw coat when it rains, a hat which resembles your 1926 loudspeaker, Yoi-san toils all day in the flooded rice paddies that are fertilized by dung from his outhouses or from the big cities, brought in the famous "honey buckets" of the night wagons. Even Tokyo has no sewers, except in its newest, most central, district.

What's a War to Yoi-San?

Yoi-san has been losing ground since the day he became head of a family. Naturally, he could never gain affluence from two and one-half acres. In his best years he earns 300 yen; in his poorest, zero to 50. A yen is worth less than thirty cents of your money today. In normal years Yoi-san pays between 50 to 60 yen for taxes; this year of war it will be closer to 100 yen. His soil is poor and must be heavily fertilized; a monopoly combine takes from 20 to 40 per cent of his cash annually. Yoi-san, still a youngish man, is already more than 1,000 yen in debt; and because he is unable ever to meet fully the 10 per cent interest charges, he sinks deeper every year.

Malnutrition will see to it that one of his sons is rejected for military service; the other will be missing two years from the family labors, if not forever. If Yoi-san's daughters turn out to be bright as well as pretty they may be accepted into a geisha house. Then, some day, from their own earnings (number one geishas are in the really big money—the Japanese equivalent of Hollywood incomes) or from the bounty of their "patrons" they may come home in approved Western fashion and foil the heartless creditors. More likely, Yoi-san will clear the obligation in the only practical manner open to Japanese peasants. He will sell his daughters, for a cash sum equal to his debt, to the red-light district brokers who, licensed by the government, regularly tour the farmlands.

What does Yoi-san think about the war?

He looks at you in dull humility. You do not press him, for you have seen enough to understand that a quarrel of his government with a foreign country with respect to the nature and location of which Yoi-san has but the foggiest notion—has not presented him with new problems; it has just lengthened the shadows of his old ones. All Yoi-san knows is what the village headman tells him; he does not get a newspaper. China, Russia, England, the United States? What difference to Yoi-san which country a war is with; or what it is about? All he cares is that now he may lose his daughters sooner; and perhaps they will take both his sons, even the one with the bad eyes. If, some day, air raiders appear overhead, superstitious terror will drive Yoi-san to the nearest shrine. Not mortal fear; what has Yoi-san to be afraid of?

Yoi-san is precisely 48 per cent of the toilers of Japan; and his daily lot is proof that by just such a number the subjects of the Heavenly Light do not think about the war at all, except with most primitive and futile detachment.

We continue our quest for the thoughts of Japan, by train again southward now to Osaka. Japan, with all its boasts of modernity, does not yet possess highways which make comprehensive journeys by automobile safe, or even possible. This is like going to Pittsburgh, Birmingham and Detroit in one trip at home; for Osaka is all these cities, plus Akron, Youngstown, Paterson, Brockton and a few more. When amateur prophets of *(Continued on page 46)*

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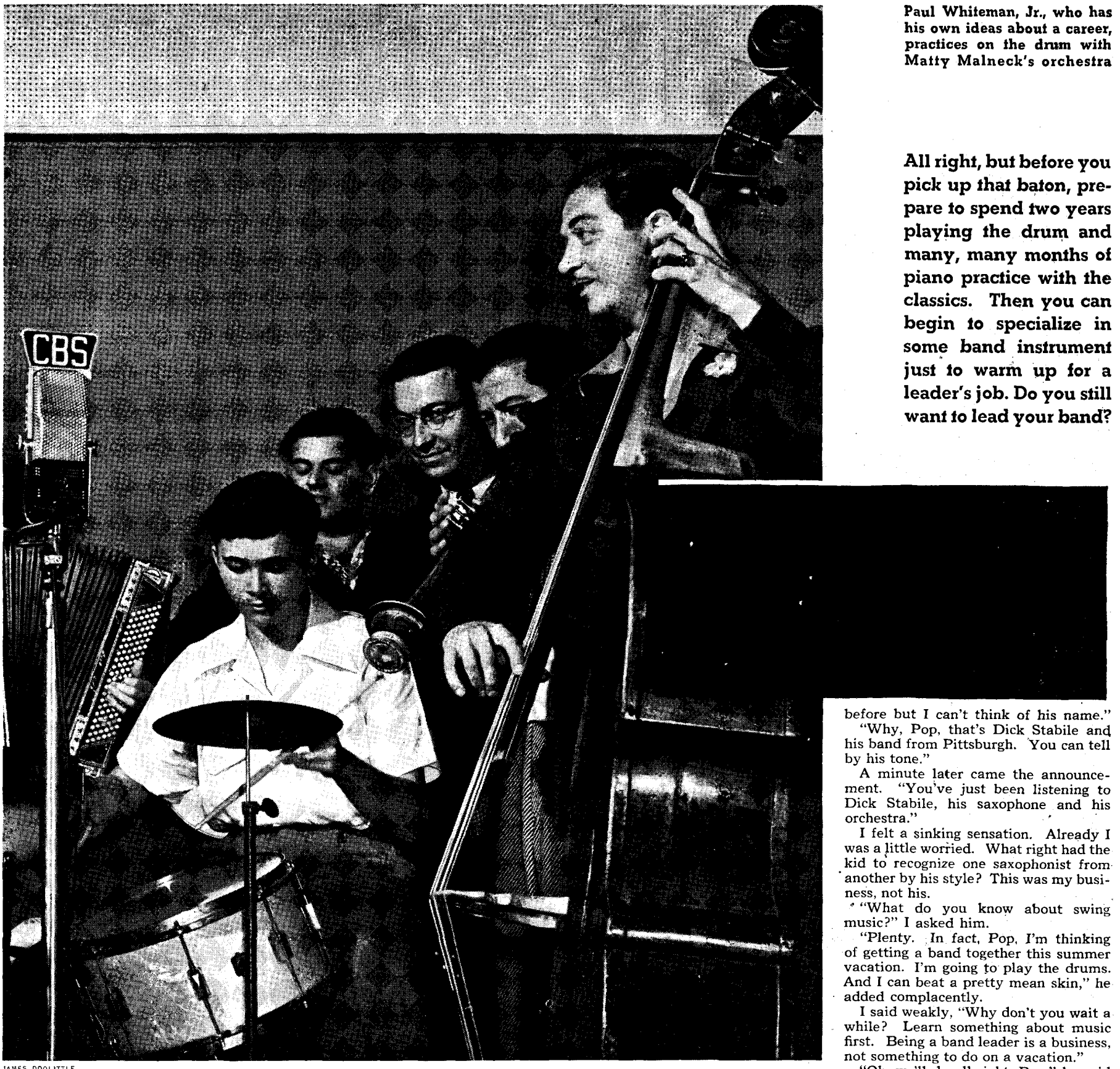

JAMES DOOLITTLE

Paul Whiteman, Jr., who has his own ideas about a career, practices on the drum with Matty Malneck's orchestra

All right, but before you pick up that baton, prepare to spend two years playing the drum and many, many months of piano practice with the classics. Then you can begin to specialize in some band instrument just to warm up for a leader's job. Do you still want to lead your band?

SO YOU want to be a band leader? I know a lot of you in high school and college want to be band leaders because I get hundreds of letters a month asking for advice on the best way to go about it. I've given a great deal of serious thought to the subject of youngsters following a musical career. I've had to give a lot of thought to it because I'm one of those parents who has a son like you. He wants to be a band leader too.

I remember once, when my son was very small, talking to several friends about his future. One was a doctor, one an advertising man, one a lawyer and one a publisher. I told them that I hoped my son would follow in the footsteps of one of them.

"The trouble with my game," I told them, "is the big part luck plays. A doctor can get valuable experience while he waits for luck. He gets better as he goes along. But in music—the older we get the more we lose out. Age is a liability, not an asset. A lawyer, after a lot of hard knocks and aging in the wood, can end up with a seat on the Supreme Court. But an old swing musician heads for another kind of bench."

I turned to the newspaper publisher: "You started as a reporter, became an editor, then eventually became a publisher. You didn't have to depend on luck and fear middle age. Yes, sir, I'm going to raise my boy to be in some profession like yours where he can lead a normal life and where he doesn't have to depend on luck."

"Go on," the publisher said dryly, "make all your plans for the kid you want. Then what will happen? When he's about fifteen he'll stop listening to you and do what he wants. Why, he might even want to be a band leader.

"You'll see," the publisher said.

Well, I've seen. Everything was fine until about a year ago. My boy was growing up quite normally. He liked movies and he liked sports. Once I asked him if he would like to take piano lessons and he made a fearful grimace that brought delight to my heart. When he came home for a vacation from school I'd take him to rehearsals of my band. He seemed bored and I was tickled pink. No, sir, my kid was too smart to fall for my game. I could already see his shingle hung out with LL.B. or M.D. after his name. Then about a year ago I found that I had been living with the wool pulled deep down over my eyes.

Teaching Dad in His Business

We were driving in a taxicab. It was in Los Angeles and the radio was on. He casually turned the dial and the cab was filled with swing music. A saxophonist with brilliant tone and technique caught my ear. The kid began to turn the dial.

"Why don't you wait until they're through with the number?" I suggested. "I want to hear what band that is. That sax player is great. I've heard him before but I can't think of his name."

"Why, Pop, that's Dick Stabile and his band from Pittsburgh. You can tell by his tone."

A minute later came the announcement. "You've just been listening to Dick Stabile, his saxophone and his orchestra."

I felt a sinking sensation. Already I was a little worried. What right had the kid to recognize one saxophonist from another by his style? This was my business, not his.

"What do you know about swing music?" I asked him.

"Plenty. In fact, Pop, I'm thinking of getting a band together this summer vacation. I'm going to play the drums. And I can beat a pretty mean skin," he added complacently.

I said weakly, "Why don't you wait a while? Learn something about music first. Being a band leader is a business, not something to do on a vacation."

"Oh, we'll do all right, Pop," he said with the confidence of fourteen.

On second thought, I consoled myself, a lot of band leaders have made millions. Rudy Vallee, Guy Lombardo, Benny Goodman. They make more than bank presidents, more than the President of the United States. Maybe the kid was pretty smart after all.

Of course he'd have to lead an erratic life. He'd have to work at night, sleep and work some more by day. He'd have no social life, just a few pals in the profession. But then, in some other fields, he might have to work for years at fifteen or twenty dollars a week with success slow and not always sure.

As long as a boy is bent on a musical career, all we can do is give him the best advice we know and hope he'll take it.

I told my son that every jazz musician, no matter what instrument he ends up playing, must be well-grounded in two fundamentals, rhythm and harmony. Rhythm is the foundation of

(Continued on page 51)

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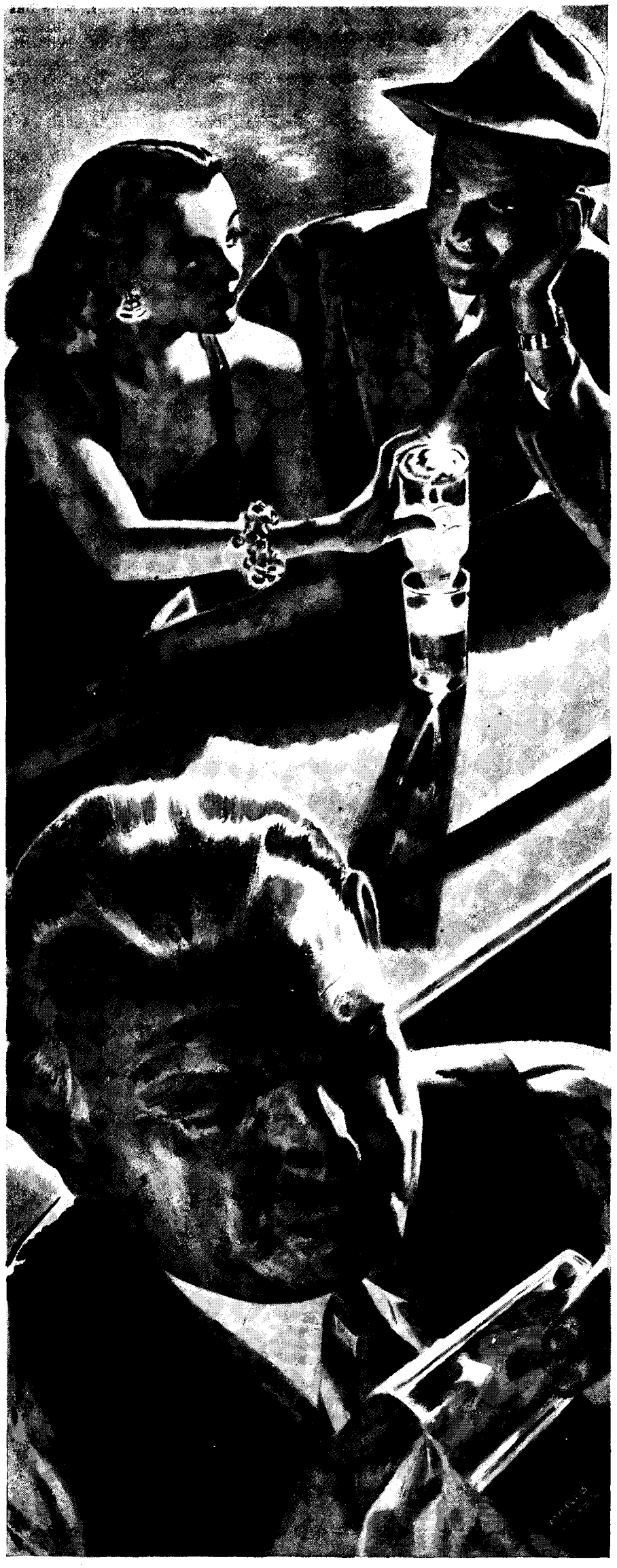

A girl perched beside him, saying sociably, "Pour it this way, bud"

Girl Among Millions

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

As hard a way as any to find your lady love in the maze of the nation's capital

ADLAI COLLINS had been a month in Washington and he was right lonesome.

Adlai was a junior clerk in the Patent Office. That's in the Department of Commerce Building, and there are quite some people too in the guest home on Columbia Road where Ad parked his round-topped little trunk; but there wasn't anybody anywhere from back home in Yancey's Run.

He had thought there was going to be somebody, somebody he was honing to see. When he walked out of the Union Station that day and asked his way to the government building, he thought he was going to run spang into Rosemary Lee. Man, you have no idea.

There wasn't any "government building" up to Washington like you think—there's miles of government buildings! It's right hard to find a girl in Washington if you only know she's in the government. It's hard not to find her too.

Rosemary, was that you that looked out of an elevator in Woodford's department store just as the door closed on you? Ad Collins took up those stairs like a scalded hound, but no Rosemary. Or was that you driving that new Springer car on 14th Street in a black hat and red feather last Monday afternoon? Ad Collins did some tall hollering, but you never looked: "Hi, honey! Hi!"

AD COLLINS' eyes of warm and friendly brown were just above the heads of the home-going crowd on E Street.

The crowd was sifting away constantly into streetcars and busses and parking lots, but Ad preferred to walk the two miles back to Columbia Road. That lonesome feeling kept off him in the streets, which were every day and every night like carnival time back home.

He sauntered up 14th Street, head high, gazing fully, laughing easily, loitering at store windows, commenting on the displays to whoever was beside him. The persons addressed sheered off usually, looking at Ad sideways; city folks are scary creatures, scared of strangers, instead of liking to meet them and talk to them.

There was a sight of girls, too, and Ad had kind looks for them all. None of them was Rosemary Lee, but any girl is better than no girl. To like one girl a lot a man has to like all girls a little. . . . Now, Rosemary couldn't understand about that. Called him a hillbilly and told him go track with his own kind, because he drove Lucy M'Coy home from a dance and ran out of gas on the mountain.

Take out one of these Washington girls and you like to run out of more than gas. Ad took out a girl from the office one night, meaning to treat her to a movie and a soda, and she put him in a cab and took him to a night club.

If he bought that car from Uncle Sam Spitz he could afford a girl once in a while. He'd drive right past night clubs.

He passed Thomas Circle and entered a stretch of 14th Street devoted to furniture-renting stores, automobile showrooms and used-car lots.

Here was where he caught a side view of Rosemary Lee in a car; if it was she sure enough. Here was the place; in front of Uncle Sam Spitz's Springer agency and used-car lot.

Short, stout Uncle Sam was looking through one of his show windows. Uncle Sam's rear view was better known in Washington; his advertisements illustrated by a cut of the back of his bald head and thick neck, with an invitation to meet Uncle Sam face to face, featured the used-car sections of the newspapers.

"I seen her today!" called Uncle Sam, coming to the door.

Ad went in.

"I remember that lady," said Uncle Sam, promptly leading Ad toward a side door and the used-car lot. "I sold her a '39 Springer. Come, I show you her trade-in. . . . Give a look, this is the sports model she traded in. Young man, in two lifetimes you wouldn't find such a buy. I couldn't make such a price only I stole it myself. Buy that one quick."

"What's the girl's name? If you sold her a car."

"I mean she is the party brought this car and took away the '39 you saw her in but somebody else is the owner so I wouldn't know her name. The owner was a big shot, young man. Give that car a look. It is a one-owner car and drove only—ahem!—thousand miles and I will give you a written guaranty."

Ad looked at the car.

"Look here, Uncle Sam, you showed me another car two days ago and told me that girl traded it in."

"I sold that one," shrugged Uncle Sam. "Anyway, you didn't buy it so must I stand back of my words? When I sell a customer, young man, I stand back of my words. This is the car the lady traded in, and it is better rubber, better paint job and bigger trunk! Hold me to every word, young man. And belonged to a big man in Washington."

"WHAT'S his name? I'll ring him up and ask him."

"Sure," nodded Uncle Sam. "You'll ring him up and ask him how far he drove it, was it in an accident, what's the matter with it and what allowance I give him—young man, such big shots don't want they should be bothered. What is it you want to know about the car? . . . Oh, the name of the girl. Well, it wasn't me sold the car and I would have to ask my man when he comes in and look it up."

Uncle Sam had taken the car as a trade-in from Senator Hayfield, as he well remembered, but he had never known any good to come of giving a former owner's name to an intending purchaser. He avoided it when he could.

Ad wanted a car and could well afford one on his one hundred and thirty-one dollars and sixty-six cents per month.

His garage would be the street. He

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had canvassed the Columbia Road house and secured four fares who would pay ten cents each to be ridden to work and back, which would buy his gas. Being farm-raised, he could make his own repairs. Rosemary had driven this '35 sports roadster! If that girl he saw was she. And if this was the car.

He drove the car around the block, lifted the hood, chaffered with Uncle Sam for twenty minutes and made a deal. He didn't get much the worst of it; he had clerked for two years in the general store and exchange back home.

He drove his car to Columbia Road, went in and bolted his supper and came out to admire and fondle his purchase.

He got in and went for a trial run. That was at half past six, and at half past eight he was still riding.

He felt so good at buying a fine car for only fifteen dollars that he decided to celebrate with a little cold bottle of beer. He halted his car on Dee Street and went into Mother Carey's, a resort unknown to Ad but not unknown to the metropolitan police.

The place had a long bar before which beer drinkers perched on stools, and a row of booths for hard-liquor drinkers. In the rear was a patch of dance floor, with music to be had for a nickel in a slot; and there were several hostesses to stimulate trade.

AD SAT on a stool and ordered a bottle of beer.

A girl came and perched beside him. She was a pretty and lively little brunette. She smiled at Ad. Being unnoticed, she reached and took the bottle from his hand, saying sociably, "This way, bud." She upended the bottle into his glass, raised the bottle, keeping its mouth in the foam, twitched it away at the top and righted it.

"Takes the gas out, bud. Try it yourself with another bottle. George won't mind if you spill it."

Being unsure that he had another dime, Ad did not order another bottle at once. She waited, rose, strolled away. She paused by a booth in which sat a heavy-shouldered, blond young man. The expression of the pale eyes looking from two folds in his heavy face was bored but vigilant. He spoke to the little brunette; she went to the window and looked out, returned and conferred with the burly blond, glancing at Ad Collins.

She went again to the chair beside Ad.

"Where do I know you from, bud? Ever go in Klipp's down by the Navy Yard? I used to be a waitress there. No? I swear I know you. I bet I know people you know. Know Senator Hayfield?"

"Sure do," said Ad, meaning he knew the name. "He's from back home. He's senator from our state."

"He's a friend of mine. I call him Two Ton. My name is Hebe. What's yours? Never mind, I'll call you Stretch. Mind, Stretch?"

"Call me what you got a mind to, Hebe!"

"I love beer. I could drink a barrel. George, give me a beer. Mind, Stretch?"

She watched him opening his wallet; he tried to screen it from her. It was a bulky wallet, but none of the bulk was money now except two thin dimes. He fished one out and put it down for Hebe's beer.

Ad was grateful for this pretty, artless creature's society, but he had only a dime now, and she could drink a barrel. He was relieved when she suggested going for a ride.

"That your car outside, Stretch? Let's go somewheres. I love going anywheres. How about Rock Creek Park? Give me Rock Creek Park."

They left the resort together.

As they passed the booth in which sat the hulking blond man, Hebe exclaimed gaily, "We're going for a ride in Rock Creek Park!"

A half-hour later they were parked in a shielded road out toward the district line.

The moon shone from Rock Creek below, and the mellow cries of automobiles came to them faintly from the distant streets. At intervals came a melodious but eerie murmuring; it came from the capital's unrivaled zoological park and public nuisance. It was a spot for romance, and Hebe had chosen it; but not for love.

She moved away from him.

"Listen the animals, Stretch. I love the animals. Give me the animals. Look at the moon on the water. I love the moon on the water. Don't you love the moon on the water, Stretch?"

She was lying back, prattling, waiting. And then, swept by impulse, she sat up.

"Oh, hell, Stretch," she cried loudly and drearily in a voice of strange dismay, "let's get out of here. You took me for a lady and treated me like a gentleman. Tell him you wouldn't stop."

"Tell who, Hebe? Want to go?"

"Let's go!"

Ad started the engine to leave this dead-end road; but Hebe's impulse had come too late.

Another car was entering the road, blocking it; Ad stared into bright headlights.

"Whitey!" cried Hebe.

THE burly blond of the booth in Mother Carey's came shouldering through the glare.

"Caught you," he snarled. "You and your boy friend. Come out of that car, fellow, till I beat your head off and then I'll give you to a cop and have you pinched."

He leaned in through the window and shoved Ad's head aside with a blow from the heel of his hand.

Ad was annoyed. He wasn't frightened. When a fellow looks back he sees where he ought to have been right scared but he gets so riled at the time he doesn't think of it.

"Don't do that, big boy," he protested. "What you messing with me for? I like to come out there and climb you."

"No, Stretch, don't fight him!" implored Hebe, holding him. "He'll kill you, bud. He's a prize fighter, strong as an ox. Give him anything he wants. Give him your money!"

"Come out, apple-knocker," jeered Whitey, gripping Ad's shoulder and trying to snake him through the window.

Ad felt himself going, and launched his body toward the seat back, hoping to break Whitey's arm; but the blond man's elbow joint was inside the car and Ad merely broke the hold.

HE OPENED the door and came lunging out, twisted under Whitey's arm and waited for him in the road in the glare of the headlights.

He waited drooping, arms hanging, hands open. This was the first position in fighting, and was properly to be followed by a slow and catlike circling and watching for a chance to get an upsetting hold.

"Where's de t'ird degree department?—I got a confession to sell!"

LEONARD DOVE

To Whitey, Ad's sinister crouch seemed abject and defeated.

He bounded forward, pivoted and let go a whistling right-hander.

It whistled over Ad's head. Seeing Whitey coming at him in this crude stand-up way, Ad dropped to his haunches, whipped his arms about Whitey's knees, heaved; and Whitey followed his punch over Ad's head and landed asprawl behind him.

He was jarred but unhurt, and he turned onto his side to spring to his feet. He was instantly kicked in the face, a driving kick with Ad's heel under Whitey's chin. Whitey needed a strong neck and he had it, but his shoulders hit the road this time and he was more than jarred. Ad, leaping in air, came down with both feet in Whitey's middle.

Ad dropped to his knees, bestriding Whitey, and whaled away at him with both fists.

It was a short and decisive battle, as battles are when different tactics meet. Whitey ceased to thrash about, and merely floundered, shielding his face with his forearms. He was weak and dazed but still conscious when two policemen hurried into the light.

They dragged Ad from Whitey. "What's coming off here?"

"I don't know, sir," panted Ad. "I was here with a young lady and this gentleman drove up and landed into me. Yonder his car stands, sir. You can see I was here first and he followed."

"Over a girl, eh? You had her first and he butted in. Well—"

"He's lying, Officer!" cried Whitey through puffing lips. "I caught him here with my wife! He broke up my home. Ask her herself. You tell them, Hebe!"

Hebe came into the light, hands on hips, face thrust out flatly.

"No, it's him is lying, Officer! I ain't his wife at all. . . . And you never had a home, you bum. You're—a great—prize fighter, you are! You're a bum! Give him some more for me, Stretch."

"If she was my wife he could have her," said an officer. "If she loved me like that I would break up my home myself."

"Looks like Whitey Kosik, don't he? Only fatter in the face."

"And bluer," said the first officer, bending to look. "It's Whitey, all right, Whitey, the cop fighter. Sorry, Whitey, sorry the kid didn't kill you. . . . Listen, you're all coming down to the house."

The officers got with Whitey into his car, leaving theirs. Ad followed in his car with Hebe.

"STRETCH."

"Yes, Hebe?"

"Sore?"

"Me? About what?"

"Oh. . . . You got nothing to be sore about, but I was just thinking. I was thinking you might be thinking that I—that I and Whitey— See what I mean, Stretch?"

"No, Hebe. What?"

"You don't? Oh, well, then, skip it. You're a swell kid. Anyway, I'm through with him. I'm through with Washington, too. This is no life. I'm not a bad girl, Stretch. I guess I met the wrong people. I only wish I had met fellows like you, Stretch."

"That's nice, Hebe."

"No, I mean it. I met nice fellows but they couldn't fight Whitey. He brutalized them and made them give up their money. He had me scared, too; but I'm not scared now. I'm going back home. Give me home after this! Live with my sister again and get my job back in the mills. Home might be dumb, but it's home."

"Where do you live, Hebe?"

"Skip that. They'll ask you at the house."

"Thinking of heading back home myself, Hebe! I don't like Washington; it's pretty but it's a right lonesome town. When you going?"

They had stopped for a light, and the light went yellow.

"Now!" she announced, opening her door and jumping to the street. "Hop a bus and be home by morning. Good luck, Stretch!"

She was running to the sidewalk. He had to drive on.

He had been given the address of the police station. When he arrived, Whitey had already been booked and brought back to a cell.

"Where's the girl?" demanded the sergeant.

"She ran away, sir. At the Florida Avenue light."

"One of you officers should have stayed with that car! Try and find her now. . . . What's your name, sir? . . . Well, Mr. Collins, did she say where she was going? . . . Home? . . . Where's she live? . . . Yes, I guess you didn't know her or you wouldn't mix with her. She tell you where she'd meet you again? Or who's her friends?"

(Continued on page 53)

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FLOTSAM

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

The Story Thus Far:

MEETING in Vienna, young Ludwig Kern and Josef Steiner, both exiled from Germany, form a warm friendship. Neither has a passport. But Steiner is clever enough to avoid the authorities. He remains in the great Austrian city, where he finds work in an amusement park.

Kern is not so fortunate. He is arrested, sent to Czechoslovakia. There, in Prague, he meets and falls in love with a charming girl, Ruth Holland, also a refugee. When Ruth's permit to stay in the country expires, they go to Vienna, where Steiner gets Kern a job near him. But in attempting to protect Ruth from some rioters, Kern is arrested. When he is finally released from prison, he is ordered to leave Austria. He obeys the order, but returns immediately, only to learn that Ruth, also deported, has gone to Zürich.

A short time later, to avoid another arrest, Kern flees to Switzerland. In Zürich, he at last finds Ruth. Unfortunately, the Swiss authorities pick him up, and inform him he must again return to Austria. He shuttles back and forth between the two countries.

But finally he realizes he must leave Switzerland. Going to Zürich, he telephones Ruth, finds her alone at her apartment. They spend a brief, but ideally happy evening together. But Kern can find no succor for himself and Ruth anywhere, and they know they must keep moving—or face arrest!

Foraging through the countryside Ruth is taken gravely ill with inflammation of the lungs. In desperation, Kern takes her to a hospital, but in attempting to keep in contact with her secretly, he is once more tracked down, arrested and deported! Again the weary process of shuttling back and forth between countries begins. But at last, in Geneva, putting an end to his anxiety, he finds Ruth, recovered, waiting for him. But where are they to go now?

At last they make their way to Paris, where, for a short time, there is a respite from the endless pursuit they have known. They must have money to live, to eat and clothe themselves and have lodging. But they are in love, and together, so they do not question the future too much! Finally, as they are nearing the end of their small resources, their friend, Steiner, reappears! And incredibly, he brings them not only food, but takes them to a friend of his who even provides some worn, but needed clothes! They have food, and clothing; it seems almost luxury to Ruth and Kern!

X

TWO weeks later Steiner brought news that electrified the whole hotel: there was a possibility of getting work for a few months. Preparations were going on for the Paris World's Fair and the workmen engaged in the construction of the foreign pavilions were not asked to show their papers.

Under Steiner's direction Kern, Marill, Brose and a few others dashed off at once. Kern, Steiner and Marill succeeded in getting work together on the Rumanian pavilion; Brose and Rosenfeld were employed on the Swiss structure; the technician Waser, a Russian and an Italian from the hotel, in the American section.

It was backbreaking work, digging for the most part, and at first they were so tired in the evenings they could hardly get home; but they felt as if they were in heaven.

On the first payday they all had lunch together in the canteen. A good meal with wine cost ten francs there. "It's unbelievable," Kern said, letting four thin paper notes slide through his fingers, "I've earned four hundred francs! Four hundred francs. More than ten dollars. I'm a millionaire."

He arranged the notes in a circle around his plate and looked at them ecstatically while he ate.

"Paper, my dear Ludwig," Marill said, raising his glass toward Steiner. "It's astounding what power paper has gained over people. Our ancient forebears trembled in their caves for fear of thunder and lightning, tigers and wolves; our more recent forebears trembled at swords, robbers, epidemics and God; but we tremble at the printed word—be it on a bank note or a passport. Neanderthal man died by the club; the Roman by the sword; the man of the Middle Ages by the plague; and all it takes to extinguish us is a few scraps of printed paper."

"Or bring us to life," Kern said.

"The century of uncertainty," Steiner added dryly.

Marill nodded. "The great turmoil."

"Here's to it!" Steiner said. "In such times the adventurer's goal is placid, bourgeois life. For us compulsory wanderers a chair by a hot stove is the exact counterpart of what our fathers, smothered in middle-class safety, dreamed about—a South Sea island."

"Exactly," Marill grinned. "Security is the prerequisite for adventure—not insecurity. It takes a firm foundation to make a high jump."

"Or to dance," Steiner added.

"It's possible to dance on very hot ground too—but that's not by choice."

"A perfect description of our situation. Long live the first week's pay! The return of the prodigal sons to the pay roll."

"Don't crow about it." Marill touched wood three times.

"Put your money in your pocket, Kern," Steiner said, "before it flies away. Marill is right, a person ought to be superstitious. That's the only faith that makes sense. Money hates the light. Put it in your pocket."

"I'll give it to you," Kern replied. "You're due to get that and a lot more from me."

"Try and do it." Steiner replied. "I'm not rich enough to have money returned to me."

AT THE end of the second week, Kern went to the shop where he had sold Ruth's ring. It was a little store in which were displayed watches and old jewelry mixed helter-skelter with cheap imitations and artificial pearls. The dark, valuted room was presided over by Solomon Levi, a nimble, weaselly little man with a ragged, trembling beard.

Levi recognized Kern immediately. His memory was like a ledger and had

GEORGE HOWE

He held it before Kern as though it were a twenty-carat diamond. "A fine piece," he said reverently. "A true rarity"

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stood him in good stead in many a deal.

"Vat's up?" he asked hastily. "You come at a bad time."

"How's that?" Kern asked. "Have you sold the ring already?"

"Sold, sold!" Levi wailed. "Sold, you said, if I didn't misunderstand you, or did I make a mistake?"

"No. I asked whether you had sold my ring."

"Young man," Levi cried in distress, "don't you read the newspapers? Do you live on the moon? Don't you know what is happening in the world? Sold! Old trash like that! Sold! How can you say such a thing, magnificently like a Rothschild? Do you know what it means to make a sale?" He paused for effect and then explained mournfully: "It means that a stranger comes and wants something and that then he draws his purse out of his pocket—" Levi took out his wallet. "Opens it." He opened it. "And gets out cold, kosher money." He plucked out a fifty-franc note. "Puts it down." The note was smoothed out on the counter. "And then the most important thing of all!" Levi's voice rose to a falsetto. "He permanently separates himself from it!"

"I don't want to sell anything, Herr Levi. I'd like to buy back the ring."

"Vat!" For an instant Levi's mouth fell open like a hungry yellowhammer in its nest. His beard was the nest. "Ach, already I know. You want to trade. Nix, young man. I know that trick. A week ago I was caught—a watch, sure it did not go, but a watch is a watch, ain't it? For that I got a bronze statuette and a fountain pen with a gold nib. Vat shall I tell you? Gypped I was because I am a blind, trusting fool; the fountain pen does not work. Sure, the watch does not go for more than a quarter of an hour, but is it the same thing when a watch does not go and when a fountain pen does not go? A watch is still always a watch, but a fountain pen that is caput, what is that? That is a contradiction, that is; it is like it wasn't there at all. And vat did you want to trade?"

"Nothing, Herr Levi. I said buy. Buy!"

"With money?"

"Yes, with cash money."

"I KNOW—some Hungarian or Rumanian or no-good Austrian or inflation notes. Who can tell what they are worth? Not long ago came in a man with a curled mustache like Charlemagne—"

Kern brought out a hundred-franc note and placed his wallet on the counter. Levi stiffened and emitted a low whistle. "You are in money? The first time I have seen such a thing. Young man, look out for the police—"

"I earned it," Kern beamed, "earned it honestly. And now where is the ring?"

"This instant." Levi rushed out and came back with the ring. He was polishing it with the sleeve of his coat, blowing on it and then polishing it again. Finally he held it before Kern as though it were a twenty-carat diamond. "A fine piece," he said reverently. "A true rarity."

"Herr Levi," Kern said, "you gave us a hundred and fifty francs for the ring. If I give you one hundred eighty you'll have twenty per cent profit. That's a fair proposition, isn't it?"

"A man could fall in love with an item like this," Levi murmured in dreamy ecstasy. "No modern trash. Value! Real value. I would like to keep it myself. I have a little private collection for my own pleasure."

Kern counted out one hundred and eighty francs on the counter.

"Money," Levi said scornfully. "What is money today? With devaluation. Goods, they are the only real value. A lovely little ring like this gives a man pleasure and also it goes up in worth. A double joy! And just now gold is so high," he remarked thoughtfully. "Four hundred francs would be cheap for such a beautiful piece. A connoisseur's price you might get for it."

Kern recoiled. "Herr Levi!"

"I am human," Levi said nobly. "I shall part with it. I will give you this happiness with no profit to myself. Three hundred francs, done, even though it costs my heart's blood."

"That's twice what you paid," Kern said angrily.

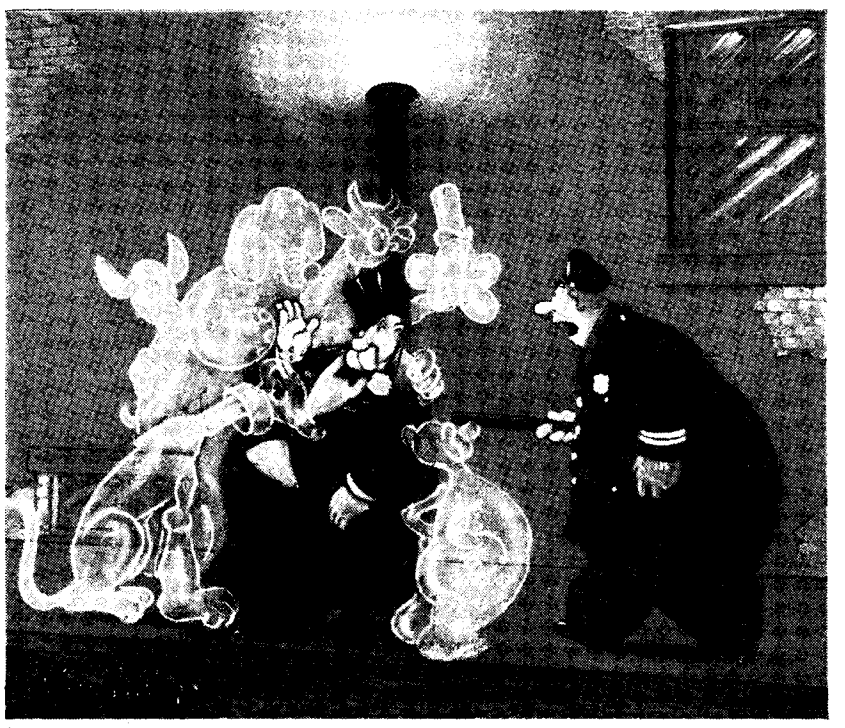
"Twice? What is twice? Twice is half, as Rabbi Michael von Howorodka wisely says. Have you ever heard of overhead, young man? It costs and costs; taxes, rent, coal, assessments, losses."

"I'm a poor man, an emigrant—"

Levi dismissed the point: "Who is not an emigrant? He who buys is always richer than he who has to sell. Well, and which of us two wants to buy?"

"Two hundred francs," said Kern, "that's my last word."

Levi picked up the ring, blew on it and carried it out. Kern put his money



"All right, you guys, break it up!" JAY IRVING

in his pocket and walked to the door. As he was opening it Levi screamed after him: "Two hundred and fifty, because you're young and I like to be a benefactor."

"Two hundred," Kern shouted back from the door.

"*Schalom alechem!*" Levi saluted him.

"Two hundred and twenty."

"Two hundred and twenty-five. On my word of honor because I have to pay the rent tomorrow."

KERN returned and with a sigh laid down the money. Levi packed the ring in a little pasteboard box. "This box you shall have for nothing and the fine blue cotton. Ruined I am because of you."

"Fifty per cent," Kern growled.

"Take my word for it," Levi replied. "At Cartier's in the Rue de la Paix, a ring like this costs six hundred. It is worth three hundred. That's the truth."

Kern took the ring and hurried back to the hotel. "Ruth," he said breathlessly, "we're on our way up! Look!"

He gave her the little box. She opened it and looked inside, keeping her head bowed and not looking at Kern. She stared at the ring—holding the box stiffly in her motionless hands.

"Aren't you pleased?" Kern asked shyly. "Just see how it sparkles! Like a diamond. The old fellow polished it."

He bent down. "Why, you're crying. But, Pony!"

She raised her streaming face. "I didn't want to make you cry, Pony," Kern stammered.

"I'm happy," she whispered with wet eyes. "I'm very happy. You—for whom I still have no name. Beloved—"

"That's good enough," Kern said. "That's the very best name of all."

TWO weeks later Kern rented a larger room with a little bath for Ruth. He was very proud of it and they both decided to celebrate the great occasion next evening with their friends.

Ruth's former room was occupied the same day by a guest who enjoyed a certain celebrity. It was Father Moritz, the dean of all the exiles. He was eighty-two years old and knew every border and every city where emigrants lived; and now he had finally received a permit to reside in Paris and had come there to die.

Father Moritz walked with difficulty and by the aid of canes. Nevertheless, he paid a call the same day on Ruth and Kern.

"Call me Father Moritz," he said. "Everyone calls me that. Everywhere in the world. In our world. Are you going to invite me this evening? I hear you're giving a celebration. I always know everything," he added apologetically.

"But of course, Father Moritz," Ruth replied. "if you want to come—"

He took her hand and patted it. "Things are not going to be easy for you, little Ruth, gatherer of alien corn. I know faces. You mustn't mind my calling you by your first name. I call everyone by his first name. I no longer have time for frills. In old age you end by calling everything by its first name."

"Even the things you haven't liked, Father Moritz?"

"Even the things you have hated. Perhaps it's the spirit of tolerance. Perhaps it's kindliness. Perhaps only weariness." He blinked his eyes like an ancient bird of prey. "Perhaps all kindliness is a sort of weariness."

"No," Ruth said.

He blinked again. His eyelids did not seem to close but a thin membrane appeared to spread over his eyes. "I like to hear things like that," he replied. "You're right, my child. Father Moritz is becoming frivolous in his old age." He got up painfully. "I'm getting old," he sighed. "You ought to have seen me two years ago when I was just eighty. What time does your party start tonight, children?"

"At eight-thirty, after dinner."

"I'll be here at eight-thirty sharp," Father Moritz assured them. "I don't want to miss a minute. I can't afford to any more, and I'll stay to the end. Now I'll go and sleep a little to get ready for it." He held out his big, old hands, one to each of them, and shuffled out.

That evening, punctually at eight-thirty, he appeared, the first guest. Kern had borrowed an easy chair from the landlady and lined it with cushions. "Here, Father Moritz," he said, "the place of honor is for you."

Father Moritz patted him on the shoulder. "Thanks, my boy. Youth rarely honors age any more. Nowadays it's usually the other way about. Age cringes before youth. All the same, there's nothing for youth to do but grow old itself."

He lowered himself into the chair. Shortly thereafter the others arrived; Steiner, Marill, the Rosenfeld family, Waser, Dr. Meyer, the man who had taken his French Ph.D., Klassmann, Brose with his wife—who was carefully laid on the bed and looked very happy. Father Moritz was greeted noisily. He knew almost all of them.

"Oh, Steiner," he said with a pleased smile, "the dear dead days of '34 in the Vienna jail, eh? And Marill—the last time I saw you was in detention at Basle. Yes, my memory! And Waser! Yes, yes, the *carabinieri* in Milan, eh? And there's Klassmann, too, the vanquisher of the Zürich detectives. God, children, it's like the good old days!"

HE GOT up as seventy-year-old Frau Rosenfeld entered and moved painfully toward her. "Edith," he said, kissing her hand, "my eternal love! How happy I am to see you again!"

"Moritz, where did you come from?"

"From Alsace. Children, avoid Strasbourg but flee Colmar. Penitentiary atmosphere. Mathias Grünewald and the Isenheimer altar have had no effect. Three-months sentence for illegal entry; there's not another court that gives more than fourteen days. Shun Colmar. Edith, my love. Oh, to be seventy once again; you wouldn't get away from me then."

"I haven't seen you for a year, Moritz. Have you run into Mary?"

"She's in Holland, her children are in Switzerland, her husband is in Brazil."

"What luck!"

"Luck?" asked Father Moritz.

"But they have a place to stay. Perhaps they can get together sometime later. And Otto Fessler?"

"Dead. He and his wife shot themselves in Zürich."

Steiner drew a bottle of cognac from his trousers pocket. "Kern, Kern, former master of the rifle gallery. Pour this, will you? Your tea is exceptional, but—"

"We have a bottle of cognac, too," Kern replied hastily. "We just thought we'd wait before opening it."

"In these times you can never drink cognac too early. Eh, Marill?"

Marill nodded and also drew a bottle out of his pocket and held out a thick water glass. "In memory of the Gare de Lyon. A simple case of theft but on sentimental grounds. Pour it out, Kern. We'll drink to Father Moritz."

He raised the glass. "Father Moritz! King of the wanderers, scion of Ahasuerus—accept our greetings."

Kern was sitting in a corner with Dr. Meyer. Through Meyer's influence Ruth

(Continued on page 41)

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The Last Dude

By Margaret Craven

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

There's nothing like a good stiff mountain trail to make or break a romance. This is the story of one that did both

BILL STEWART climbed off his horse at the foot of the trail, opened the gate, and held it while the sundry dudes filed through onto the open road.

Immediately bedlam set in. The horses, sensing home and hay, broke into a run. The dudes, sensing one final chance to dash up before the lodge like a tribe of Comanches arriving for a scalping, leaned into a race.

Comanches, Bill decided, described them perfectly. Give a dude the great open spaces and a little time, and he turns so wild and so Western as to make a mere native hang his head for shame.

Bill didn't hurry. He stood there by the gate, content to watch the last of his summer's handiwork go tearing up the road.

The lady from Boston still did most of her riding with her elbows. The gentleman from Los Angeles was not one with his horse. And the *enfant terrible* from New York clung tight to her delusion that she was driving an automobile.

Let them go. Tomorrow the horses would graze peacefully in the meadow, and Bill would hie himself to distant streams for a bit of fishing.

No worms to be baited for squealing women. No women to be cut away from their own hooks, or fished from pools supposed to belong to the finny denizens. No women at all. It was a pleasant thought.

Bill climbed back on his horse and jogged slowly up the road. He was feeling very content—in fact, downright smug—when he reached the lodge.

Standing on the porch was a brand-new girl. Obviously it was her first trip west. She wore that fatuous look Bill knew so well. Nose raised, she stood breathing in great gulps of clean, fresh air.

He felt a sinking in the head. He tied his horse, and walked up the steps.

THE girl smiled. She said, "Hello. You're Bill Stewart, aren't you?"

"I—I guess so," said Bill dryly.

"Mr. Curry has been telling me about you." Mr. Curry owned the ranch.

"That so? What did he say?"

"Oh, not much. He just said you were so obliging that he was sure you wouldn't mind one more dude."

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"Why, yes. You—you don't mind, do you? Mr. Curry says I can't stay if you do. He says it's so late in the season you're the only man left around the place. He says I can't ramble around these mountains by myself. It isn't safe."

She was so sweet about it, and so hopeful. She was pretty too. Bill might be sick of dudes, but he was not allergic to pretty women.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked again.

"Well, no," Bill heard himself saying. "I don't believe I do."

Bill was whistling cheerfully an hour later as he waited by the corral to take Ann Drew for her first ride. He smiled a little when he saw her coming through the trees.

She wore a pair of simple blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a red silk shirt. There were no worn spots on the boots. The jeans still held their original creases. The shirt had never been laundered. The outfit was new.

He lowered her down the cliff. As she passed Fentriss she shouted encouragement to him

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He said, "Here are the horses. Which one would you like to ride?"

She looked them all over. She said doubtfully, "I—I don't know. Which one would you suggest?"

"Shall we start on Dolly? She's the brown mare in the corner. You'll like Dolly."

"I won't like her unless she stops looking at me out of the whites of her eyes."

Bill rode in and cut out Dolly. He did it with a little extra flourish because she was watching.

"All right," he said, when Dolly was saddled.

"Oh, dear. Must I?"

"But, of course," Bill told her in that "nice-pussy-pussy" tone, designed to put frightened dudettes at their ease. "No-o-o. That's the wrong side. Around here. Now up with your left foot. Up we go. There-e-e-e."

"But suppose—suppose Dolly starts bucking."

"Nonsense. Dolly hasn't bucked for years. Fifteen years, maybe twenty."

He explained about the reins. He had to take her hand finally and show her three times how to hold them. This accomplished, he led Dolly around and about for a time.

"Now I'm going to get on my horse, and we're going to walk up the road," he told her at last. "I'll be right beside you every moment. All you have to do is sit still exactly as if you were in a rocking chair."

"I wish I were," she cried passionately.

HE CLIMBED on his horse and they started off. Once Dolly sneezed, and that scared her. She was so scared, she shook.

"Like it?" he asked with no trace of a grin.

"Well, I'm still alive," she told him. "Naturally that's pleasing to a girl."

"You're doing splendidly. Just a little stiff. Relax a bit."

She relaxed like jelly leaving a glass.

"Now look, Miss Drew. The road narrows here. I'll go first. Dolly will come right along behind."

He went ahead. He heard a small sound to the rear. He looked back. She was going around and around in circles.

"You're pulling too hard on the right rein," he called. "Loosen up on it."

"I don't believe Dolly likes me," she said.

"She's just curious," Bill explained. "She hasn't seen anything so attractive around these parts all year."

That did it. She was so pleased she beamed on him, and she said, "Let's trot. You know—bounce up and down. Let's try that."

"I'm afraid that's a little advanced for the first time."

"But I have to do it sometime."

"I really think it's too soon, Miss Drew. After all, this is your first lesson."

He walked his horse. Soon he heard a clatter of hoofs. Dolly was trotting. No—she was running. She'd kill herself. She'd kill Ann Drew too.

Bill went tearing up the road after them. When he reached the corral there stood Dolly, looking a bit surprised and contrite—but no girl. He ran for the lodge. Ann Drew was just going up the steps.

He said, "Are you all right. It was entirely my fault."

Mr. Curry arose quickly from a porch chair. "Was there an accident?" he asked.

She smiled. She said, "No—Mr. Stewart was teaching me to ride. He saw Dolly run with me. That's all."

A very queer look had come over Mr. Curry's face.

"Bill," he said slowly, "this is Miss Drew—Miss Ann Drew."

"I know it—"

"Bill, you see her picture sometimes with rows of cups behind her. Silver cups, Bill. And tiers of blue ribbons. She shows her own horses. She rides to hounds. She jumps fences."

He laughed. Ann Drew laughed. Bill turned up the corners of his mouth.

"The minute I went down to the corral, I knew you took me for a greenhorn," she said. "Nobody ever thinks I can do anything. It's because I'm so small."

She looked at him a bit anxiously. "You're not angry, are you? You see, my father and fiancé are arriving tomorrow, and we're going to need a good guide."

Bill assured her he was not angry. Not a bit, Miss Drew. Not a particle. Then he returned to the corral, and to Dolly. She was hot and almost as mad as he was. When he had given her a good rub, both felt better.

"Lady," Bill said to himself, "you asked for it."

All the dudes were gone the next morning except Ann Drew. About ten she appeared for a ride. This time she picked her own horse—the best in the corral. Bill asked where she would like to go, and she said she'd like to see a little of the mountains, if he didn't mind.

When they reached the trails, he took the lead. He didn't even look back to see if she was coming.

She said at last, "I don't believe you're a cowboy. You don't say 'Howdy' or 'I reckon.' You don't say, 'Chase the cow down to this end of the table,' when you want the cream."

He ignored this. Presently she tried again:

"You don't like dudes, do you?"

"No."

"Why?"

"They talk too much."

"Well, that does it, Ann," she said to herself. "Never trifle with a cow waddie. Let this be a lesson to you."

Again there was a long silence.

"You weren't so inattentive yesterday," she complained. "I especially liked the way you held my hand. I don't believe you picked that up on the range. I don't believe you've ever been on the range. I'm very much afraid you're just a sort of gigolo cow hand, Mr. Stewart."

"Stop flirting with me," begged Bill; "it bores me."

"You're insufferable," she told him furiously. "Just perfectly insufferable."

Not another word passed between them. It was Bill's inning.

ANN DREW'S father and her fiancé arrived that afternoon. The father looked a bit travel-worn, and when Bill saw the fiancé, he understood why.

McLean Fentriss was a superior type—one of those clipped youngish men with the manner of having the world in hand.

If Bill had cherished the hope that Ann's betrothed would turn out a soft Easterner, easily shown up in the great outdoors, he lost it now. Mr. Fentriss had planned a pack trip. No detail had been neglected. With Mr. Curry he discussed routes, distances, sites and provisions. To Bill he gave orders. The next morning at five sharp the army began to march. Just like that.

It was a strenuous day. Ann and her father were up ahead with McLean Fentriss. Bill was back with the pack horses.

Late in the afternoon they made camp. Ann ignored Bill, but she helped unpack. She helped put up the tents and blow up the mattresses.

Around the campfire that evening Bill sat in the background and listened to McLean Fentriss discuss plans for tomorrow. He opened a map on his knee and traced the route for Ann.

"We'll hike up Pyramid in time for

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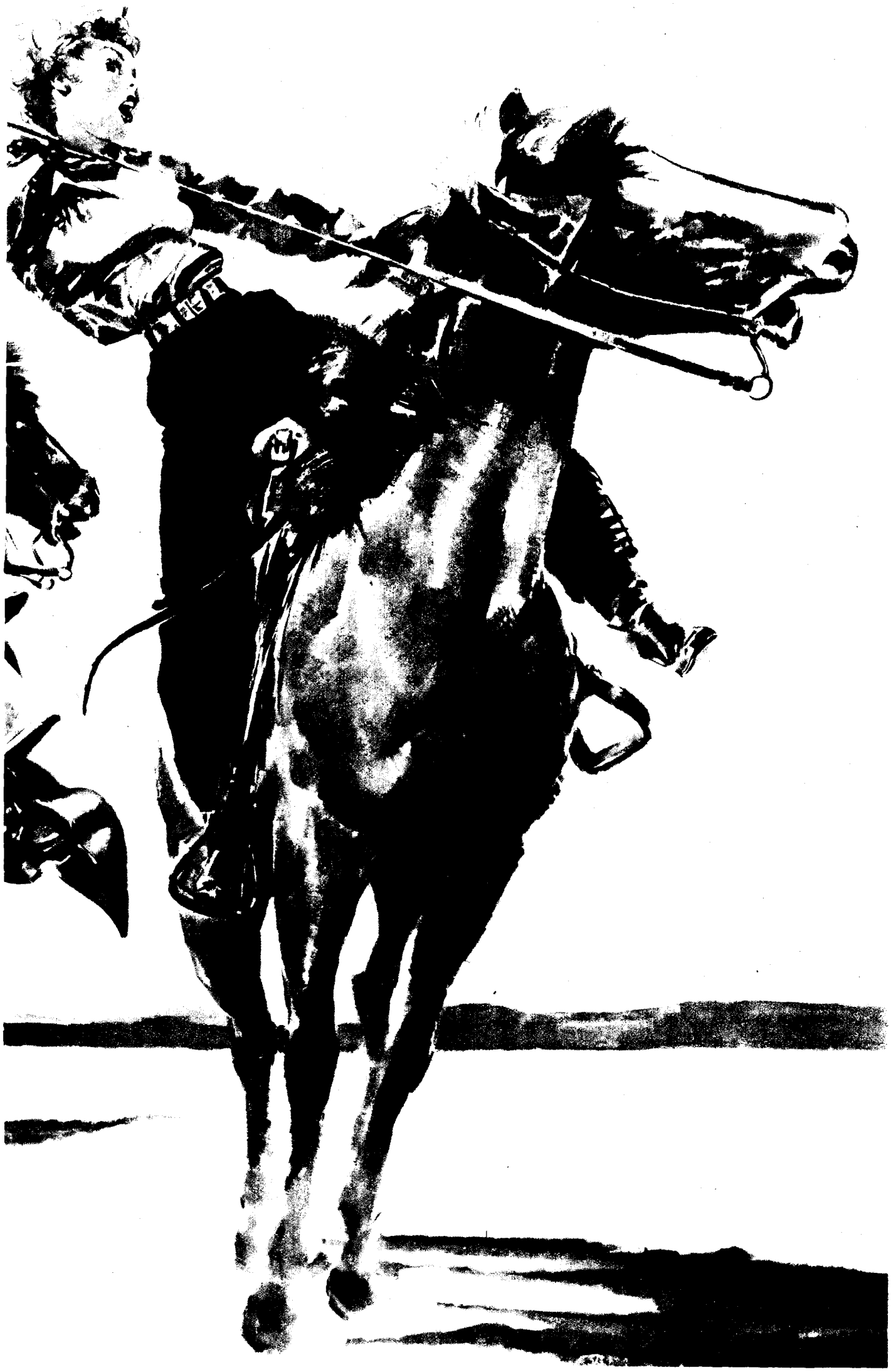

She was going around in circles. "You're pulling too hard on the right rein," he called. "Loosen up on it." "I don't believe Dolly likes me," she said

lunch," he announced, "and then cross the saddle to Lost Lake for a little fishing."

Bill said slowly, "Don't you think we ought to have a day's rest? Miss Drew must be pretty tired."

Mr. Fentriss laughed. "We can make Lost Lake by late afternoon. There's a moon too. We can hike back by flashlight. You want to come along, Mr. Drew?"

Mr. Drew said laconically that he would stay with the horses.

THE three of them started out the next morning before six. It was easy going the first few miles, and Ann was as enthusiastic as a puppy. She was almost pleasant to Bill. Then the rock work began.

"I think we better spread out. Don't you, Mr. Fentriss?" Bill suggested. "There's a good deal of loose rock around here."

They spread out, Fentriss to the right, Ann in the middle, Bill to the left. Bill watched Ann. Once she hit some loose shale and slipped. Once she stepped on a big solid-looking boulder which teetered perilously. She stuck her lip between her teeth then. She stopped a moment to rest.

"I don't understand why I puff so," she said doubtfully. "I sound like a porpoise."

"We're getting up in the world," Bill explained. "The air is thinner. Your heart has to pump harder. That's all."

She pushed ahead then to catch up with Fentriss. When she accomplished it, her face was white, her lips were gray. Bill's job had begun.

"I hate to delay you," he said to Fentriss cheerfully, "but I think I have a wrinkle in my sock. I'm afraid it will work a blister."

He slid his arms out of his pack. He took off his boot with great deliberation.

"Ready?" Fentriss asked impatiently.

"Yes, though I don't promise it will stay. Should have brought another pair of socks."

"It's a fine time to think of that."

Bill drew close to Ann again as they made their final onslaught on the peak. She was digging in with knees and hands now—anything to haul herself up.

"I'm sorry," Bill yelled to Fentriss. "I have to stop."

"What's the matter this time?"

"It's my pack. The blamed thing's rubbing."

He took it off, and fussed with the straps.

"Now is there anything else wrong?" Fentriss demanded. "Better check now."

"No. I guess that'll do me."

WHEN Ann and Bill pulled themselves up the last agonizing stretch, they found Fentriss on top, as exultant as a conqueror.

"Look at that!" he ordered Ann, his hand pointing to the country below them. "I tell you there's nothing like it."

"Nothing, Fen dear."

They ate their lunch on top. They didn't rest long enough, because Fentriss was eager to push on. He explained to Ann that the hardest part of the trip was still ahead of them. The saddle across to the next peak was level enough. It was about two feet wide, cliffs on one side, and a long shale slope on the other.

Fentriss led the way. Once a rock fell. It glided easily at first, gathering speed and loose shale, until it formed a small avalanche and disappeared down the mountain with a low roar.

When they were safely off the ridge, the color came back into her face. She talked gaily to Fentriss. She seemed to avoid Bill's eyes.

They followed the meadows for an hour of slow, steady plodding. Fentriss

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Some Like It Here

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The Story Thus Far:

THE government notifies Daniel J. (D. J.) Corrigan's wife, Diana, that she must pay $4,651.18 for attempting, unsuccessfully, to smuggle two rose-quartz statues of Pekingese dogs into this country. Insulted, Mrs. Corrigan promptly decides to sail for England. From Los Corrigana, her country estate in Texas, she wires D. J., in New York, her daughter Peggy, in Washington, and her son Shane, in Chicago, of her decision, and requests that they join her.

In Chicago, Shane has spent much time on a great invention, a device that, developed at a cost of fifteen million dollars, may (if it works) protect our nation against air raids. But he has just learned through Peggy that Washington is indifferent to his invention. Indignant, he wires his mother that he is heading for China, neglecting to mention that he also plans to marry a young thing named Sigrid Projohaczki.

Peggy is pleased by her mother's wire. She has just broken her engagement to Mr. Robert Derrill, Assistant U. S. Attorney General. Bob Derrill, *beau sabreur* of the New Deal, had attacked the recently formed Guardians of America Inc., of which Peggy's father is the head.

In his New York office, D. J. Corrigan makes a painful discovery. Having sneaked into this country from Ireland, after being sentenced to prison for his part in a Sinn Fein riot, he had never secured citizenship papers; nor is any member of his family a citizen, his wife having been born in Canada, and the children abroad. Now he is horrified to learn that his enemies, the New Dealers, are aware of his status and are preparing to smite him. He determines to fight his enemies.

Meanwhile, at home in Constitution, a small Texas town, Mrs. Corrigan has unfortunately attempted to bribe, and has thereby insulted Old Cactus Brumby, local federal judge, before whom their case will be heard. In the interim, Bob Derrill warns Peggy of the judge's severity, and assures her that he will protect her family.

But when D. J. returns home, and learns that his fate rests in the hands of his bitter antagonists, he determines to fight the case locally, under Judge Brumby. He is unaware that his wife has thoroughly alienated the old gentleman! Caught between two fires, he loses his head during the hearing and insults the government of the U. S. before witnesses! Only Peggy manages to acquit herself honorably before Old Cactus, but when she pleads for leniency for her family, he adjourns the case. What will his verdict be? And what will it do to the fortunes of the Corrigans?

V

A GREAT change had come over Daniel J. Corrigan in the little more than thirty hours elapsing from the moment he was led out of Judge Brumby's courtroom by a United States marshal. Irascible and pugnacious then, he was now the thrall to complete despair.

Slumped on an uncomfortable Venetian love seat in a replica of the d'Alessio's armorial drawing room, D. J. Corrigan sucked a dead and bitter cigar while his family eyed him with frightened solicitude.

"Are you sure your heart's all right, Daniel?" Mrs. Corrigan asked for the eleventh time since dinner.

"Yes, Diana."

"Can't I mix you a highball, Pop?"

"No, thanks, Shaney."

Daughter Peggy walked over and hugged him.

"The newspapers all take your side, Daddy."

"Do they?"

"Want me to read you what the New York Star says?"

"Thanks, Peggy, not now."

Wife, son and daughter exchanged worried glances. They had expected anything but this. Mrs. Corrigan, prepared for violent criticism of her effort to fix Judge Brumby and the smuggling incident, had received only a pat on the shoulder and a weary "Well, we did our best." Shaney had nerved himself for a final scene in which his father would denounce him as an ingrate and order him from Los Corrigana without a penny. Instead, Corrigan Sr. had said listlessly: "I'm glad you were honest up there, son." As for Peggy—she had anticipated raging denunciations of Washington, an announcement that the case would be carried to the Supreme Court, threats of mayhem against Bob Derrill. But Daddy had merely patted her head and remarked: "You're the nicest little daughter a man ever had, Peggy." Curses would have been much easier to bear.

Mrs. Corrigan reached a decision.

"You're bilious, dear," she said. "I shall mix you some bicarbonate of soda!"

"Bilious. Ha!"

His family brightened, eagerly awaiting the outburst of bad temper that would assure them that D. J. was himself again. But Corrigan's chin sank deeper on his chest.

Well, it was all over. Yep. Finished. Precious little comfort it was to know that the newspapers were for him. They had all been for Landon, too. Nope. This was the end. Brumby had been the last chance. Jack Garner swore by Brumby, but Brumby had betrayed them all. Probably the fellow had his eyes on a Supreme Court appointment. Well, good luck to him. Good luck to the United States of America. D. J. Corrigan knew when he was licked. They could have what was left of this country. He would try to salvage as much as he could from the wreckage and retire.

Yep. That was it, retire. He and Diana and the kids would have to leave right away. No use waiting for Brumby's decision. That would only give Washington a chance to get in a final kick—deportation proceedings. He would spare Diana and Shaney and Peggy that humiliation. He had already caused them enough grief with his bullheaded insistence on fighting. Ha! Fighting for what? For the precious privilege of working himself to death trying to make a decent profit. For the noble right to operate companies and keep men employed come taxes, strikes, hell and high water. Ha! He knew what they could do with all that. He knew what he was going to do. . . .

"Shaney . . . psssst . . . did you lock up all the unsgay?"

"Oh, Mom, for Pete's *sake*."

D. J. Corrigan heaved to his feet.

"Well, folks," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "I think it's our cue to do a quick fade-out don't you?"

Shane gulped.

"You mean leave the country, Pop?"

"Yes. Before we're kicked out."

Peggy shook her head with a confidence she did not really feel.

"Judge Brumby won't rule against us, Daddy. We at least ought to wait for his decision—"

But Mrs. Corrigan arose with triumphant briskness.

"Your father is entirely right!" she said. "We should leave within the hour—or not later than dawn! Come, Peggy, it always takes you so long to pack!" Then she turned to her husband: "You will recall, Daniel, that I pleaded with you to retire from business and leave this country the morning that man was elected the first time. You do recall that?"

D. J. Corrigan nodded meekly.

"Yes, Di. You were right. But hold on—where are we going?"

Mrs. Corrigan frowned.

"To England. Where else?"

"That's pretty far, Di. I've got a lot of things to wind up. I was thinking of Canada—Toronto or Montreal."

"Positively not, Daniel! After what the Toronto and Vancouver papers said about me I shall never set foot in Canada as long as I live!"

SHANEY slipped out of the room while the argument continued. D. J. tried to get Mrs. Corrigan to compromise on one of the Thousand Islands. But Mrs. Corrigan resolutely turned her face from Canada, even a Canadian island.

"The whole country has degenerated since my day," she said, "so now I do believe it is not one bit better than the United States!"

Peggy spoke:

"Why not try Bermuda or the Bahamas?"

Mrs. Corrigan beamed.

"Bermuda, of course! Thoroughly British and yet not too far from your work, Daniel!"

Her husband nodded glumly.

"Okay. I'll see about having one of our ships pick us up at Galveston."

"Bermuda by all means! Come, Peggy, we leave at dawn!"

"Hardly at dawn, Mother—"

She broke off and stared at the hall doorway. Mr. and Mrs. Corrigan turned and stared also. There stood son Shaney with his arm about the shoulders of a very pretty blond girl.

"Folks," said Shaney in clear ringing tones, "this is Sigrid Projohaczki, the woman I love!"

Mrs. Corrigan waved the matter aside:

"Not now, Shaney, not now. We're all leaving for Bermuda at dawn—"

"Mother . . . Daddy! You stay right here!"

So saying, Peggy took charge of the situation. She walked over to Sigrid Projohaczki and held out her hand.

"I'm sister Peggy," she said. "I saw you in the courtroom yesterday but I had no idea *you* were

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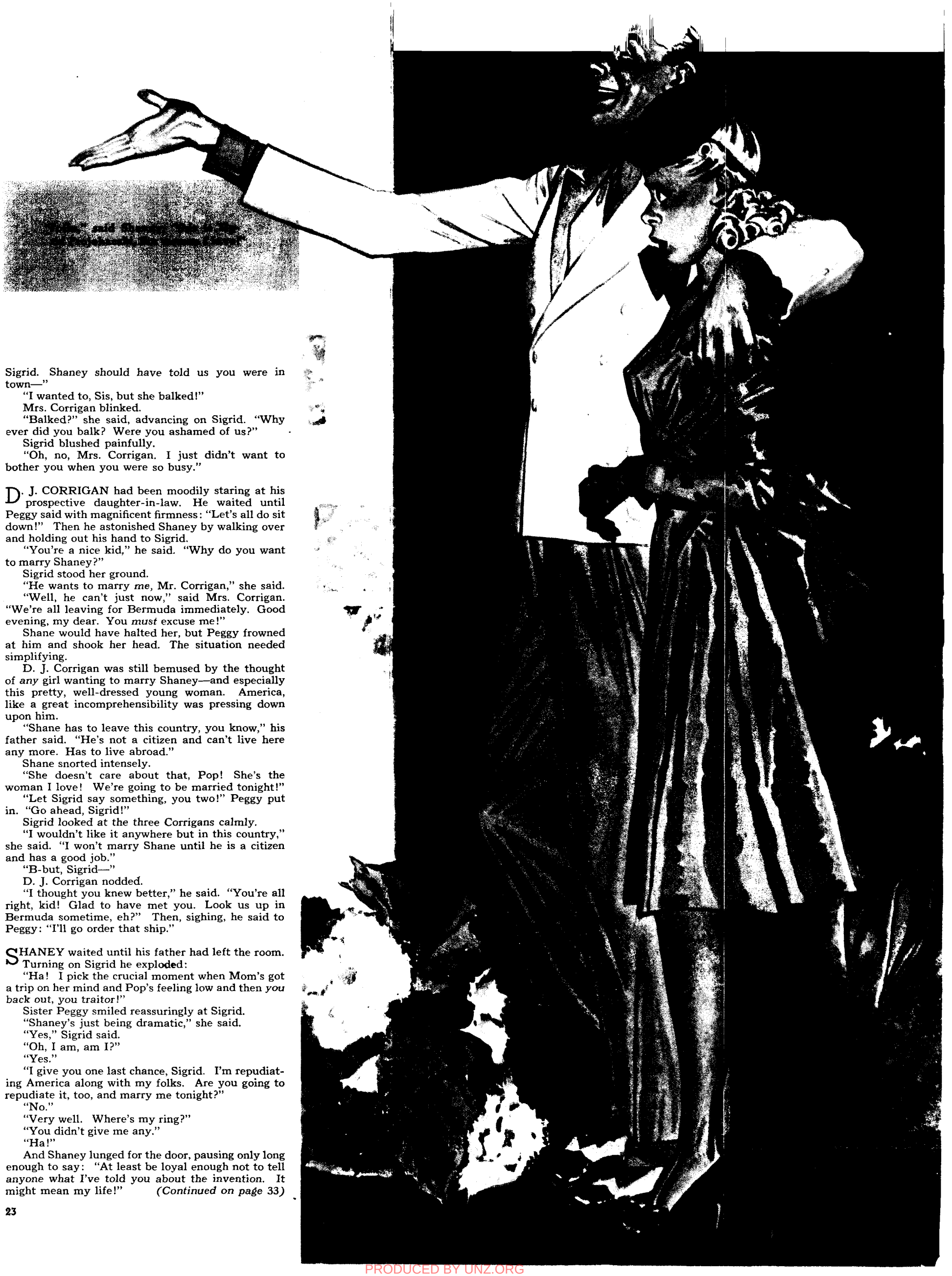

Sigrid. Shaney should have told us you were in town—"

"I wanted to, Sis, but she balked!"

Mrs. Corrigan blinked.

"Balked?" she said, advancing on Sigrid. "Why ever did you balk? Were you ashamed of us?"

Sigrid blushed painfully.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Corrigan. I just didn't want to bother you when you were so busy."

D. J. CORRIGAN had been moodily staring at his prospective daughter-in-law. He waited until Peggy said with magnificent firmness: "Let's all do sit down!" Then he astonished Shaney by walking over and holding out his hand to Sigrid.

"You're a nice kid," he said. "Why do you want to marry Shaney?"

Sigrid stood her ground.

"He wants to marry *me*, Mr. Corrigan," she said.

"Well, he can't just now," said Mrs. Corrigan. "We're all leaving for Bermuda immediately. Good evening, my dear. You *must* excuse me!"

Shane would have halted her, but Peggy frowned at him and shook her head. The situation needed simplifying.

D. J. Corrigan was still bemused by the thought of *any* girl wanting to marry Shaney—and especially this pretty, well-dressed young woman. America, like a great incomprehensibility was pressing down upon him.

"Shane has to leave this country, you know," his father said. "He's not a citizen and can't live here any more. Has to live abroad."

Shane snorted intensely.

"She doesn't care about that, Pop! She's the woman I love! We're going to be married tonight!"

"Let Sigrid say something, you two!" Peggy put in. "Go ahead, Sigrid!"

Sigrid looked at the three Corrigans calmly.

"I wouldn't like it anywhere but in this country," she said. "I won't marry Shane until he is a citizen and has a good job."

"B-but, Sigrid—"

D. J. Corrigan nodded.

"I thought you knew better," he said. "You're all right, kid! Glad to have met you. Look us up in Bermuda sometime, eh?" Then, sighing, he said to Peggy: "I'll go order that ship."

SHANEY waited until his father had left the room. Turning on Sigrid he exploded:

"Ha! I pick the crucial moment when Mom's got a trip on her mind and Pop's feeling low and then *you* back out, you traitor!"

Sister Peggy smiled reassuringly at Sigrid.

"Shaney's just being dramatic," she said.

"Yes," Sigrid said.

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"Yes."

"I give you one last chance, Sigrid. I'm repudiating America along with my folks. Are you going to repudiate it, too, and marry me tonight?"

"No."

"Very well. Where's my ring?"

"You didn't give me any."

"Ha!"

And Shaney lunged for the door, pausing only long enough to say: "At least be loyal enough not to tell *anyone* what I've told you about the invention. It might mean my life!" *(Continued on page 33)*

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THE Tillie McSorley, just returned from Kobe and in ballast from Baltimore, was warped into her Hoboken dock at four o'clock on a sweltering September Saturday, her deck plates hot enough to blister a man's feet after her long wait for the pilot.

By four-thirty, Mr. McCandless, her second mate, was waiting impatiently on the dock by the gangway, his attention divided between the customs guard at the end of the dock and the upper end of the gangway. A big young man, Mr. McCandless had on a clean white shirt open at the collar, a folded tie tucked in his breast pocket, his blue suit coat over his right arm and a package under his left; but notwithstanding his informal attire, he was sweating out of all proportion to the heat of the afternoon. This was explained by the fact that around his barrel chest and flat belly Mr. McCandless had wound fifty yards of superfine Japanese silk, a gift intended for a lady—a gift upon which he did not intend to pay United States Customs duties.

When Mr. Shore, the third, a wry-faced Irishman some ten years Mr. McCandless' senior, joined him on the dock, they headed for the gate, and Mr. Shore observed the troubled countenance of his companion. He said, with malicious innocence, "They say silk underwear is the coolest thing you can wear."

"HELL with you," Mr. McCandless murmured.

"What's the package?"

"Decoy. You watch."

The customs guard, coatless in the heat, was sitting in a small spot of shade by the gate, his chair tilted against the building. Mr. McCandless and Mr. Shore, without slackening their pace, nodded to him as they went by.

"Wait a minute," the guard called. He lounged erect and walked toward them. "What you got in the package, Mister?"

Mr. McCandless stared blankly at him a moment, then seemed to remember what he was carrying. He touched it. "That? Oh, that's just cocaine."

"Yeah?" the guard said. "Let's have a look. I've never seen any."

Mr. McCandless tore a hole in the wrapping and held the package out for the guard to look at. A pair of shoes was inside.

The guard, however, was stubborn. "Won't that package unwrap?"

"It's shoes. You know, what you wear on your feet."

"I know. They're hollow inside, aren't they? Unwrap it."

Mr. McCandless did. The guard examined the shoes carefully, swore, handed them back and waved the two on. A block beyond the gate, Mr. Shore and Mr. McCandless parted at the door of a saloon.

"Sure you won't change your mind, Mac?" Shore asked.

"I can get beer anywhere," McCandless replied.

"You can get a dame anywhere too," Shore retorted cynically.

"Not one like this. See you later."

It was five blocks to her flat, and at the end of three Mac slowed down to avoid apoplexy. Here in the canyon between the streets, the heat was insufferable. However, it was nothing compared to the stair well of the building where Flo lived. At the end of the two-story climb Mac hung onto the rail and almost gagged. The silk felt like a rubber corset, and he had wound it too tight. Sweat cascaded down his legs and arms. He stood there a long moment, getting his wind, savoring the anticipation of seeing her. It had been five months, five long months, but a full three weeks under the date he had promised to be back.

Would she be surprised? She would. She'd likely just open the door and stare at him, then give a squeal of delight and throw her arms around his neck. It would be minutes before he could calm her enough to show her his present.

With these thoughts making his homely face radiant, Mac knocked at her door. It was opened by a girl, a big redhead, whom Mac had never seen before. They stared at each other an uncomfortable moment, and then Mac backed off to look at the door number.

The redhead said tartly, "If you can't read, it says eight."

"Yeah, I'm lookin' for Flo—Flo Ryan."

"She ain't in."

"She still live here?"

The redhead smiled. "She keeps her clothes here, if that's what you mean."

Mac said darkly, "Where is she, workin'?"

"Out with a guy. Say, who are you, her brother?"

"No," Mac said. He leaned against the doorjamb and looked around the room. The redhead regarded him shrewdly, noting his red face.

"You sick, sailor, or just sore?"

"Listen," Mac said heavily. "I got a message for her. Where is she?"

"Anything wrong?"

"Plenty," Mac said grimly. "Where'll I find her?"

"You won't," the redhead said crisply, and before he could move, she had slammed the door in his face. He turned away and halted by the staircase, feeling his temper edge him. Out with a guy, hunh? And in the afternoon, like a high-school kid. He remembered her the night they parted. When she pried her lips off his, she had whispered, "Honest, Mac, I'll be like a saint while you're gone!"

He started down the stairs, his tough face touched with craftiness. It must be after five o'clock now. If the guy was just off work, he'd want a beer on a day like this, so they'd be drinking beer together. But not at a joint, he could be sure of that, because Flo would insist on that. It came reluctantly and on a fresh wave of anger that the Greek's place, "their" place, filled the bill. "And why not?" he thought savagely. "She found the place."

HIS fifty yards of silk were almost forgotten as he descended the stairs. By the time he was on the street and headed for the Greek's place, he was composing his speech, discarding the useless profanity, polishing off telling thrusts.

When he shouldered into the hot restaurant, reeking of fish grease, Mr. McCandless was in fine fettle. He was momentarily taken aback to see the counter seats empty, but he turned to the booths and, starting with the front one, worked back and peered into each.

It was in the last one he found her, sitting across from a black-browed, burly man in shirt sleeves. Mac disregarded him and looked at Flo. She was a little thinner than when he'd left her, and she'd bleached her hair again. A new permanent made it ride crisply on her head, baring her ears and giving her short face a pert and impudent look that gave him a twinge. She was wearing a dress that gave her a shape like she'd just walked out of a shower.

"Hel-*lo*, sweetheart," Mac purred. "Here's Daddy, the big chump."

"Why—Mac," Flo said weakly. "How—how did you get here?"

"I got a cable from the Board of Health. They said you'd been killed by their exterminator, you little louse."

That one missed fire. Flo smiled uneasily and said, "Mac, meet Roddy Timmens. He's off the Cymbeline."

The burly man rose, put out his hand and said, "Pleased-to-meetcher" with a cockney accent.

Mac ignored the hand and said, "Are you? Why?"

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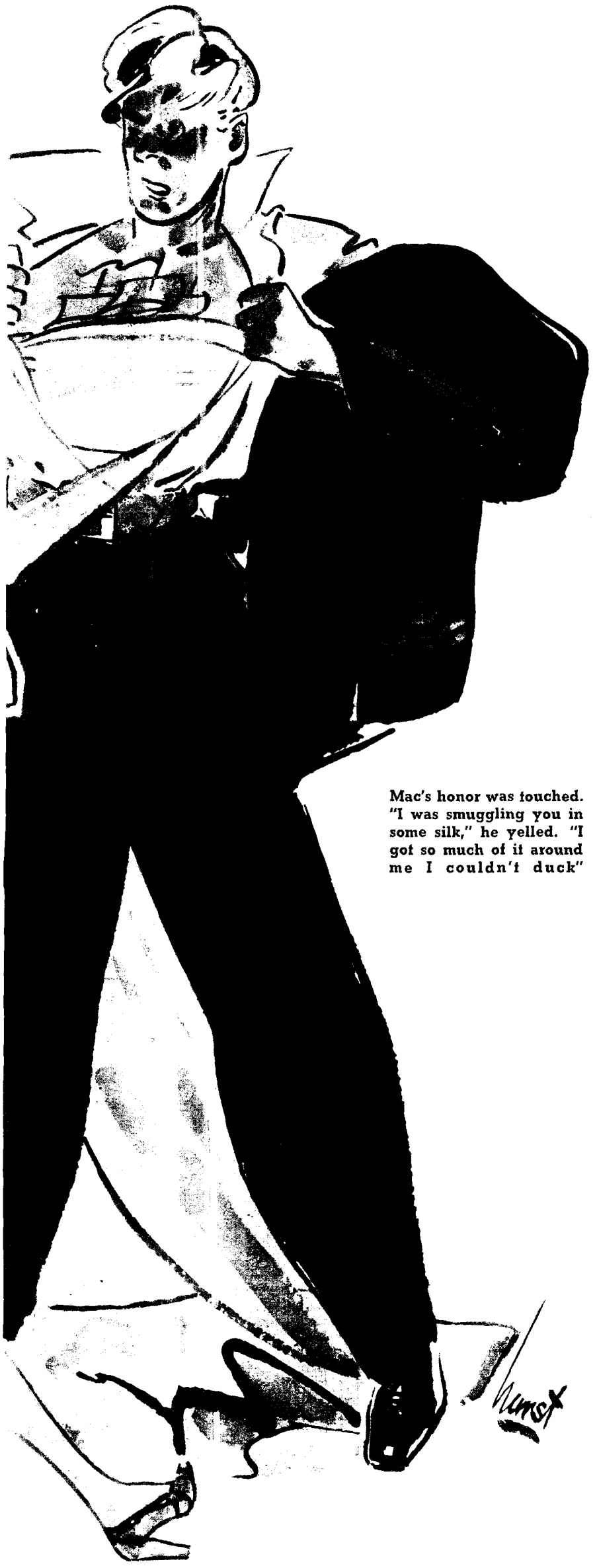

Mac's honor was touched. "I was smuggling you in some silk," he yelled. "I got so much of it around me I couldn't duck"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

"Now Mac," Flo said uneasily. "Sit down and have a beer with us. Mr. Timmens was just telling me about the lifeboat race on Labor Day. He's in it." She smiled warmly. "Sit down." She patted the bench.

Mr. Timmens had withdrawn his hand. He was staring at Mac with considerable displeasure. Mac ignored him and watched Flo. "Okay," he said dryly. "Stand up and let me search you for a knife."

"Watch yer tongue, mate!" Mr. Timmens said sharply.

Mac turned to him and said, "You watch it, sucker; I'm busy." He looked again at Flo, his eyes sultry. "Nice work, kid. I'll take down your picture and nail up a pretzel over my bunk. Maybe you'd autograph it for me. 'To My Darling Sap from Your Crooked Little Twist.' "

MR. TIMMENS understood enough American to get the drift. He put a hand on Mac's shoulder and whirled him around. "Nah, on your way, mate, or I'll bloody well help you!"

Mac, because it seemed the thing to do, hit him. Mr. Timmens' back abruptly met the booth. He shook his head, stood up, and, fists flailing, waded in. Mac waited for him, saw the hook start, and started to duck, laughing in his throat.

But the fifty yards of silk held him stiff as a rod. Too late, he realized it, and tried to twist his head. Mr. Timmens' fist caught him flush on the shelf of his jaw, and something seemed to explode inside his head. Dimly, he heard Flo scream, followed by the sound of running feet. He fought to open his eyes, and when they did open, found himself staring at Flo's tearful face. Above her was the Greek's fly-specked ceiling.

Mac heaved himself to his feet and grabbed the booth for support. The Greek, impassive of face, went back to the kitchen.

Mac gingerly felt of his jaw, and was only then aware that Flo was standing before him.

"You poor darling!" Flo cried. "Are you hurt?"

"Beat it!" Mac growled.

"Well, you got a nerve," Flo said, stepping back. "I could have run off with him, but I notice I stuck with you!"

"Your feet must hurt," Mac said. He picked up his cap and put it on, then brushed off his coat. Flo came up to him and put a hand through his arm, her blue eyes melting with what Mac had once called tenderness.

"Don't be like that, Macky dear," Flo murmured. "Can't a lonesome girl have a beer with a guy that's nice to her?"

"Have one," Mac offered savagely. "Have two! Chisel as much out of the limey as you can!" Elaborately, he disengaged her hand, then dusted his palms together.

FLO'S eyes held no tenderness now. Her lip lifted and she said carefully, "You big bum, who wound up on the floor, the limey or you?"

"I did!" Mac yelled. "You know why?" His honor was touched, and he unbuttoned his shirt, baring six inches of red silk and the topgallant sails of a three-masted schooner tattooed on his chest. "I was smugglin' you in some silk, see? I got so much of it around me I couldn't duck!" He buttoned his shirt up with dignity and touched his cap. "Baby, if you see any bear traps, do me a favor and walk in them. So long, Cyanide."

He was already started for the door when Flo called, "Mac!" in a tearful voice. Mr. McCandless did a very undignified thing then. Without slacking his pace, he emitted a handsome Bronx cheer over his shoulder.

Once on the street again, with Flo's voice still ringing in his ears, he headed into the nearest bar for a beer. It tasted like hogwash. He had never been so hot in his life, and now that he had no real use for the silk, it was doubly burdensome. There was nothing for it but to go back to the Tillie McSorley and shed it before he started the night. And when that night was ended, he promised himself, he would have the taste of her out of his mouth and his mind.

But it worked out otherwise. When, back in his quarters aboard the ship, he had removed the silk, he wanted a shower. The supper bell rang while he was debating. He took his shower, a long one, and ate his late supper alone in the saloon. Mr. Shore, who had seen him come aboard, thought it wise to avoid him for the present.

After supper, Mr. Price, the first mate, knocked on the door of his room just as he was stuffing money in his pockets. Mr. Price was an old hand, middle-aged, with a teakwood mug and a mild way about him in fair weather.

If he noticed his second's haste, he did not inquire about it, but sat down on the bunk and lighted a cigar.

"Ever hear of the Labor Day lifeboat race on the Hudson, McCandless?" he asked.

Mac winced and looked up at him with suspicion. He remembered something about Mr. Timmens and the lifeboat race. "No," he said cautiously.

"Two-mile course, twenty-four-foot lifeboats, six oars and a steersman," Mr. Price said. "You're it."

"I'm it?"

"The Tillie McSorley, as the only Arnoldson Line ship in port, is already entered. The Office told the Old Man today. They've even arranged for a tug to deliver a twenty-four-foot lifeboat tomorrow, since ours are only twenty-two. You better get a crew together."

"Me?" Mac said. "Why me?"

"Old Man's orders," Mr. Price said. "He doesn't care if you win, lose or draw, just so you start. Publicity for the line, the Office says." Mr. Price's eyes glinted with unaccustomed malice as he rose. "If you can find six men in this crew of swabs who can man a boat, you're a better man than I think you are. Good luck." He went out.

MAC sat down on the bunk in disgust, and swore torrentially. All thoughts of the night fled from his mind. Mr. Shore, who considered it safe to approach him by now, came in afterward, smelling of beer, his screwed-up face shrewd as a monkey's. Mac greeted him with a grunt, but Mr. Shore, always a thick man, seemed not to notice.

He sat down and said, "Well, how'd she like it?"

"Who?" Mac said, looking up.

"Your girl. How'd she like the silk?"

Mac, trapped, blurted out the whole story, while Mr. Shore wore a suitably grave expression. He even failed to comment on women, but let Mac finish.

"What burns me up," Mac growled moodily, "is that Timmens has the Cymbeline's boat in the Labor Day race."

"You still like her?" Shore asked shrewdly.

"Who? Flo? The only reason I didn't sock her was because I had both hands full," Mac said savagely.

"Then what do you care if the limey beats us?" Shore asked philosophically.

"I don't," Mac answered, but he wasn't fooling anybody. It didn't have anything to do with a dame, he told himself; it was that he didn't like to take two beatings in a row from Mr. Timmens.

That he was slated to, it was obvious by midmorning Sunday. Of the six men he had picked for his crew, only Shore, the stroke, seemed to know what an oar

(Continued on page 30)

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CHACE FROM EUROPEAN

The male bee, or drone (right) lives in luxurious ease until after the mating flight of the queen, after which all drones are killed and tossed out of the hive. Here a worker bee (a nonbreeding female) is feeding the drone on an uncapped honeycomb

The Flowers and the Bees

By Frank J. Taylor

All about the private life of the busy little bee. Man, it seems, is exploiting its ardent natural proclivities

"THIS," said roly-poly Charlie Kinzie, throwing open the door, "is Kinzie's Honeybee Matrimonial Cage. Step in." So we did. That's why we'd gone down to Arlington, in the southern California citrus belt, in the first place, though we'd hardly expected to get into Mr. Kinzie's holy of holies so easily.

Inside, we looked around and found ourselves at the bottom of a glass tower house about forty feet high. The lower part was made of wood and around the walls were dozens of miniature hives—little bee bungalows or love nests. Each had a number on it, a sort of street number, to help queens find their way home from their honeymoons.

Bees were buzzing about contentedly, not at all upset by Mr. Kinzie's trifling with their love affairs. For years, he explained, beemen had tried to manipulate eugenic matches between the young virgin queens and pedigreed blue-blooded drones. And for just as many years the queens had fooled the eugenics experts, it being the queen's prerogative to take flight as she felt the mating urge and pick her husband on the fly, usually the first drone that strummed along. And, like as not, a bum from a most disreputable hive, although we do not wish to be gossipy.

Mr. Kinzie's mating cage functioned, you might say, like the old-fashioned ice-cream social—it brought the good young queens and the good young drones together by happy accident and Nature did the rest.

Why didn't somebody think of that before? Somebody did. The United States government, for instance, built a mating cage on the federal bee farm at Beltsville, Maryland, and there were various others, but somehow they fell short of doing the job.

"It isn't just this cage," explained Mr. Kinzie, who is one of the country's leading bee impresarios. "You're looking at the sixth generation of Kinzies in the bee-breeding game. It's about time we learned something. Now, take a peep in here."

He lifted the roof off the bungalow at Number 10 Queen Row and pulled out a frame cluttered with bees. The worker bees were shuffling in and out the tradesman's entrance that opened to the flowery out-of-doors. But there were tiny bars across this entrance, so spaced that the queen and drones, being thicker of girth, couldn't squeeze between them. Their only escape from the hive was the club entrance that opened into Mr. Kinzie's glassed-in Gretna Green.

"Nothing complicated about it," he continued. "Just makes use of bee psychology. All these queens are from heavy honey-producing colonies. The same with the drones. I cross champions with champions.

"The virgin queen emerges from the hive and flies around in this cage, a dozen drones rushing her. She picks a husband on the wing, they mate in the air and fall to the ground. He dies right away and she's a widow. The workers hustle her back into the hive. She never mates again but she's good for half a million offspring."

And healthy offspring, which is the important thing. What this country needs right now, it appears, is a race of bees with longer tongues to reach deeper into flowers for nectar, bees with stronger wings and weaker stings and tougher constitutions to resist disease.

Everything else—cabbages, cows, marigolds, horses, carrots—has been bred bigger and better, but a bee is just what it used to be back in Biblical times, one-five-thousandth of a pound of obstinate, industrious, frugal bug.

And no more, in spite of the best efforts of the leading apicultural minds of the United States government, the Soviet Russian government, the Swiss government, not to mention the Dutch, the Italians, the French and the far-flung British Empire. The American and

(Continued on page 39)

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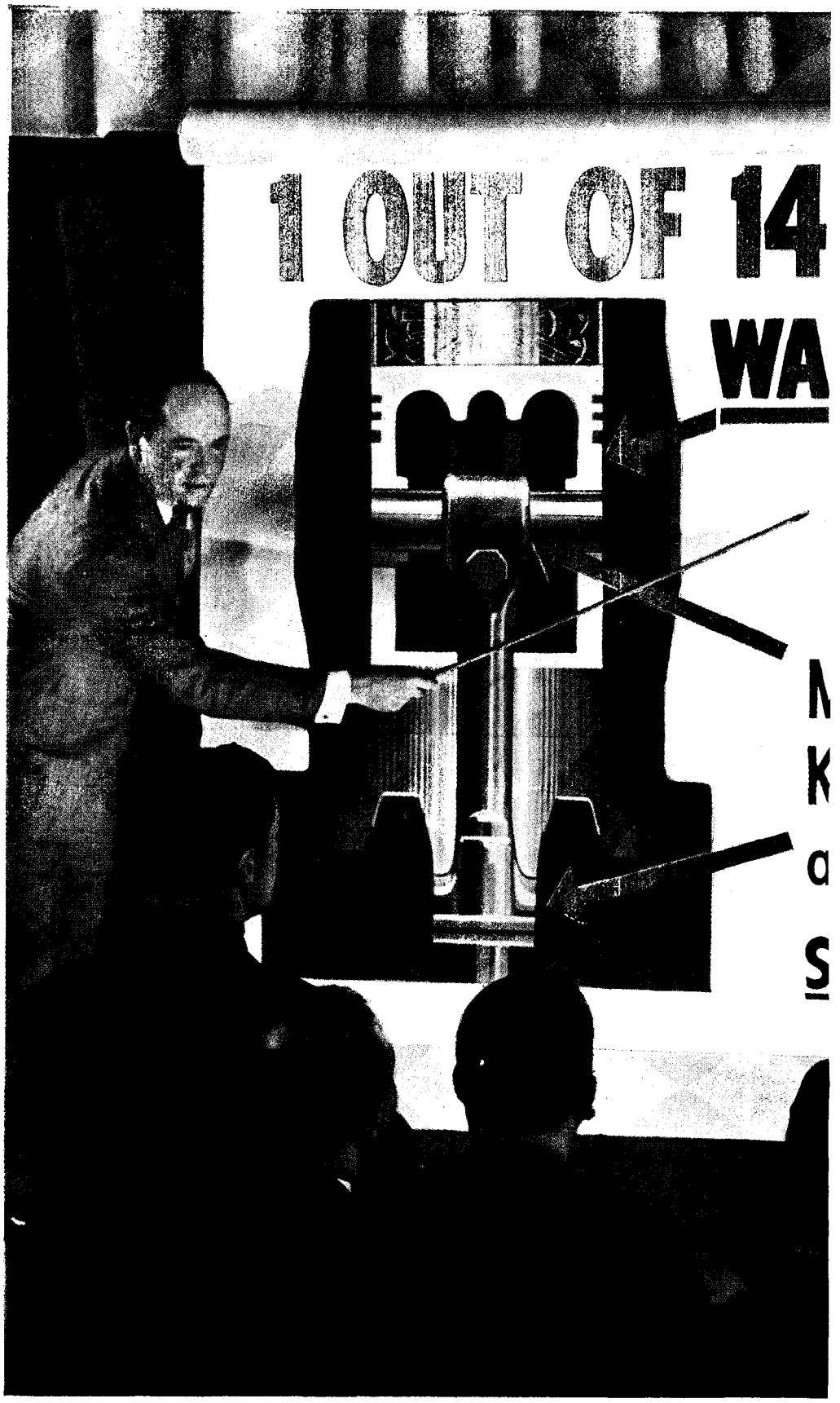

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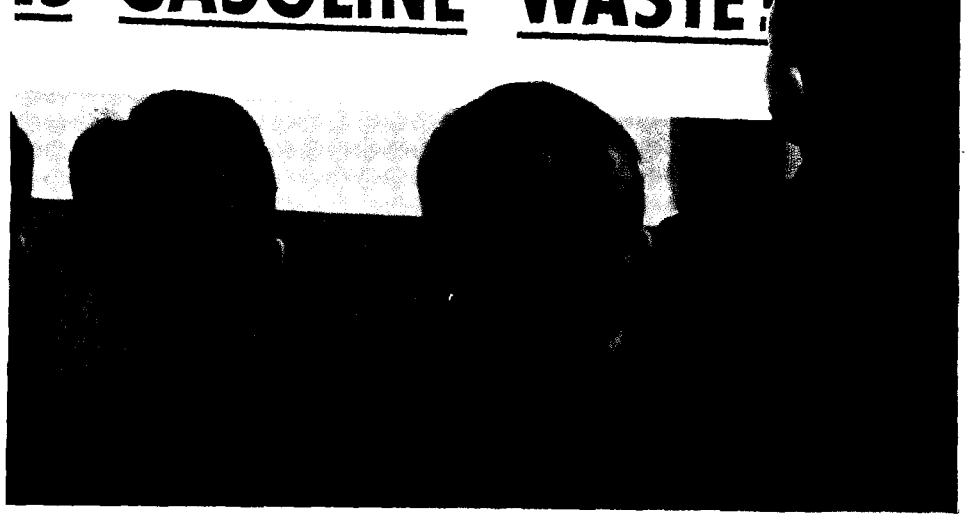

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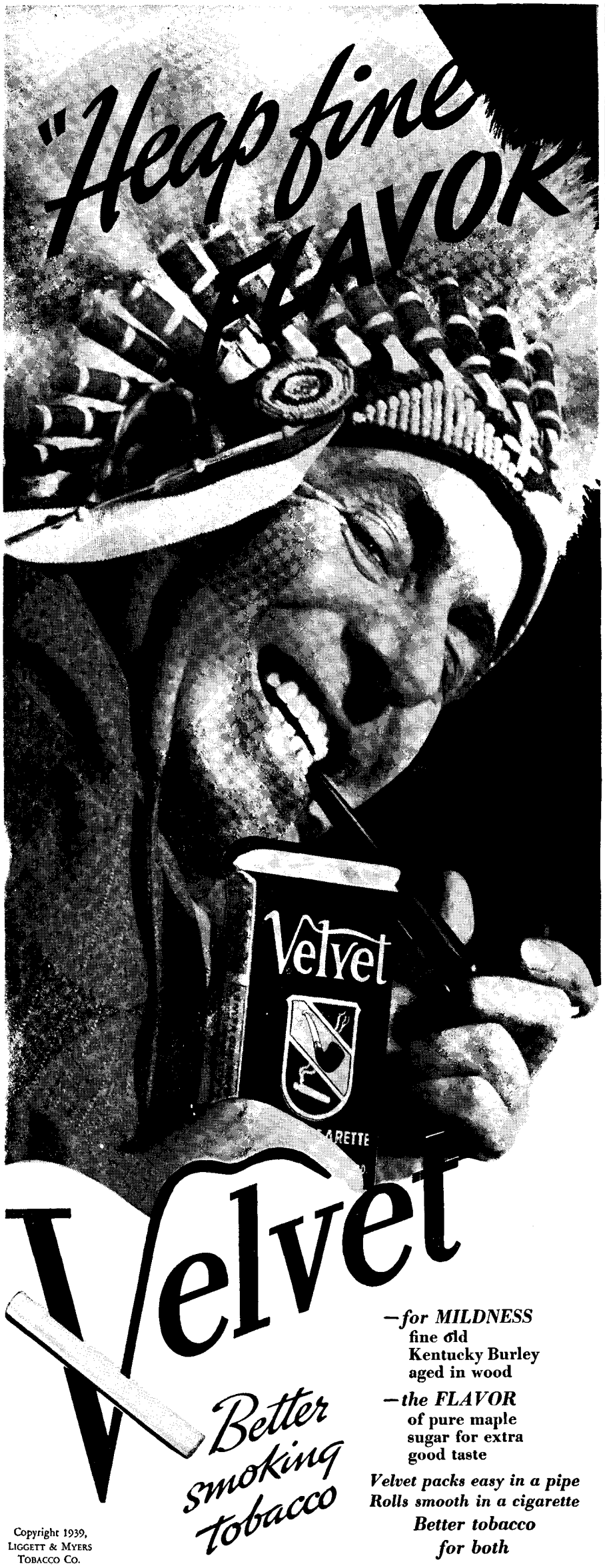
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Belabor Day

Continued from page 25

was for. All morning they floundered up and down the Hudson in a fashion so lubberly that Mr. McCandless winced when he thought of the morrow. The afternoon practice was no better; and when, in midafternoon, the Cymbeline's boat swung out from behind the white hulk of the big passenger liner in her upriver berth, and went through its slick and even paces, McCandless was sunk in gloom.

They returned to the ship, and Mac was so down in the mouth that he loaned Mr. Shore fifty dollars and did not even follow him off the boat to see what he would do with it. Mr. Shore, for his part, seemed not the least troubled by any thoughts of the morrow. In fact, he was whistling when he left the Tillie McSorley.

AT TEN o'clock on Labor Day morning, Mac, sweltering in immaculate white ducks and cap, had his crew rounded up ready to leave for the race. All except one—Mr. Shore was missing, and could not be found on the ship.

When Mac, in desperation, reported his absence to Mr. Price on the bridge, the first merely spat and said, "That's tough. Why don't you get somebody else?"

"Shore's the only guy on [illegible] that knows an oar from a ball bat."

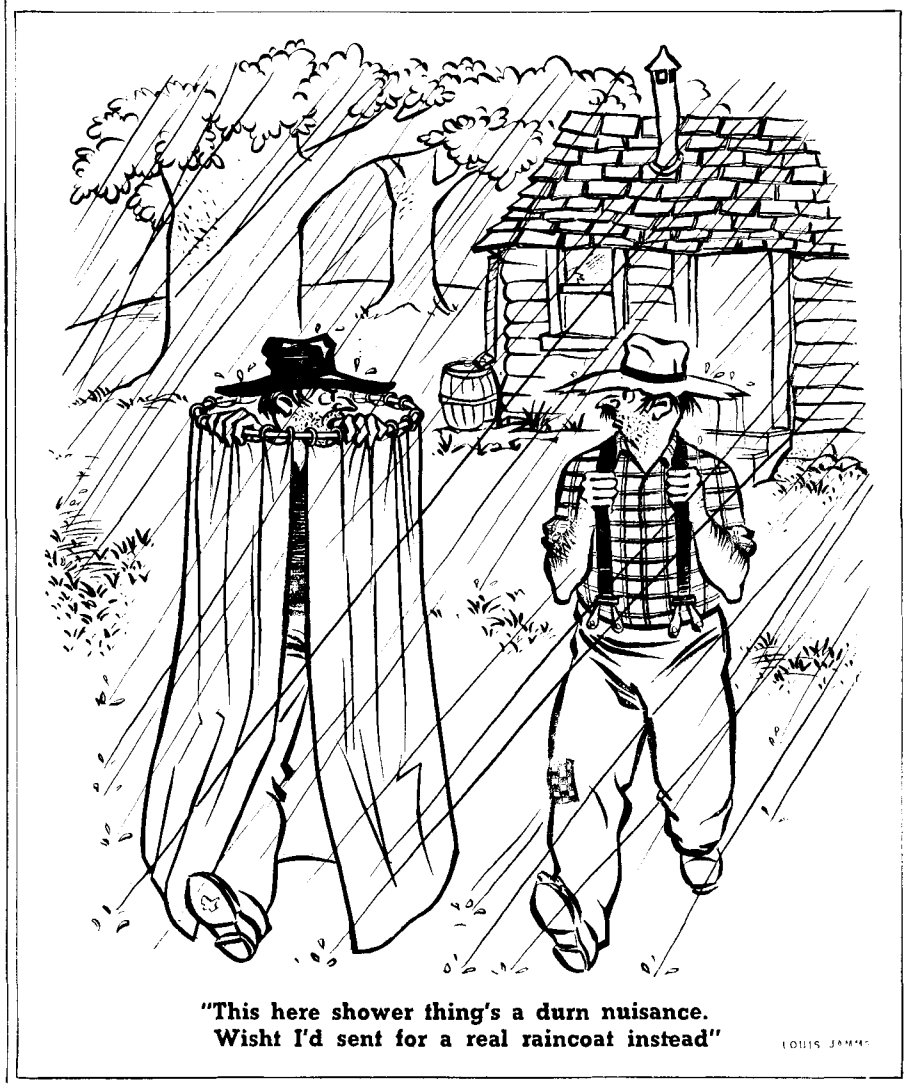
"That's tough," Mr. Price repeated heartlessly.

"It damn' well will be," Mac growled, "—on Shore."

He commandeered another deck hand who claimed he had once been in a lifeboat, and they put off from the Tillie McSorley. It didn't take Mac long to see that with Shore out of the boat, they'd be lucky if they made the three miles to the starting line, which was a couple of miles above the Yacht Club. Then a tug plowed past them. It was towing the Cymbeline's lifeboat, with its crew. And Mr. Timmens, a pipe jutting from his jaw, his cap perched on the back of his head, sat in the stern. With no prompting whatsoever, both crews yelled insults at each other until out of earshot. Mr. Timmens, indeed, seemed to lead the others in vituperation. Mac's eyes narrowed, and he swore bitterly to himself. It was bad enough to take a licking at that limey's hands in the Greek's, but to have to take another in the race today was adding ignominy to the insult that had been already added to injury.

The police launch was clearing a lane through the scattering of craft swarming around the starting point. A string of anchored buoys in lines, each trailing a short length of line, to which the steersman of each boat would hold on at the start, was being kept clear by a fussy launch. Moored to the closest dock was a barge crane, where the weighing would take place. Indeed, it was almost completed. While the Tillie McSorley's boat waited, Mac broke out the company's flag, a blue A on a white field for the Arcadian Lines at the bow, and the Star and Stripes at the stern. The heat of a Labor Day noon was stifling; even the committee members aboard the barge were in shirt sleeves. Mr. Timmens' boat was lost in the clutter of craft beyond the weighing barge.

The Tillie McSorley's boat was the last weighed. The crane lowered her hook with the scale dangling from it. The wire sling was fastened to the stern and forward ringbolts and the boat was picked up by the scale hook. The Tillie McSorley's lifeboat left the water and hung free until the judges read the scale. The reporters cluttered on the barge seemed disappointed that the Tillie Mc-



"This here shower thing's a durn nuisance. Wisht I'd sent for a real raincoat instead"

LOUIS JAMES

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Sorley's boat was not greased. Mac glowered at them, and suddenly, from out of their midst, burst Mr. Shore.

Mac waited until the boat had been lowered and the judges had chucked a half-dozen bars of lead into his boat to even the weight before he spoke to Mr. Shore.

"Where the hell have you been?" he asked shortly.

"I had to get a manicure," Shore said, grinning. "Am I still in the race?"

"Get in here!" Mac said. The deck hand climbed out and Shore got in. He peeled off his shirt and donned the cotton singlet while Mac drew the last number out of the starter's hat for his place at the start. It was buoy eight, next to the outside buoy. "As if it mattered a damn," Mac thought wryly.

The other boats were in their places, all flying their house flags at the bow, their national flags at the stern. The Tillie McSorley's boat had to pass down the line in front of them all—three Norwegians, two Americans, a German and a Dutch—and her laboring crew had never worked more raggedly.

THE steersman of an American boat called out as they passed, "Why don't the cops keep them sight-seers off the course?"

Shore thumbed his nose at the boat, amid guffaws. Mac felt the color crawling into his face, and he damned the Arnoldson Line, its officers, his skipper and Mr. Price with impartial vehemence. As an afterthought, he damned Labor Day too.

As they pulled up to their buoy, Mac looked at his neighbors. And there, two boat lengths away, at buoy nine, was Mr. Timmens and the Cymbeline's boat!

"Well, if it eyen't the 'ero," Mr. Timmens remarked. He looked at the Tillie McSorley's boat and shook his head sadly. "Sure yer not draggin' yer anchor, mate?"

"If I had one I'd wrap it around your neck, limey," Mac said bitterly.

"Nah, then, w'ot kind of talk is that, I ask you?" Mr. Timmens said in an injured tone to his crew. "'Ear 'im, will you? And 'im the bettin' favorite! W'ot kind of manners is that?"

The Cymbeline's crew, who had practiced for months under Bosun Timmens in Southampton and New York, and who were betting favorites in every waterfront barroom, could afford to guffaw, and they did. McCandless, inarticulate for once, turned his back, showing a neck brick-red with anger. But Mr. Shore was regarding the Britishers with a thoughtful look, his eyes speculative and surprisingly mild, considering he was Irish.

One hand holding the buoy line, the other the tiller, Mac waited, raging with impatience to get this over with. He did not notice the colorful picture he was part of, with the steersmen all in white duck, the crews all in clean white singlets. Nor did he notice the hundreds of small craft and excursion steamers on the river, the thousands lining the ramparts of Riverside Drive. He was torn between the desire to do violence to Mr. Timmens and the desire to crawl to the bottom of the boat. He wondered idly if they could lift his ticket for starting a riot here.

The judge's launch passed behind them and returned, and then the white warning flag on the barge suddenly dropped. One minute till starting gun.

He glared down at the crew, remembering Mr. Price's words: "The Old Man doesn't give a damn if you win, lose or draw. All he wants is for you to start. Publicity, see?" Yeah, he saw.

He said to the men, "Watch Shore's oar and try and keep out of the way of the oar in front of you. Now, ready."

The gun went off, and Mr. Shore dug in. The noise of the rowing was drowned out by the cheering of the crowd in the surrounding boats and on shore.

Mr. Shore set a slow pace beginning, so that the crew would not become hopelessly confused. And strangely enough, they didn't. The Cymbeline's boat, of course, reflected the weeks of training her crew had received. She pulled ahead, and Mr. Timmens' timing stroke on her thwarts came distinctly across the two boat lengths between them. But Tillie McSorley's boat was doing well, and Mac's heart gave a leap. He wondered how long it would last. He stole a look at the field. One American boat was forging ahead.

His attention was suddenly yanked ahead by Mr. Timmens' voice. Mr. Timmens, already a boat's length ahead, yelled, "See you in an hour, lads."

But while Mr. Timmens was waving, something happened. From the line of small craft to his starboard, a skiff, placidly operated by a heavy man in khaki, broke out of the line. It was headed directly to cut across the Cymbeline's course.

Mr. Timmens, turning back, saw it out there, as if it had just bobbed up out of the deep, and for a moment he was speechless. Then he bawled, "Clear out, you bloody fool!"

The Cymbeline's boat was surely and swiftly bearing down on the skiff. The oarsman, still rowing, turned his head and regarded the oncoming boat. Then he rested on his oars and proceeded to light a pipe.

"Get the hell out off the course!" Mr. Timmens bawled again. The rowing of his crew had become a little ragged at this stage. The crew was peeking over shoulders.

But the oarsman blithely lighted his pipe, happily oblivious. Mr. Timmens was so close now that he had to make a choice. He chose wrongly, possibly because he doubted if he could pass between the skiff and the line of small craft. He yanked his tiller to starboard, and the Cymbeline's boat swung to port into the Tillie McSorley's course.

Mac saw it coming and bellowed, "Git over to starboard, you bloody limey!"

But it was too late. The Cymbeline's boat veered to port, and at the same moment Mr. Shore, who had not even looked around, increased the stroke.

Mac cast one bitter glance to his left, and saw that the Dutch boat was even with him. No way out there. And the Cymbeline's boat was dead ahead, quartering into Mac's course line.

MAC held his tiller firm, stuck out his jaw and waited for the crash. It came, with a splintered oar, a howl of dismay, and a vicious bump, which almost unseated Mr. Timmens.

"What the hell kind of a sailor are you?" Mac bawled at Timmens. They were not far from each other now. One of the limeys had hold of the Tillie McSorley's gunwale, so that the two rode almost side by side, their oars tangled.

Mr. Timmens didn't answer immediately. He took one look at the rest of the boats, which had passed him up, then pointed at the man in the skiff, "'E'll tyke you apart, Mister, so help me —I'll—'ere, mate, give me an oar!" he spluttered.

He made a wild grab for the splintered oar, his face purple with wrath.

"Leave that guy alone!" Mr. Shore shouted.

Mr. Timmens had his oar now, but instead of taking it to the skiff, which was almost alongside, he took a wild swipe at the Tillie McSorley's crew.

Something snapped inside Mac. He let go the tiller, hoisted his pants and shouted, "Board 'em, you guys! What are you waitin' for?"

They were waiting for him to ask them, it seemed. With a shout, the crew of the Tillie McSorley swarmed into the

ALPHONSE AND GASTON AT THE BEACH

AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!
AFTER I FEEL BETTER AND NOT BEFORE! I'M NOT WELL!
GO AWAY! I'M A DANGEROUS CHARACTER!
SH! IT'S THAT OLD CONSTIPATION TROUBLE. NOTHING I TAKE SEEMS TO HELP
THE MODERN IDEA, MY DEAR ALPHONSE, IS NOT TO SUFFER THE TROUBLE FIRST AND THEN TAKE THINGS FOR IT—BUT TO PREVENT IT BY GETTING AT THE CAUSE. IF YOUR TROUBLE IS THE ORDINARY KIND (DUE TO LACK OF BULK IN THE DIET) A CRISP, CRUNCHY, BULK-RICH BREAKFAST CEREAL—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN—WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. EAT IT DAILY, DRINK PLENTY OF WATER, AND JOIN THE "REGULARS"!
NEXT DAY, BREAKFAST—
BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HOW GOOD IT TASTES! IMAGINE EATING THIS INSTEAD OF MEDICINES!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
AND BEFORE LONG—
AFTER YOU!
WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR GASTON!
HELP! HELP!

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

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Don Herald Says:

It's a sure road to the bow-wows

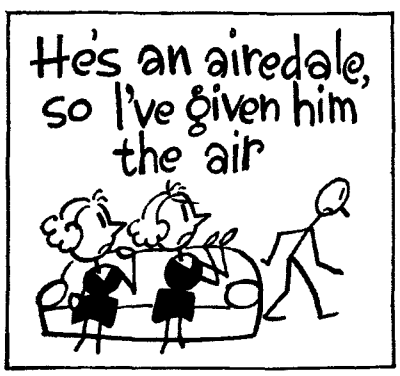
The back yard for men who have that trouble which Mum can correct! Nobody wants 'em in the house.

It may be a little thing — that faint hint of perspiration aura— but there are few offenses for which society will so swiftly, definitely and brutally tie a can to a feller.

One slight breeze of it from a man—and old friends and business acquaintances start giving him distance.

Lots of pretty fine guys get this freeze-out. They bathe regularly and wear clean linen, but they don't realize that baths soon steam off—that the sure way to clinch cleanliness and preserve personal freshness is to use Mum.

But thousands of thoughtful men now use dabs of Mum underarm regularly every morning and again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.



Mum is a pleasant habit. It is a fragrant and inviting cream, harmless to skin and clothing, which stops perspiration odor without stopping perspiration.

Of course, some men balk at first. It's sometimes hard to take on a new good habit and give up an old bad habit. But you can get acquainted with Mum an easy way, by sending your name today on the margin of this page, for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M1-99, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Cymbeline's boat. It was too close for oars; knuckles would have to do.

Mac balanced himself on the thwart, leaped over green water, and sprawled on Mr. Timmens' back. Mr. Timmens went down, shook him off, and rose, facing him.

It was a tight spot, and the toughest man had to win, for there was no room to dodge. Mac met him coming up with a left hook that mashed Mr. Timmens' nose. Mr. Timmens went down and came up again, this time to take two lefts in the face, a right in the ear, a left in the eye, another left in the other ear, and another right in the other eye.

He stayed down. Mac stepped over him and found Mr. Shore trying to find a hole in the defenses of a British seaman who was kicking at him with a free foot and yanking at a rowlock. Together, they took care of him, throwing him overside when they were finished.

The siren on the police launch, which had pulled up by now, was deafening. But the fight didn't stop. Another limey went overboard, and struck out for shore. One of the Tillie's crew was knocked overside, but he was given a hand up and went back to the fight.

It took the police launch several minutes to maneuver alongside. After that it was a three-cornered fight, with the advantage, of course, on the side of the police.

"I SEE," Captain Horn said, late that night. He regarded his second mate with a stern gaze and asked sharply, "Then what happened, Mr. McCandless?"

"Instead of passing astern of the skiff, Timmens lost his head and cut across our bow."

"Couldn't you avoid the collision?"

"Not without ramming the Dutchman. And the Cymbeline was out of the race anyhow, so I chose her."

Captain Horn scoured his chin with the back of his hand. "Then what?"

"We hit."

"Who started the fight?"

Mr. McCandless hesitated a second, then said, "There was some rough talk. Timmens picked up a broken oar and took a swipe at us. I—I didn't see any sense in letting him crack our skulls, so we boarded her."

"Ah," Captain Horn looked away. He tapped the Manhattan tabloid on his desk. "The pictures bear you out, Mr. McCandless. Did you know there was a boatload of reporters and cameramen behind you?"

"No, sir."

"They snapped Timmens in the act of using an oar for a club."

"Yes, sir."

Captain Horn ran a hand across his mouth. "The papers are calling you the Paul Jones of the Hudson, Mr. McCandless."

"Yes, sir," Mr. McCandless said, blushing furiously.

Captain Horn turned away. "That's all." Mr. McCandless was almost out the door when the captain said, "Mr. McCandless. I understand the Cymbeline's first officer and Mr. Price arrived at the station at the same time. Was there any more trouble after the men were bailed out?"

"No, sir. We gave them a head start, sir."

"Very good." But Captain Horn was not yet satisfied. He asked carelessly. "Mr. McCandless, who would you say won the fight?"

"We did, sir."

"That's all, Mr. McCandless," the Old Man said, hiding a smile. "I think the Office will want to know that."

Mr. McCandless clambered down the bridge ladder and went to his quarters. Inside, Mr. Shore was seated on his bunk counting money.

"—Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, and one hundred smacks." He sheafed the bills together and extended them to Mac.

"What's that?" Mac said.

"That's the fifty bucks I borrowed, plus the fifty I won with it."

Mac looked blankly at him. "Won? How?"

"I took the field against the Cymbeline's boat, and got two to one odds," Mr. Shore said smugly. "No trouble at all, and you're welcome."

"You bet against the Cymbeline?"

Shore nodded laconically and lighted a cigarette. "If you've got any gratitude, Mister, you'll split the expense with me, though."

Mac stared at the money, then at him. "Slow it up, fella'. This is comin' a little too fast. What expense?"

"His fine."

"Whose fine?"

"The guy in the skiff. Did you think they arrested him for fun? He got socked thirty bucks. I'd appreciate a little help."

"You're paying his fine?" Mac said slowly.

"Why not? I hired him." Mr. Shore flicked the ashes from his cigarette with a delicate gesture and looked levelly at Mac. "And why did I hire him? Because I'm Irish and I don't like the English, and because I saw a chance to make some dough. And why did he take the job? Because he was Irish and didn't like the English either and wanted some dough. And why did I get you in on it, pal? Because you just got chumped by some dame and needed a little cheering up. Any more questions?"

Mac's jaw dropped in amazement as he stared at the third. His belly got a little cold when he thought of what might have happened if Shore had told this to him before the Old Man had him up on the carpet. But that was fleeting as he looked at the hundred dollars.

The knock on the cabin door was peremptory. Guiltily, Mac stuffed the money in his pocket and said, "Come in."

The door opened and a Customs officer stepped inside. He looked around the room and said to Mac, "You McCandless?"

"Sure. Why?"

"These your quarters?"

"Yeah. What about it?"

"I'll take a look around," the Customs man said.

"What for?"

"I'll tell you when I find it," the Customs man said quietly. He walked straight to the locker and opened it. There, on top of some shirts, were the fifty yards of Japanese silk. He drew it out, looked righteously at Mac, went over to the bunk and unrolled the silk. First he measured it, then he examined it. Mac glared at him in helpless anger.

"MIND tellin' what you paid for that?" the Customs man asked.

"A cent a yard," Mac snarled.

"Hunh-unh. About half a buck a yard. That would mean a buck a yard in this country. You got fifty yards of it here." He smirked at Mac. "Uncle Sam will nick you to the tune of just one hundred bucks, Mister, double what it's worth."

There went the fifty he loaned to Shore and the fifty Shore had won for him. He asked in a strangled voice, "Tip-off?"

"Yeah," the Customs man said. "A tip-off. And the party who told us don't mind bein' known. Go on. Ask who it was."

"Who?"

"A dame," the Customs man said smugly. "She called us from a hospital. Her name, she said, is Flo Timmens. Know her?"

"Now what do you suppose happened to that waiter of ours?"

ROBERT DAY

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Some Like It Here

Continued from page 23

"I won't tell anyone Shaney," Sigrid said.

The two girls looked at each other.

"I wish you *would* marry him!" Peggy said. "You'd be good for him."

Sigrid's head bobbed.

"I will marry him. When you all come back to this country."

"We're never coming back, Sigrid."

"I think you will come back."

"No, we Corrigans are all washed up."

"But your young man—Shaney told me. You love him?"

"Yes."

"And he loves you?"

"I hope so."

Sigrid put her arms around Peggy and Peggy began to sob on her shoulder.

"You are sweet. You don't hate anything. That is trouble, ja! This is world for hating in. I am so sorry for you. . . ."

And in the servants' wing another resident of Los Corrigana was in tears. Teruka Koba sat at his worktable weeping into a large bandanna handkerchief decorated with white figures of Mickey Mouse at the corners. So miserable was he that he had even contemplated harakiri, but this gesture was Japanese and therefore un-Korean.

The source of Koba's sorrow was not the fact that he had wasted eight months studying the wrong family for his book "I Lived Through America." It was not the fact that Frowning Boy had denounced him as a Japanese spy in court or that Heart of English Rose, the dear lady Miss Chivers had called his poem so full of love obscene. A heap of newspaper clippings held the secret of Koba's grief.

Koba had got a bad press. These American newspapers had defended the Corrigans, even Fat Stupidity, but for Koba they had short shrift. Mopping up after the general carnage in Judge Brumby's courtroom, reporters had turned their attention to "side lights," and Koba was a side light. On the table beside the clippings lay Koba's first attempt at rebuttal, addressed to the editor of the Austin American:

"Editor, Dear and Honored Sir:

"I am not Kopa. It is spelled with B. I am not fishing-boat man on Gulf. I do not fish. I do not spy on Hon. Mr. Shane Corrigan because I am not Japanese. I am Korean gentleman. I did not hiss at reporter, very impolite. I did not cry 'Banzai Nippon' when officer did not throw me from courtroom, please. Why is this? I am butler and good American patriotic fellow, please. I am resign from Corrigans as soon as Mrs. Corrigan listens. If G-men are after me as you say in paper I will surrender, please. I am very sad. . . ."

"Aie, aie, aie!" wailed Koba. "Oh, I think I am for jail!"

STILL another resident of Los Corrigana had given way to sorrow, although Miss Edith Chivers was not weeping or wailing. She was snuffling, face down on Mrs. Corrigan's chaise longue, while her mistress sternly went about the business of packing.

"I must say that I'm ashamed of you, Edith."

"I can't help it, relly I can't!"

"You will love Bermuda."

"I won't, relly I won't! I shall *hate* it!"

Miss Chivers continued to snuffle. Mrs. Corrigan paused, hairbrushes in either hand.

"It won't be for long. As soon as Mr. Corrigan winds up his affairs we shall live in England."

This statement brought louder sounds from Edith Chivers.

"That'll be wooooorrrrssse! Oh, I'll just d-die!"

"In *England?*"

"Ye-he-ess. There aren't any men theah!"

"Why, Edith!"

"I know . . . it's disloyal to the Empiah—"

Mrs. Corrigan sniffed.

"It's worse than that. You go take two of my capsules."

"Yes, darling."

"And when we get to Bermuda," added Mrs. Corrigan severely, "I shall prescribe long auto rides by the sea."

Miss Chivers stopped in her tracks.

"Oh, but, darling, they don't puhmit motahs theah!"

"Don't permit automobiles in Bermuda?"

"No. It's the local custom not to puhmit motahs theah."

"What nonsense. I shall take two cars, of course."

"But theah is a *law,* darling—"

"Indeed?"

Mrs. Corrigan's eyes narrowed. Miss Chivers, knowing that look, trembled.

"Oh, but you mustn't try to smuggle a motah cah into Bermuda, relly!"

"Edith, go take the capsules."

YET another brave heart was heavy, a heart connected by sentimental ties to Los Corrigana. It belonged to Assistant U. S. Attorney General Robert P. Derrill, who, at the moment, was twelve thousand feet above the Carolinas and roaring down to Texas. Young Mr. Derrill sat hunched up in his seat, muttering to himself. His manner already had alarmed the stewardess and an elderly lady across the aisle. The elderly lady was certain that her neighbor planned to jump out the door, while the stewardess suspected Mr. Derrill of being another Wall Street broker on his way to Mexico with the funds of several orphanages and hospitals.

Mr. Derrill, however, was suffering from a turbulent stream of consciousness: "A pretty pickle . . . the damn' newspapers . . . was the big boy sore! . . . This thing might cost twenty House seats in the fall. . . . Oh, Peggy, you don't know what I'm suffering for you. . . . They think I should have been able to handle your old man, Peggy. . . . Hell, he needs an alienist . . . he needs a Hitler brown-shirt squad . . . he needs his cretin head soaked in ice . . . you've got a nice family, Peggy dear. . . ."

The stewardess tapped Mr. Derrill on the arm.

"Would you like a paper cup, sir?"

"Hunh? . . . Why no, little Girl Scout, I'll take strychnine in a glass. . . . Ha! . . . no wonder she thinks I'm nauseated. . . . I've got the famous Corrigan case on my stomach . . . ugh . . . and did the big boy cuss! . . . Oh, those damn' newspapers. . . . look what you've done to poor D. J. Corrigan, says Old Ants Pants Gener'l Johnson . . . dictatorship . . . tyranny . . . and now . . . I've got to plead with Cactus Brumby to let the Corrigans stay in the country. . . . I can imagine what he'll say . . . in jail, that's where I'll be . . . tampering with a federal judge . . . and all because I fell in love with Peggy. . . .

"Julius had it right . . . slumming, that's where I went . . . right out in the back alleys of big business. . . . Peggy, you'll never know what I've been through for you. . . . Oh, why did you have to be an underprivileged victim of the Securities Commission? Why couldn't you have been a WPA sewing project princess? . . . Or a Finn? . . . Why couldn't your whole family have

—what have you got against paying less for fine whiskey?

THAT'S A MIGHTY EXPENSIVE SUIT, MR. MATTINGLY!
ALL OF THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE EXPENSIVE, MR. MOORE!
NOT ALL, MR. MATTINGLY! OUR M&M, SUH, IS ONE OF THE FINEST WHISKIES MADE...YET ITS PRICE IS AMAZINGLY LOW!
ANYONE WITH BACKBONE ENOUGH TO JUDGE WHISKEY ON TASTE AND NOT ON PRICE WILL AGREE WITH US, SUH!
MATTINGLY & MOORE

Mattingly & Moore

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof (also 86 proof). Every drop is whiskey!
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

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been Finnish? . . . Oh, Peggy, you dear, sweet little kid . . . those damn' newspapers. . . ."

Assistant U. S. Attorney General Derrill felt another tap . . . this time on his right knee. It was the old lady across the aisle.

"Suicide is a coward's act, young man!" she said. "Is religion no consolation to you?"

"I've lost my religion, madam!" Derrill said. "I'm a New Dealer."

"How awful!" said the old lady.

Thus, while the *beau sabreur* of the New Deal was speeding to Texas to keep the Corrigans from being deported and while the Corrigans were packing to leave the United States forever, the Corrigan case reached another crisis. Would Federal Judge Brumby, now sleeping the sleep of the just, yield to the earnest plea from Washington? Would he rule the Corrigans' applications for citizenship acceptable? And would his decision be reached in time to halt the Corrigans in their self-imposed exile? In short, would the United States vs. The Corrigans continue to be a *cause célèbre* threatening the peace and dignity of the Republic or would it merely fizzle out in peaceful compromise?

This question, as so oft· . happens in American affairs of state, was not being decided in Washington or in the air above the Carolinas or at Los Corrigana. It was being decided by a little group of willful men in a smoke-filled room at the Plains Hotel in Constitution, Texas:

"Yeah, but Shiner, ain't this kid just shootin' off his mouth?"

"Maybe."

"I dunno. You can't tell about them screwballs. All inventors is screwballs."

"That's right. They's all dizzy."

"Boston Tech is a good school. If he got t'rough Boston Tech he knows enough to invent a bomb sight."

"It's worth a chance, boys."

"You mean snatch the kid?"

"Nagh. Wit' dem Texas rangers all over de place? Shiner's got somepin better'n dat!"

SILENCE fell upon this brilliant assemblage of international spies as Slip, the Cork, Jidger and Satin Pants waited for their leader, Shiner Rowan, to speak.

Shiner always took his time about speaking. He poured himself a heavy slug of ginger ale from two bottles and spiked it with rum. He was especially deliberate this evening because this spy racket was a new graft to him and the boys.

"The morning papers'll be out pretty soon," he said. "They'll have the dope where Corrigan and his folks are going. We'll sit tight until we get the dope."

"That's usin' the head, Shiner," said Slip.

"Yeah," said Jidger, "this looks like a swell racket an' we don't want to muff it."

"Swell? It's perfect," said Shiner. "The syndicate pays off even if we don't get anything from the Corrigan kid. All we got to do is prove he ain't invented nothing so's they won't have to worry. What could be fairer'n that?"

"It's good," Satin Pants agreed.

Gulping his drink, Shiner nodded solemnly. The boys had lammed from New York after the Dewey cleanup. They were waiting for the big town to cool off. And, in the meantime, quite by accident Shiner had heard of this cushy spy racket. It was the softest touch yet. It seemed like why you went to work for the syndicate. The syndicate had everything systematized, see? When you swiped something for them they sold it to the highest bidder among the foreign nations. Like a fence, see? Each foreign nation had amateur competition, guys of its own who tried to swipe the stuff first, if they could. But the sheer beauty of the spy racket to Shiner was that if any competitor guy got tough you could rub him out and no questions asked.

"It seems like Providence takes care of us," Shiner mused aloud. "Booze gets too hot; snatching gets too hot; numbers gets too hot—and along comes a new racket better'n any of 'em."

Jidger nodded admiringly.

"Hear him?" he said. "He thinks all the time!"

There was a knock at the door. Satin Pants, who had stripped to his underwear, reached for a gun, looked foolish and motioned for the Cork to open up.

Oofty came in, but without the papers.

"I thought I told you—"

"Take it easy, Shiner," said Oofty. "I got the dope! They're flying to Galveston first thing in the morning and taking a Continental Petroleum freighter outa there for Bermuda!"

Shiner looked dubious.

"Where'd you get it?"

Oofty produced a torn envelope.

"I'm taking a smoke by the Corrigans' fence," he related, "when a little Jap guy ducks past a ranger in the bushes. He is crying and has this letter. He sees me an' shoves the letter through the fence and asts me will I please mail it for him. I open the letter and there's the dope!"

Shiner and the boys read the typewritten message on rice paper. It was addressed to Mrs. Cho Koba at Seoul, Korea:

"Honored Mother:—

"Do not believe papers that I am spy for Japanese. It is American joke. I leave in morning to go with family to Bermuda, an island. We go by the Mr. Corrigan's ship from Galveston, a port. We fly to Galveston to escape reporters, so nosy. I am glad to leave America where they say I am spy. You should see it. You would weep. I am weeping. But I will feel better on ship. Your loving and respectful son, Teruka Koba."

"The competition!" said Shiner.

"You think he really is a spy, Chief?"

"Open and shut."

"Maybe the whole t'ing's a bum steer!"

"Code, Shiner!"

Still deliberate, Shiner rubbed his chin, the motion giving off a rasping sound.

"We'll tail 'em," he said. "If they do go by freighter it's a cinch. We can put the pistols on them officers and the crew and go to work on young Corrigan." Then Shiner shook his head. "It all sounds too easy. Sometimes I get to thinking I'll wake up an' find it's a dream."

And out at Los Corrigana in the Cape Cod cottage wing, Miss Peggy Corrigan was preparing to snatch a few hours of sleep. Her bags were packed for an early morning departure. She had made the great renunciation. On her dressing table lay Bob's latest telegram filed at Memphis.

"Ma! What'll I do now? I washed Eddie's stiff-bosomed shirt, and it melted!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"WHAT IS WRONG? WAS EXPECTING WIRE FROM YOU HERE. I REPEAT MOST EMPHATICALLY THAT CACTUS WILL RELENT. JUST SIT TIGHT AND DON'T WORRY UNTIL I SEE YOU RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST. I LOVE YOU LOVE YOU LOVE YOU REPEAT LOVE YOU LOVINGLY BOB."

It had taken all Peggy's strength of will not to reply to Bob's earlier telegrams. Dear, faithful Bob! A good thing the Corrigans were clearing out early in the morning. She could not bear to see Bob again or hear his voice. Bob would talk her out of it, if she listened. He could make you believe black was white. He could make you believe that love could conquer anything. Ha! *Anything*—

Your father's heart broken and his business ruined. Your kid brother losing the girl who might have put some common sense into his head. Your mother gone British in the very worst way again. All of them bitterly hating the United States of America. Oh, yes, that could be fixed. Presto change, a nip here and a tuck there. Like fun. Like h-hhh-hell—

Peggy jumped into bed and hid her face in a pillow.

BRIGHT morning sunshine was giving the town of Constitution, Texas, a preliminary searing like the first quick heat of an efficient oven. It had driven Federal Judge Phineas Brumby to the comparative cool of his back porch. Here, dressed in boots, trousers and undershirt, Judge Brumby was shaving himself with a straight razor. His sister Anna, preparing breakfast in the kitchen, carried on her customary monologue through the screened door:

"The reporters is still in town, Jedge."

"Um."

"The Corrigans is still holed up out to their ranch, I reckon."

"Um."

"I caught a movie-picture man a-tryin' to take pictures of the house yestiddy afternoon, Jedge. I warned him, I said: 'The jedge'll have ye in jail fer it. Cain't you read? It's contempt of court that's what it is.' So he says innocent as a little shote: 'Oh, is this Jedge Brumby's place!' I said: 'You know very well it is, young man. You push along outer there or I'll go right over an' git the jedge.' He lit out, too!"

"Um."

"All the folks in town keep a-hinting to me that I should tell 'em what ye're a'goin' to do about the Corrigans. There's a powerful amount of interest in it. They tell me a lot of city newspapers have pieces. You reckon that can be so, Jedge?"

"Um."

"Well, if I was you I'd jest keep those Corrigans on the anxious seat a while, I would. Maybe *she'd* give a body a civil greeting over in town. Maybe it'd take some of the starch out of *him*. Give a shanty Irish a leetle money and watch the devil jump the back fence, I allus say. As for that addled son of theirn—"

A cowbell clanged.

"Tarnation! I bet it's some more reporters!"

"Not at home."

"I'll tell 'em!"

JUDGE BRUMBY finished the right side of his face and started on the left. He began to hum one of his favorite ditties which ran:

"Oh, I have been a good man
Never wild nor frisky;
I shall die an old bum
Full of gin and whisky!"

"Mmmm. . . . mmmmm—"

Sister Anna returned.

"Jedge—he says he's an assistant attorney gener'l from Washington!"

"Damn! . . . I reckon I'll have to see the feller."

Holding a kitchen towel to his jaw, Judge Brumby walked into the house. Assistant U. S. Attorney General Robert Derrill was pacing the front hall.

"Judge Brumby?"

"Yep."

"I'm Bob Derrill. Sorry to disturb you so early—"

"Just my jaw—not my throat," said Judge Brumby. "Knicked myself. What can I do for you?"

"It's the Corrigan case, Judge. They're all in a stew down at Washington."

"That so?"

"Yes. I . . . uh . . . suppose you've seen the newspapers?"

"Yep. Some of 'em."

"Well, the truth is, Judge, there's a frightful stink."

"Yep. Smelled it."

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"I . . . uh . . . don't suppose you've reached any decision in the matter?"

"Yep. I have."

"Oh . . . you have. Uh . . . would you mind telling me what it is?"

"Yep. Never discuss a decision."

"But when will you make it public?"

"Court opens at 10 o'clock, Mr. Derrill."

"But, Judge, I happen to have a very personal reason for wanting to know. I . . . uh . . . am engaged to marry Miss Peggy Corrigan!"

"That so?"

"You wouldn't tell me—"

"Nope. Court opens at 10 o'clock. I ain't had my breakfast yet—"

"Well . . . uh . . . I suppose I'll have to wait until court opens?"

"Yep. You will!"

"It . . . uh . . . it isn't favorable, is it?"

"Can't say."

Groaning, Derrill jammed his Panama on his head and abruptly hurried out the front door. Judge Brumby squinted after him.

"Um," he said.

DERRILL ordered his taximan to drive to Los Corrigana and step on it. Federal judges—ha! The tyrants. The arrogant so-and-sos. The sweetest girl in the world waiting to hear the worst, to have her awful suspense ended. And Old Cactus Brumby cackling, "Court opens at 10 o'clock!" Did the judiciary need a stiff jolt of reform or did it need annihilation? And now to break the bad news to poor little Peggy. . . .

"Whoa, Bub, you can't go in!"

"I'm Assistant United States Attorney General Robert Derrill. Miss Corrigan happens to be my fiancée—"

The ranger grinned.

"Yup?" he said. "Well, Miss Corrigan and the hull family left for San Antonio two hours ago!"

"San Antonio. . . . Why?"

"Search me."

A newspaper reporter climbed out of a flivver roadster and walked to the taxicab.

"They all took a plane there for Galveston, Mr. Derrill," he said. "The office just had a tip they were sailing from Galveston on a freighter."

"The whole family?"

"Yeah. So far as we know."

"Hell."

"I'm with the International News Service, Mr. Derrill. We'd like a statement—"

"Driver! Take me to San Antonio. And hurry. I've got to stop them!"

The INS man looked at the ranger as the taxicab vanished in a cloud of yellow dust.

"Fat chance he's got!"

"The story is now complete," said the INS man gleefully; "we got a chase in it!"

Promptly at 10 A. M., Federal Judge Brumby entered his courtroom, nodded to clerk, bailiff and marshal, switched on the electric fan and picked up a fly swatter. He seated himself on the bench and, after the usual preliminaries, reached in his coat pocket and drew out a historic document.

"Is Immigration Inspector Smith here?"

After a few moments delay, Inspector Smith came forward with several reporters. Judge Brumby cocked an eye at the reporters and said: "You newspaper fellers git back where you belong." Waiting to make sure the reporters were in their appointed place, Judge Brumby opened his decision.

"H'mph . . . Mr. Smith . . . in the matter of the application for citizenship of Shane Corrigan, the Court has this to say . . . h'mph—" Then, reading, the judge went on: "This young man, without a job and never having engaged in gainful employment, presents himself to a United States Court and asks that he be admitted to American citizenship. His habits of thought are untidy, his social and political ideals sadly muddled. He is bumptious, cocksure and violent in opinions.

"But this Court, after careful consideration, has been unable to discern wherein the said Shane Corrigan differs from thousands of young men now enjoying the privileges of United States citizenship. Moreover, this applicant displayed two traits of character which, we think, entitle him to a reasonable claim that he has in his heart the essential principles of Americanism:

"One: He was frank to state that he would never appeal to force of arms, riot and bloodshed in settling differences of political or economic policy. Two: He was not afraid to voice his honest beliefs in an open hearing, although he might well have known that this Court did not share those beliefs. To speak out thus boldly is to have faith in American democracy. Mr. Shane Corrigan's application is hereby granted and he is admitted to the usual probationary period."

"Order in court!"

"H'mph. . . . In the matter of Mrs. Diana Corrigan's application, Mr. Smith . . . h'mph. . . . The opinion of this Court is that a wife and mother is entitled to the full protection of Christian charity and American chivalry. This Court confesses to a sharp impatience with all the ideas expressed by the applicant at her hearing and a residual bewilderment at her social, economic and political attitudes. Yet the Court continued to be mindful that even the advocacy of absorption by the British Empire and adoption of a monarchial form of government is well within the constitutional rights of the American citizen, so long as such an advocacy seeks to further its ends by orderly processes and peaceful means. Mrs. Diana Corrigan's application is hereby granted and she is admitted to the usual probationary period."

"BUT, Jedge, they've all left town!"

"H'mph . . . in the matter of Mr. Daniel J. Corrigan's application, Mr. Smith. Arumph. . . . This Court is of the opinion that the said applicant failed to do himself justice. He appeared to be laboring under great mental and emotional strain, occasioned, the Court feels, by the present condition of the business world. It would be ungracious of this Court to attempt any comment on the behavior or qualifications of the applicant. The Court therefore recommends that the said Daniel J. Corrigan present a new application at such a time as he feels he can conduct himself in a sane and reasonable manner.

"The application of Miss Margaret Corrigan is hereby granted and calls for no comment by this court beyond the notation that she appears to be a remarkably fine type of American young womanhood. She is admitted to the usual probationary period."

"Your Honor?"

"Yes, Inspector Smith?"

"I've just received word that the Corrigans have left the United States, stating that they were never coming back!"

Judge Brumby scowled.

"That so? H'mph. Well, just note that on their probation record, Inspector!"

"With prejudice, of course?"

"Certainly with prejudice—if the report turns out to be true. This Court is not begging the applicants to become American citizens, Mr. Smith!"

And Judge Brumby banged down his gavel, declaring a brief recess.

At the press table an AP man said to a UP man: "Well, *that* finishes the Corrigans. And just when Old Cactus was going to let 'em in, too!"

(To be concluded next week)

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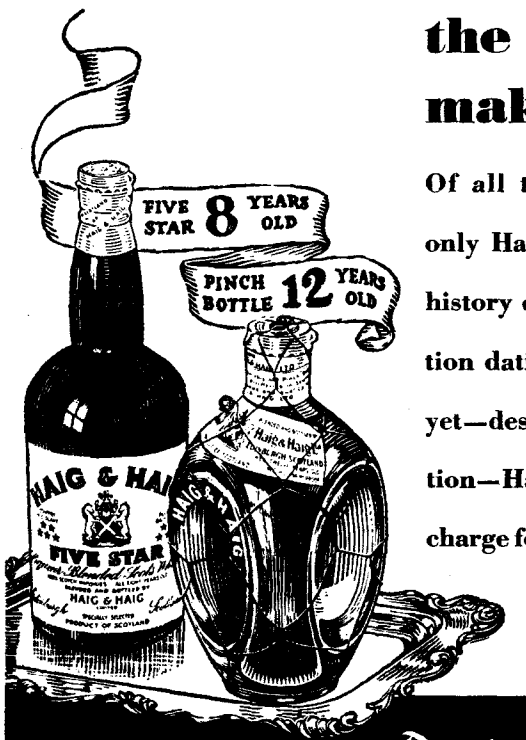

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The Sheriff's Wife

Continued from page 8

Ed rose and walked to the window. He stood staring through the branches of a live oak toward the courthouse in the middle of town. Then he spoke without turning: "You mind staying here alone all night, Kate?"

"Of course not. Why?"

"We-e-ell, first of all I'm going to see George Greckel again. It won't get me anywhere, but I've got to try it."

"And then . . . ?"

"I figure to go on out to Mosswood and talk things over with Toby Baxter."

That was an idea, of course. Toby was head of the Baxter clan. He was Clint's uncle, a fierce old fellow—but he had influence. Maybe if Ed could make Toby see straight, why he'd go talk to Clint and perhaps talk him into giving himself up.

Toby lived over on the other side of the county. If Ed drove there, he couldn't possibly get back before morning. Kate said she thought that was a good idea.

She crossed the room and stood before her husband. She was slender and small, hardly up to his shoulder, and her brown eyes looked directly up into his steady gray ones. She said, "I'm sorry too, Ed. I wish things hadn't worked out this way."

He said, "I'll telephone you from Greckel's house. If he says no, you'll understand where I'm headin'."

She pretended not to notice when he went to the hall closet and took down his rifle and dropped some extra cartridges into his pocket. He was smiling tensely when he kissed her, and she tried not to let him see how frightened she was. She watched him from the front door until his car disappeared around the corner.

She dropped into a rocker and stared out into the night. But she wasn't seeing anything. She was thinking about Clint Baxter with his blond hair and laughing lips and his courage; and of Ed Crawford, who was so gentle and so steady and so fearless.

And she thought about other things, too. About herself and Clint and then about herself and Ed. They were so different. Clint was the kind who took. Ed was the giving type. . . .

IT SEEMED incredibly soon when the telephone rang and it was Ed calling. His low, soft voice sounded tired and discouraged. He said, "I didn't have any luck, honey. I'm on my way to see Toby." He hesitated a moment and then said, "Sleep tight—and don't worry," and she answered with a voice that wasn't quite steady, "You try to get some sleep too, Ed. That's a long, mean drive you're taking."

"Good night, honey."

"Good night, Ed."

She came away from the telephone knowing that he was off on a wild-goose chase. Toby wasn't going to see things Ed's way at all. Not a chance. He'd argue and he'd yell and he'd call George Greckel all kinds of names and he'd spout about a man having a right to take what was his rightfully and that he'd have done just what Clint did. And he'd treat Ed nicely, but he'd warn him that he'd better not start trouble with any Baxter. And then he'd put Ed up for the night, and feed him a good breakfast, and after that Ed would drive out to where Clint was. And then . . .

Something her husband had once said kept coming back into Kate's head: "You know Clint Baxter better than anyone in Karnak. . . ." He'd flushed when he said that because it had a meaning deeper than the words he used. And now Kate was thinking, "If there's one living soul in all this world who could make Clint do the sensible thing—it's me."

Their marriage had been wild and stormy. But there was one thing she'd never doubted, and that was that Clint loved her. He had his own queer way of showing it, but he did love her. And he still did. Clint wasn't the changing kind.

She thought of something and it frightened her. But then she figured it was the only chance. If she didn't do it and if Clint and Ed started shooting at each other, she'd never forgive herself for not having tried. Her cheeks were white and she was shaking inside, but she knew what she was going to do. "I'll see Clint tonight. I've got to try to hammer some sense into his head."

It was a scary feeling. Made her all hot and cold. She knew folks would never understand, and she knew that Ed wouldn't like it, because Ed was a proud man—and sensitive. Her going into the swamp to where Clint was staying, most likely alone. And at night. But there didn't seem to be any choice. And once she'd made up her mind to go, the clock seemed to drag around. She was waiting until everybody had gone to sleep so she wouldn't be seen driving her car out of the garage, so they wouldn't know it was her car, that is. They'd hear the car all right, but they didn't know Ed was away for all night, and they'd think it was he. And she'd be back in two or three hours.

Ten minutes past midnight, and she got ready to go. She had on a little powder-blue dress that Ed liked, and she put on a light coat because the April night had turned off cool. And then she reached into the top drawer of her bureau and took out a scarf and started to wind it around her throat.

She caught sight of that scarf in the mirror and her eyes grew wide. She started to put it back, but then changed her mind, because giving in to something like that seemed silly.

Ed had given her that scarf when they were in New York on their honeymoon. He'd gone out all by himself in New York and bought it off a counter in one of the big department stores. It was a long, fine scarf all in red and white and black, and in the middle was a beautiful picture of the Empire State Building and embroidered across the bottom were the words, "Souvenir of New York."

She had put it on tonight without thinking, but she wouldn't take it off. It seemed right that she should wear it, and so when she followed the shadows into the garage and climbed into her little coupé, she still had it on. . . .

SHE drove out of town by the back streets, past the cotton-mill village where everybody was sleeping, and then up the broad concrete state highway for a mile or so, and then she swung off sharply to the right on the rutty road that wound through Four Holes Swamp to the cabin on the banks of the Catbill River where Clint was waiting for what might happen.

Driving out alone at night, Kate tried not to think about how big the swamp was, or how ghostly the live oaks looked with their festoons of Spanish moss. There was a kind of gray haze showing in the moonlight, and her headlights

"Remember, when we were youngsters—how we used to wait for her every night at the stage entrance?"

MICHAEL BERRY

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picked out big pools of black water, some of it covered with slime, and some of it with water lilies and lotus. And finally the land rose a little bit and she knew she was getting close to the Catbill.

She pulled off the road about two hundred yards from Clint's cabin and left her car in a little clearing. She could see the cabin wraithlike against a background of willow and live oak: just a gray thing made of cypress logs, with a big mud chimney on one end and no sign of life inside.

So she left her car behind some shrubbery and walked toward the cabin, having a scared, sinky feeling. She managed to call, "Hello, in the cabin," but hardly recognized her own voice.

There wasn't any answer, and so she called again, and then she heard a man's voice. Clint's voice. It seemed surprised and tense all at the same time. He said, "Who's that?"

She called back across the clearing: "It's me. Kate."

The door swung back and Clint stepped outside. He was carrying a rifle and he looked weird in the light that the moon made on the gray haze. He asked, "You alone?"

"Yes, I'm alone, Clint."

He waited, feet spread wide apart, rifle cradled in the crook of his left arm. Coming close, she could see that he was surprised . . . and then all of a sudden it seemed that it was natural that she should be here alone with this man.

He wasn't nearly as tall as Ed, but he was stockier. His hair was blond and she remembered that his eyes were an odd shade of blue. He was dressed in a blue denim shirt, open at the throat, dark woolen trousers, and he had his shoes laced up, which seemed to show he'd been sleeping light, ready for whatever might happen.

He seemed startled at seeing her, and amused too, and he came right to the point with the directness that had always bothered her when they were married. He asked, "Did Ed send you?"

She said, "No, he didn't. He doesn't even know I'm here."

"He'd raise hell if he did."

"Ed doesn't carry on that way—"

"Like I used to do?" Clint grinned.

He took her by the arm. He said, "Come on inside and sit down. We can talk comfortably."

IT WAS in her mind to say no, but she let him lead her in. It was a shabby old cabin with rickety furniture and a kind of musty odor. Someone had lived in it once, but they used it now mostly for the men who wanted some place to sleep nights before they went early fishing in the summer or duck shooting in the winter. She sat down on an old horsehair sofa and he dropped beside her, twisting around so that he could look at her. He said, "Take off your coat," and so she took off the coat and flung it on a chair, and then she unwrapped the scarf from around her throat and dropped it on the sofa beside her.

She started to talk. Her voice was low and husky, and he seemed to be listening to the sound of it rather than to the words she said. She told him about how worried Ed was, and how he didn't expect to have any luck with old Toby, and she said Ed—and everybody else in Karnak—knew where Clint was hiding.

"I'm not hiding," explained Clint. "I'm just staying out here until things blow over."

"But that's just it. They aren't going to blow over."

He said, "I had a perfect right to take that money from George Greckel."

"But you shouldn't have done it that way, Clint. And they're bound to get you. Ed isn't going to wait."

"You seem mighty concerned about Ed."

"Co'se I am. And about you too. I don't want to see you two shootin' at each other."

Clint said, "Nobody is goin' to put me in jail."

There wasn't any sense or logic in the way he argued, but there never had been much logic to anything Clint Baxter had ever done. He saw things a certain way, and that was the way he lived. Kate kept on arguing with him. He asked suddenly, "What's it mean to you?"

"You know good an' well what it means to me. I wouldn't have come out here alone if it hadn't."

HE TOOK her hand and smiled. "You've got plenty of courage, Katie . . ." His voice trailed off, because somehow that name was electric. Nobody else had ever called her Katie. It was like a caress, and it made her remember things that she knew she didn't have any right remembering, not without feeling ashamed anyway.

But she wasn't ashamed, whether she ought to be or not. It seemed as though there wasn't anybody else in the world but just the two of them—way out here on the edge of the swamp, with the river moving slow and sluggish down below, and soft sounds coming through the open windows, and a gray haze covering the land like a blanket. That was the way Clint Baxter had. He always could make her think that there wasn't any outside world when they were together; that nobody else lived or breathed or counted. She didn't feel disloyal or scared or anything . . . it was just as though time had dropped away and she was alone with him and he was calling her Katie instead of Kate, and his fingers were hot on her arm and then they moved slowly up to her shoulder and he pulled her close and kissed her, and for a few seconds she didn't say anything or think anything, because her brain had stopped working.

This wasn't just a man who was holding her close and kissing her lips. This was Clint Baxter, and she had been his wife. It didn't seem wrong or immoral or anything to be ashamed of. But even while his lips were hot on hers she knew she wasn't thinking about him at all.

She was thinking about Ed Crawford. She was thinking about her husband.

Funny, how clear she was thinking. Not all confused, like she had been when Clint first touched her; but sharp and right. Her thoughts were saying, "I'm glad Clint did this. I'm glad he tried to make love to me. He's taught me something I didn't know till now."

Clint didn't know it either. Not right then, anyway. He didn't even know how time had been passing . . . he didn't know that the night had crept on toward dawn.

She wasn't saying "Don't!" any more. She wasn't saying anything, but just sitting close to him thinking how much Ed meant to her; realizing that she'd never have known it if this hadn't happened. In this new knowledge she forgot what she'd come out there for. The times Clint kissed her—well, even that didn't matter. She didn't even notice a change in Clint until he jumped up suddenly and looked down at her, and his mouth twisted into a smile that showed he was surprised and hurt and he said, "So that's it."

"What is?"

"You're really in love with Ed."

"Yes, Clint."

"I ought to apologize for actin' this way. But I'm not a mite sorry."

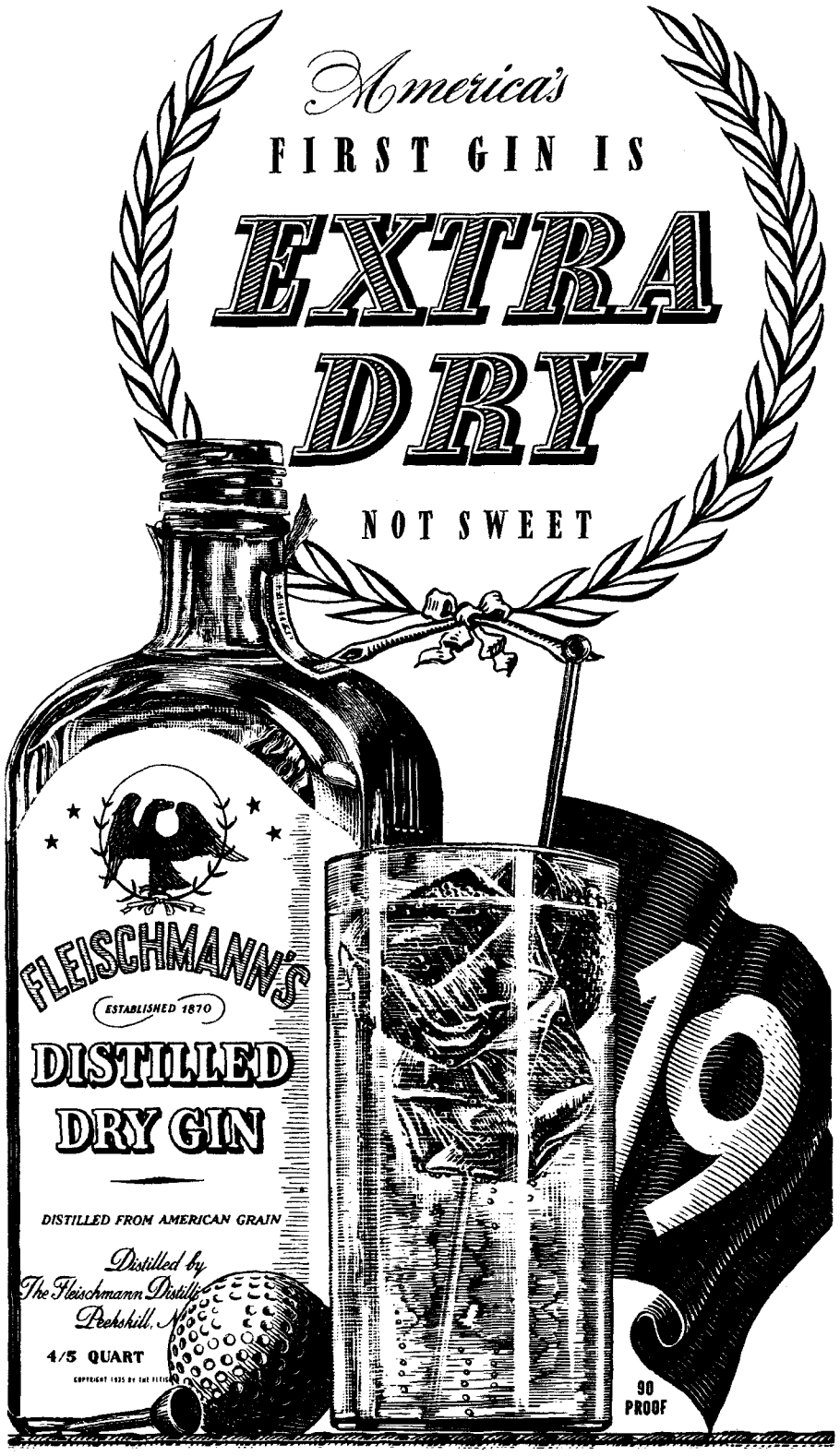
"I'm not sorry either."

He said, "I always thought . . ."

"So did I, Clint. I'm glad you taught me different."

He turned away and said gruffly, over his shoulder, "You better get on back to town. Dawn's here."

"But what I came for—"



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"Let me alone. I'd rather not argue any more."

She knew it wasn't any use. She started to get up from the sofa and she would have said something to him, something gentle and kind . . . but she never said it because Ed Crawford's voice came from outside, loud and strong and clear in the gray dawn:

"Clint! Clint Baxter!"

Something seemed to hit her. Hard. She was terribly afraid, but it wasn't only for Ed now. She was afraid for herself too. Things had changed since last midnight. She knew what Ed would think when he found out that she'd spent hours alone in the cabin with the man he believed she was still really in love with. He'd think things. He'd think just what Clint had thought when he'd started kissing her and holding her close.

She wasn't afraid of what Ed might do. She was only afraid of what he'd think. It would probably wreck their marriage, and of all things that seemed terrible—that thought was the worst. And then she saw Clint open the front door, holding his rifle in the crook of his left arm, right hand steady on the trigger. He stepped outside, and then she was afraid all over again about the thing that was bound to happen.

She heard them talking outside, across the clearing. Ed said, "I'm right sorry about this, Clint."

"About what?"

"I've got to take you in. I don't think you did anything wrong, really—but that doesn't make any difference. The law says you did."

"Suppose I won't go?"

"I don't want any trouble. Honest, I don't. It won't get either of us anywhere."

There was just a trace of amusement in Clint's voice as he asked, "Tell me true, Ed—have you got any idea that I'll go with you peaceably?"

"No. I sho' haven't. But I've got hopes."

The girl waited tensely. They wouldn't postpone it much longer.

Clint was saying, "It looks as though you and I are never on the same side of the fence at the same time."

"I know. But it isn't of my choosin'."

"I could tell you to come get me. I'm a pretty good shot."

"Shooting me wouldn't help, Clint."

"I said I wouldn't stand to be brought in."

"I know you did."

And then Clint Baxter said, "But I've changed my mind, Ed. I'll go with you."

Ed Crawford sounded surprised when he said, "I'm sho' glad, Clint. Things won't be so bad."

"I don't give a damn about that part of it."

"Mind droppin' that rifle, Clint?"

Kate heard it drop, and then Ed spoke again: "Anything you want to get before we start fo' town?"

"Nope. Let's get goin' before I commence thinkin' what a fool I am."

KATE saw them through the window: gray, ghostly figures. They climbed into Ed's car like two friends and chugged off down the road that led through the swamp to Karnak.

Kate felt all gone inside. She wanted to cry. It was reaction, maybe, having crouched there waiting for one or the other of them to be hurt; thinking about Ed discovering where she was, so she'd never have a chance to be happy with him. She knew Ed pretty well. He was quiet and gentle and all that, but he was sensitive. . . .

And now she knew why Clint Baxter had done this thing. He'd done it because otherwise Ed would be bound to find out that she was here. He'd done it because he still loved her, and because he wanted her to be happy.

Kate had been under a strain. Her nerves were jumpy, but now there wasn't anything in her mind except to get home before Ed did, and to pretend she hadn't been out. She knew he'd go straight to the courthouse and stay there for a while with Clint, and then he'd come home—all tired out.

They had a good start now, and she knew that Ed could drive that corduroy road faster than she could. She grabbed her coat and ran down the road to her car. She was mighty glad she'd hidden the car where Ed couldn't see it.

All the way back to town—keeping her eyes tight on the road ahead so as not to catch up with Ed—she was thinking. Now that things had turned out all right—now that Ed hadn't discovered about her being out at Clint's place . . . she could be all the things he must have wanted her to be. He'd know, without her ever telling him in words, how much she really loved him.

She detoured after leaving the swamp road and came into Karnak from the north. Mighty few folks about and those that were didn't notice her. She drove into the garage and left her car there. Then she went into the kitchen and started fixing breakfast: getting the grits on and slicing some bacon, and putting the coffee on to boil.

And then she heard Ed coming through the front door and she went to meet him. She kissed him, and there must have been something in her lips that he'd never felt before because his arms got tight for a moment, and then he looked down at her as though asking a question, and she said, "Oh, Ed—I'm so glad you're back safe."

"Clint was pretty nice," he explained. "I didn't even have to do much talkin'." He put a wallet on the table. "There's the money he took from George Greckel. Ev'y last cent of it."

"Where's Clint?" she asked.

"They're holdin' him at the courthouse. They'll go pretty easy on him, I think."

She said, "You look awfully tired."

"I am, honey. Ridin' out to see Toby an' getting nowhere with him. Then I fetched Clint in to Karnak. After that I drove back to his cabin to get the money. He told me where it was. Drivin' that road twice after bein' up all night isn't any fun."

"I've got breakfast 'most ready."

"I'll go wash up." He started for the stairway. He seemed terribly tired. But already she could feel the difference between them; as though he'd understood the message she'd given him with her lips when he first came in.

SHE got the breakfast on, and felt impatient to be with him again. She went upstairs, thinking how wonderful it was that Ed didn't know what she'd done this night.

She could see him in their bedroom. He was standing in front of her dresser and the top drawer was open.

At first she couldn't exactly make out what he was doing. But then she saw. She saw something that meant there weren't any more secrets between her and Ed, something that assured the happiness they both deserved.

She saw him fold a scarf and put it carefully in the top drawer of her dresser.

It was a gay red, white and black scarf. On it was a picture of the Empire State Building. Across the bottom were the words, "Souvenir of New York."

It was the scarf he had given her when they were on their honeymoon.

It was the scarf that—as she now remembered for the first time—she had left in Clint Baxter's cabin.

"Something has gone wrong with our plumbing, Mr. Chase. Should I drop the anchors?" LOUIS PRISCILLA

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The Flowers and the Bees

Continued from page 26

Russian governments are attempting artificial insemination to improve the bee in spite of itself. The Swiss have set aside certain valleys where only pedigreed bees are allowed. And bee breeders everywhere are looking for bee-free islands rich in nectar and pollen plants, where they may breed a strain of superbees.

Not so long ago, the whole American continent was just such an island. When Columbus arrived, there wasn't a honey bee in either of the Americas. Last summer there were 200 billion of them in this country alone, so the federal bee census men say. There were 4,500,000 colonies in the land, kept by 800,000 keepers, professional and amateur.

The Bees' Real Contribution

The bees round up 700,000,000 pounds of honey each season. Humans swipe 200,000,000 pounds to spread on biscuits and hot cakes. The bees eat the rest. Bees and men could get a lot more if the bees had longer tongues and stronger wings. But the honey, valuable as it is, rates second as the bee's contribution to the country, if you'll take the word of Mr. James I. Hambleton, who is the federal government's chief apiculturist, with offices on the United States bee farm at Beltsville, just outside Washington, D. C., where we called on him.

"The greatest work of the honeybees in this country is cross-pollinating our fruit and vegetable crops," he said. "If it were not for honeybees, most of our apple, pear, plum and cherry orchards would yield poor crops. Some of the important forage crops, such as red and white clover, would be unprofitable. The variety and quantity of our vegetables would be reduced.

"Pollination was once done by the efficient bumblebee and other beneficial insects, but they are almost wiped out by cultivation that destroyed their nests and by insecticide sprays directed at injurious pests. Now the farmer is dependent upon the honeybee for pollination of many crops because bees are the only insects whose colonization we can control."

Right there Mr. Hambleton put his finger on one of this country's astonishing new industries, the package-bee business. Every spring the bee breeders of northern California raise 200,000 more queens than they need and ship them, each with a nucleus of 3,000 to 5,000 worker bees, to the beemen and orchardists of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Canada, the northern Rocky Mountain states, and sometimes as far east as Minnesota.

Down in Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and Florida, where spring comes early, the beemen send north a million colonies a year in the approved little wire-netting cages. Their travels are timed to establish the bees in their new homes just as the fruit trees blossom.

Bees need pollen for raising spring broods that thrive on it. By the time the lush honey plants like clover and alfalfa are out, the migrant colonies have built their strength up to ten times the crew of the original package colony.

Of course, this system interferes with nature, whose scheme was for colonies to reduce their population after the summer honey flow to just enough bees to form a ball around the queen and keep the hive warm during the winter by their active body exercises. It was the custom of the beemen to tuck their charges away in cellars with uniform temperature, or wrap the hives with insulation material and keep them in storage until spring. The bees lived on reduced rations, feeding on the honey left in the hive by the beekeepers.

Under the new system, the beemen heartlessly gas their bees at the end of summer and store the frames. Dead bees eat no honey, and instead of being on duty all winter, the beekeeper takes his wife and daughter south for a vacation, knowing that, in spite of his ruthlessness, the postman will bring him a fresh start in the spring. In fact, his apiary will hum along just as fast as if he had slaved all winter with his last-season bees.

It is next to unbelievable the way a colony can bounce back from a population of five thousand, which is a pound of bees, to tenfold that number six or seven weeks later. That is, once the pollen starts and the queen hits her stride in egg laying—pollen being food for baby bees.

By the time the honey flow begins, a good queen will click eggs off at the rate of one a minute, day and night, for two or three months on end. She doesn't even pause for refreshments, being surrounded constantly by a ring of attendants who disgorge predigested food continuously into her mouth. It's a poor day when she doesn't deposit several times her own weight in eggs.

Maybe you, too, had the idea that the bees gathered nectar all through the drowsy summer. And that all the beeman had to do was come around in the fall and take his cut. But any beeman can tell you that is just a notion the poets write about.

The honey flow, when the clover or the sage or the orange or the thistle bursts into blossom, usually lasts only a few weeks, sometimes only eighteen days, rarely as long as two months. The bees have to make their killing then. Apiary men say the average bee's life at the height of the honey flow is but six weeks. They start their rounds brown and fuzzy and full of zip, but within their allotted six weeks they have flown their wings ragged and have worn their bodies naked. By the hundreds, they fall in flight or stagger into the hives where the younger nurse bees relieve them of their treasure, then push them over the landing board to die. There's no room for sentiment during the nectar flow.

Winner Takes All

When they are going full tilt, your beeman is kept hustling, emptying the supers, as he calls the sections of the hive above the ground-floor brood compartment. If the supers aren't emptied as fast as the bees fill them, the queen and the older bees up and swarm to new accommodations, leaving the old home hive and its honey and wax to the young bees just emerging from the cells. The youngsters rally around a new queen, like as not just herself emerging from one of the queen cells, too. The first queen out is the queen bee, and it's her privilege to make the rounds of the other queen cells, sting the other emerging queens or embryos and bump them off.

Yes, sir, it's a sweet business, and it's a little hard to believe Charlie Kinzie, who insists that queen bees are so gentle you can handle them like kittens. The same for drones, says Mr. Kinzie, but with workers it's another story. They sting for keeps, meaning that they have a barb on their stinger, which the queen doesn't have, and they can't withdraw it after puncturing citizens. So the worker stings once and dies. He has to make it count.

A veteran beeman counts the day soft

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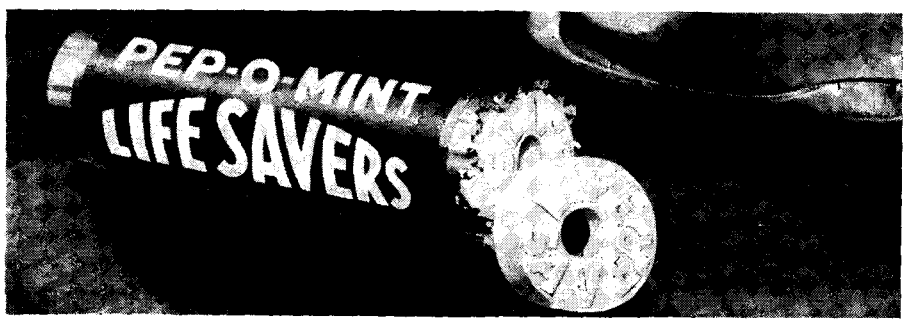

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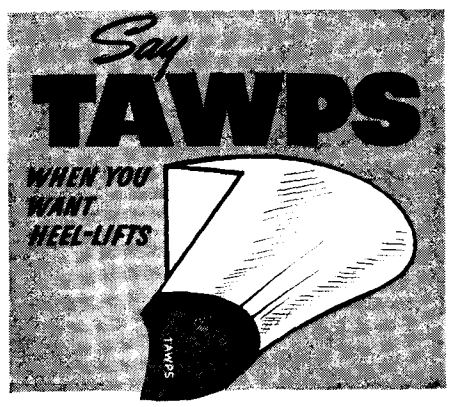

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during the honey flow when he isn't stung thirty or forty times. He just brushes the hot bees off and goes about his business, having developed a high degree of immunity to stings.

The beemen have a neat trick for swiping the top story of honey in the hives with a minimum of stings. Mr. Harry Whitcomb, who hails from Mr. Kinzie's neighborhood, but who runs bees in Nevada during the alfalfa honey flow, was telling about it. They sprinkle a few drops of carbolic acid on a cloth, slip it into the hive just below the roof. The bees promptly take a walk to the lower quarters. Whereupon, after a whiff or two of smoke at the hive entrance, anybody can walk off with a 40-pound load of honey without a single bee in the honey or in his hair.

"It used to take two men all day to shake the bees from eighty supers of honey," said Mr. Whitcomb. "Using acid, I've run one hundred and fifty supers alone. That means lifting them to a wheelbarrow, boosting them to a truck, unloading at the honey house, lifting each comb into the extractor that whirls the honey out, and reversing the procedure until the empty super is back in the hive for the bees to fill again. What you need in the middle of the honey season, Mister, is a strong back and a weak mind."

Young and energetic, Mr. Whitcomb started in bees when he was twelve. He worked his way through school and college, handling bees on shares; now he has five hundred colonies of his own in Nevada, where the honey flow is only eighteen days in June and July.

After that Mr. Whitcomb puts his bees in winter quarters, hauls his honey to market and returns to the University of California Agricultural School at Davis, where he is working on another revolutionary new wrinkle in bee raising, to wit, pollen traps that will snag the pollen off the legs of California bees as they enter the hives. The idea is to ship jars of pollen, rather than bees, to the northern apiaries. To a colony emerging from hibernation, plentiful pollen is the harbinger of the forthcoming honey flow. Mr. Whitcomb's notion is to use pollen from California, where it is plentiful, to fool the bees into speeding up spring rearing.

Portable Factory

Most apiaries migrate nowadays to catch the various honey flows and it is a strenuous life for the beeman, shifting his hives on trucks and off again several times a year.

Another angle that calls for mobile apiaries is pollination service. The peach, pear, plum, apple and melon growers know it will be money in the pocket to have their crops well pollinated, and a good many of them pay upward from a dollar and a half a month, during blossomtime, for each hive a beeman will station in the orchard. The ideal pollinating service is a hive per acre, but few orchards achieve it because there aren't enough hives of bees to go around at any price.

To meet this shortage, the package beemen sell "orchard packages" of about 5,000 bees in a small cage, which is a miniature hive. The fruitgrower places the cage in his orchard, pulls the plug and runs. The bees boil out of their prison and onto the trees, and make an effort to establish a colony.

Another notion Mr. Kinzie wanted to correct is that all bees are busy.

"It's not so," he insisted. "I can show you two hives side by side. They had the same number of bees to start, but one colony gathers twice as much honey as the other."

Just why that is, Mr. Kinzie and every other beeman would like to know. And that's what the big build-up in bees is all about. Bee breeding is complicated not only by the mating habits of the queens and drones, but also by the traits of colonies.

Some work their wings off. Others loaf. Some are robbers, and prefer raiding weaker colonies to gathering their own nectar in the field. And to complicate things further, this land of ours, which once had not a single honeybee from one end to the other, is now the melting pot of the honeybee races.

The bees brought in by the white men in colonial times were German blacks. They were only mediocre workers and great swarmers. Also, they were forever catching foulbrood, a disastrous disease among young bees. Just before the Civil War, the yellow-jacketed Italian bees were brought over from Mediterranean countries. They turned out to be great workers and were tough enough to fight off foul brood, wax moths and other insect enemies. But they were a hot-tempered race, free in the use of their stingers.

When the good-natured gray Caucasians were imported from southern Russia, many beekeepers swung to them. The Caucasians have long tongues to lick up the nectar and long legs on which to pack the pollen, and plenty of beemen swear they are the best workers of all. But there are other races like the Cyprians, who have vicious dispositions, and the Carnolians, who are good-humored, that have their apostles.

For a long time, the idea has been to build a bee with a long tongue and the long legs of the Caucasian, the toughness of the Italian, the good nature of the Carnolian, and so on. A lot of beemen have worked on the problem, only to have their programs frustrated by the amorous idiosyncrasies of the queens and drones.

At the government apiary at Beltsville, Mr. Hambleton tackled the job, using a mating cage not unlike the one built by Charlie Kinzie. For some reason, the bees refused to mate in it. Hambleton's assistants tried other schemes at the other federal apiaries in Baton Rouge, Louisiana; at Davis, California; Madison, Wisconsin, and out at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

One of the ideas was to isolate pure races of bees on islands, the way the Swiss have done in certain Alpine valleys. So far, the nearest approach to isolation any of them has found is on new irrigation districts surrounded by extensive deserts, notably in the Rocky Mountain area and the Far West.

The man who pointed the way for scientific bee breeding is Dr. Lloyd R. Watson, a professor at Alfred University, in New York. Some eight years ago, Dr. Watson hit upon a brand-new idea—artificial insemination of queens.

It was an idea, all right, but before he could try it out, Dr. Watson had to take a postgraduate course in genetics at Cornell. Then at his home he rigged up a bee hospital, equipped with delicate surgical instruments that he used under a powerful microscope to extract the sperm from the drone and inject it into the queen by means of a hypodermic syringe. It was an extremely delicate operation, but it worked.

Some Newfangled Systems Work

Once the perfect bee is bred, the task will be to keep the line pure. The federal beemen think they've found an island off Galveston, in the Gulf of Mexico, where to develop the new race.

As might be expected, most of the old-time beemen pooh-pooh the idea that artificial insemination will rear a better bee. But one old-timer who doesn't share their skepticism is our friend Charlie Kinzie of Arlington. We were asking him what he thought of this newfangled system of fooling with Nature.

"Come over here and I'll show you," he said. First he showed us a hive outside his mating cage. The bees were hustling in and out. Then he showed us a ribbon, a blue ribbon denoting first prize at the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona, one of the country's ranking agricultural exhibits.

"When I heard they were inseminating queens artificially at Davis," explained Mr. Kinzie, "I said to myself, 'Kinzie, even if you are the sixth generation of Kinzies in the bee business, you don't know so much that you can't learn something new.'

"So I got one of the queens the professors up there had inseminated, and introduced her into this colony. She went to work and the bees went to work, and it was such a good colony that I entered it in the competition at the county fair. They judge a colony on size, color, behavior and honey production, and this ribbon means my bees won first prize. Pretty good for a queen that never made a mating flight!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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Flotsam

Continued from page 18

had secured permission to attend lectures at the university for the past three weeks. Marill had made him empty a big glass of cognac in celebration of his Ph.D. and now Meyer, usually a silent man, was drunk and swaying a little as he sat in the corner, chattering to Kern.

"She has ability," he said, "a lot of ability. And her chances are pretty good. But she ought to be able to do some real work, she ought to be properly registered and matriculated and that, unfortunately, is impossible."

"Yes," Kern replied, "it's impossible without a residential permit."

"A permit's hard to get, especially today when everything's on tenterhooks." Meyer looked at Kern with slightly glassy eyes. "The bad thing about it is that you can't afford to miss so many classes. It takes away a person's drive when he has to keep starting and stopping again."

"For the time being it's all right."

"Of course. But how long will you be able to keep it up without papers? Some fine day you're going to get caught and then deportation, prison or detention, and the old chase starts again."

"I know," Kern said anxiously.

"That's no life for a young girl," Meyer declared, reaching for another glass of cognac that Marill had grinningly pushed toward him.

"It's no life for any of us," Kern said uncomfortably.

MEYER took a swallow. "But for a young girl it's absolutely wrong," he persisted.

"I know that, but what's a person to do?"

"Marry," Meyer said.

"That doesn't change anything and besides we have no papers."

"I don't mean that." Meyer hiccuped and raised his hand to his mouth in surprise. "Marry a Frenchman."

Kern laughed. "That would be ideal, of course. But it's not possible."

Meyer raised one finger. "You're wrong; it is possible. Durant would marry her like a shot. He told me so himself."

"Who?"

"Durant. That's right, you don't know him. A colleague of mine. Fine fellow. He's head over heels in love with Ruth."

Kern felt as if he could not breathe. Meyer peered at him uncertainly. "Maybe I shouldn't have told you that."

"Yes, yes. Have something to drink. After all, we're sensible people. What's his full name?"

"François Durant. Twenty-six years old and quite well-to-do. A physicist."

"And he would—" The words stuck in Kern's throat. He gave a quick, encouraging smile.

"Yes, certainly. He has often said so. And he's not a man to speak idly."

"Does he please—I mean—has she—has Ruth said anything to you about it?"

Meyer shook his head thoughtfully and took another swallow. "Not to me directly. But I think she likes him well enough."

"Have you—I mean to say, do you get the impression that she's pretty fond of him?"

Meyer raised his bleary eyes. "I'd rather not discuss—"

"I mean it would be fine if that's the way things are," Kern said hurriedly. "Then everything would be all right."

"Oh, really—I should have thought—but if you do feel that way it's fine. And it would be a good match. You see, he is a physicist. There's not much difference. Physics and chemistry are, so to speak, complementary sciences."

"Yes, I understand," Kern said.

"It would be marvelous for her," Meyer murmured. The unaccustomed cognac was suddenly pounding in his head like soft hammers. "Really—altogether marvelous—"

THE guests had left. Ruth and Kern were cleaning up the room. Ruth yawned. "I'm tired, darling. Marill gave me a glass of cognac, and alcohol always makes me sleepy."

Kern put a chair back in its place. "Do you know François Durant?" he asked without looking at Ruth.

"Yes. Why?"

"Do you like him?"

Ruth did not reply and Kern glanced up. She was looking at him with a strange expression on her face. "What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say. Do you like him?"

She drew her eyebrows together. "Meyer," she said. "Drunk for the first time in his life and what a moment to choose!"

"He wasn't as drunk as all that when he talked to me."

"A walking encyclopedia, a library on two legs. And you had to listen to him. Come here at once."

"No, Pony," Kern said wretchedly, "that won't do. This is no joke; this is serious."

"Then I will come to you. Now, then, what's wrong?"

She took him gently by the elbows and shook him. He stood there as if made of wood; finally he pulled himself together. "You must marry him," he said softly.

"What? What's that?"

"You must marry him. Then you will have a passport and be all through with this miserable existence. You can go on with your work and be happy."

It cost him a great effort to remain calm. His face was tense and tortured. He looked years older. "He loves you," he added hoarsely.

Ruth took a step backward. "How in the world would you know that?"

"I know it all right. It's not hard to understand either. Go ahead and do it, Pony," he blurted out.

"My poor darling. What crazy things go on in your head."

"No. Let's not pretend. We'll finish this up right now. We'll be reasonable. It's better for you. I know that you don't want to make me suffer. And I am not suffering either."

SHE went to him. "You aren't suffering?" she said in her resonant voice.

"Besides, I'm too young for you. And who am I, after all? I've never learned a trade. What's to become of me? You need a man you can respect. With whom you can work. And as a physicist he can—"

"Physicist!" She put her arms around his neck and kissed him. He kept his lips tight. She shook him. "Wake up and forget this nonsense. Physicist!"

"Pony," he said softly. "I'll not deny that it's hard for me. But in such matters I'm no longer a child. I've been through a lot that's been hard for me. I've had experience in losing things—more, probably, than many an old man. I'll get along. And it will be much easier for you. At first you'll miss me but after a year, two years, you will almost have forgotten me. So much happens nowadays one has not time for memories. You won't forget me entirely, for I belong to a part of your life. But after all it's only a small part. And your real life is only beginning now. We're both young and perhaps even if things were

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all right we wouldn't stay together. Who can tell what might happen? And this is an opportunity for you to escape from the misery that may still lie ahead of us. You can't go on swimming forever and here is the miracle—dry land."

"Really? And you think I'd save myself?"

"Yes, you must. A marriage is no longer a matter of life and death. You can get a divorce, you can live alone, there are all sorts of things you can do. But to have a passport or not to have a passport, that's a life-and-death matter."

"Yes, that may be; but it isn't everything. One can be more forlorn with a passport than without one."

"Pony!" He patted her arm mechanically. "I lied to you. I'm not twenty-three years old. I am barely twenty-one."

She laughed. "But, Pony," he cried desperately. "You're not taking me seriously. You'll never take me seriously—"

"No. I should hope not," she interrupted him, laughing.

"There you see! And why don't you?"

"Because I love you, you idiot! And because you are partly my child. I am no adventuress; I am old-fashioned. I have a mother complex. You have to be partly my child; I need you to spoil and to protect."

"Why, that's horrible," Kern said, shocked. "*You* protect *me*. It's all right for me to protect you but not the other way around!"

HE LOOKED at her. The room suddenly seemed brighter; she had said she loved him. The piercing pain dissolved into sweetness, his blood sang in his veins. "Pony," he began again, but now his voice lacked conviction, "you mustn't throw away this chance. It's a sacrifice that—"

She laughed wholeheartedly. "Unreasonable actions are wisest, Marill would say. We have such smart teachers—our friends and our lives. And what do they teach us? That joy and love are everything and now you come along and try to convert me to that impostor Reason."

"That's not what I want, Pony; I only thought—"

"Thought, thought—doesn't feeling count for anything?"

"Everything, but—"

"But—I have a bathroom! A room with a bath. I am a woman kept by the rich Ludwig Kern. For the first time I am going to bathe in my own bathtub. Come, we'll turn on the water—reckless sybarites that we are."

"You're not a kept woman. I'd marry you in an instant if you were willing. But unregistered and without papers we can't do it."

"Smart fellow," she jeered. "I'll divulge a secret to you. The most respectable woman always has fewer prejudices than the most notorious man about town. And now don't worry your head any more. Come and soap me, we are going to have a midnight unveiling of the waterworks in our apartment."

Kern hesitated for a moment. "Then you don't love this Durant?"

"No." She pulled off her dress and hurled it at his head. "Only you, you fool! Can't you see you have performed a miracle. You have made me happy and gay, you miserable wretch. I'll turn into a light woman yet if this keeps up."

Slim and firm she stood in the tub with the spray from the shower trickling over her. "My bronze Pony," Kern said. "My beloved soap baby. You make me anxious because I'm afraid of so much happiness."

"Later on is time enough to be afraid, darling." She smiled with sparkling eyes. "Happiness is too short. How long can ours last after all? A miserable sixty or seventy years at most. And then we'll be dead for so many million years."

"We're not going to die," Kern said softly. "How can a man die when he has you?"

"JUST look, Steiner," Kern said, proudly exhibiting his arms as the two stood in the locker room. Steiner felt Kern's muscles and nodded. "Not bad at all. Your chest is broader, your shoulders are filling out, your belly's hard—see that you stay that way, baby."

"And I'm earning money into the bargain."

"Yes," Steiner said good-humoredly, "you're almost beside yourself with luck, aren't you?"

"Wait. Listen to this: What would you say if Ruth decided to marry a Frenchman?"

"What do you want me to say? Is she going to do it?"

"I don't think so. At least, she says not."

"I don't think so either," Steiner said.

"But it would be much better for her."

"Of course it would be better. But she won't do it."

"In a twinkling of an eye her life would be worth living again," Kern said. "Peace, work and no more cares."

"That's not life, baby. It just seems like it because we're so far away from it. Later on, if you get all that, you'll find it only makes you more restless if the essential thing is lacking."

"And what is the essential thing?"

"Always what you yourself consider essential. Different in different cases. For Ruth it certainly is not marriage with a Frenchman."

"Do you really think so?" Kern asked happily.

"Yes, you sheepshead!"

"I just wanted to hear it from you," Kern said. "You're so much smarter than we are."

"Think so?" Steiner asked ironically. "Come and drink a glass of cognac with me!"

"How you're growing up!" Steiner laughed. "All right, we'll go and have a schnapps."

THEY were sitting in the canteen when Marill came up. "There's someone here looking for you, Steiner. He wants to give you a letter. From Berlin."

Steiner pushed his chair back with a jerk. "Where is he?"

"Over there in the Rumanian pavilion."

"Not a spy or anything like that?"

"Doesn't look it."

They went over to a man of about fifty who was waiting at the entrance. "Are you Steiner?" he asked.

"No!" Steiner said. "Why?"

The man looked at him sharply for an instant. "I have a letter for you from your wife." He took a letter from his pocket and showed it to Steiner. "You probably recognize the handwriting."

He waved to them and left.

"Marill," Steiner said completely beside himself. "From my wife. The first letter. What can it be? Why did she write me? She oughtn't to, you know—"

"Open it."

"Stay here with me. Damn it, what can have gone wrong with her?" He tore open the envelope and began to read. He sat like a stone and read the letter to the end; but his face began to change, it became pale and drawn. The muscles in his cheeks were tense and the veins stood out.

He let the letter fall and sat for a time silently staring at the floor. Then he glanced at the date. "Ten days," he said. "Marill, she's in the hospital. Ten days ago she was still alive."

Marill looked at him and waited.

"She writes that she can't be saved. She doesn't tell me what's the matter.

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She writes—do you understand?—it's her last letter—"

"In what hospital is she? Did she tell you that?"

"Yes."

"We'll call up at once. We'll call the hospital."

Steiner stood up unsteadily. "I must go there. I'll take a train."

"Call first. We'll go to the hotel."

STEINER gave the number. In a half-hour the telephone rang and he went into the booth as though into a dark cavern. When he came out he was dripping with sweat.

"She's still alive," he said.

"Did you speak to her?" Marill asked.

"No. I talked to the doctor."

"Did you tell him your name?"

"No. I said I was one of her relatives. There has been an operation and there is no hope for her now, Marill. Three or four days at the most the doctor says. I'll leave tonight."

"Steiner," Marill said, "do you know what that means?"

"Yes."

"There's a good chance you'll be done for if you cross the border."

"I'm done for if she dies."

"That's not true," Marill said. "It may sound heartless, but I urge you to write her, telegraph her—but stay here."

Steiner shook his head absently.

"You can't help her. Even if you do go there."

"I'm going," Steiner said.

"Come, we'll empty a bottle of brandy. Get drunk! I promise you I'll telephone every two hours."

"It won't do, Marill. That won't fix it. I know what you mean. I understand it, too. I'm not crazy. I know what the stakes are, but if they were a thousand times higher I'd still take that train and nothing could stop me. Can't you understand that?"

"Yes," Marill replied.

STEINER packed his things. He was like a frozen river when the ice breaks up. He could hardly believe he had talked to someone under the same roof with Marie; it seemed almost inconceivable to him that his own voice had droned so close to her inside the hard black rubber of the telephone receiver; it all seemed unimaginable—that he was packing, that he would take a train and that tomorrow he would see the flaming red hair, the beloved eyes and feel the sweet breath—

He threw the few things he needed into his bag and shut it. Then he went to find Ruth and Kern. They were waiting for him, with sorrow and sympathy in their eyes.

"Children," Steiner said, "I'm going away now. It's taken a long time but I always knew at bottom that this is how it would be. Not exactly this way," he added softly, "but then I don't believe that yet. I only know it."

He smiled a sad and distracted smile. "Goodby, Ruth."

Ruth gave him her hand, weeping. "There's so much I'd like to say to you, Steiner. But now I've forgotten what it is—I'm just sad."

Steiner nodded. "So long, Kern. Sometimes things go dreadfully slow, don't they? Sometimes damn' fast."

"I don't think I'd be alive if it hadn't been for you, Steiner," Kern said.

"Sure you would. But it's nice of you to say that to me. It means the time wasn't wasted."

"It certainly wasn't, Steiner," Ruth said. "Come back to us."

"Come back, Steiner. We can't do much for you, but everything we are is yours. Always."

"Fine. I'll see. Take care of yourselves."

"We'd like to go with you to the station."

Steiner hesitated. "Marill is going along— Yes, you come too."

They left a half-hour later. "Let me carry your bag," Kern said.

"Why? I can do it all right myself."

"Give it to me," Kern begged with a twisted smile. "I showed you just this afternoon how strong I've grown."

"Yes, so you did. This afternoon. How long ago that was!" He gave him the bag, knowing that Kern wanted to do something for him and that there was nothing else to do but this.

THEY arrived just in time to see the train off. Steiner got in and lowered a window. The train had not begun to move, but it seemed to those on the platform that the window already separated Steiner from them irrevocably. With burning eyes Kern looked at the stern, lean face—trying to impress it on his mind for all time. He had been his friend and companion for many months; for whatever in himself had become tempered and resilient he had Steiner to thank. And now he saw this face, composed and calm, going voluntarily to destruction; for no one of them counted on the miracle of Steiner's coming back.

The train began to move. No one said a word. Steiner slowly lifted his hand. The three on the station platform looked after him till the cars disappeared.

"Damnation!" Marill said presently in a hoarse voice. "Come along, I need a drink. I've seen many a man die but I never was present before at a suicide."

They returned to the hotel. Kern and Ruth went to Ruth's room. "Somehow," Kern said after a while, "everything is suddenly empty and it makes you feel cold—as if the whole city had died."

(To be continued next week)

"Darn Hodgins—they've converted him!" HENRY SOLTINOFF

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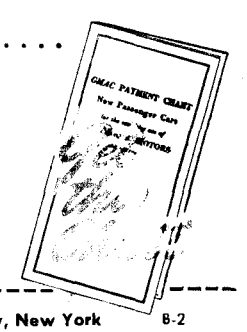

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Child's Play

Continued from page 9

Budge, now a pro. His coronation day, at that rate, will be September 16th and his finals opponent—if form holds true during the tournament—will be this country's tough little leading amateur, Bobby Riggs.

The singular part of Bromwich's rise from hopeless obscurity to a point where, still short of his majority, he could earn $100,000 for one year of professional tennis, is that he has achieved his rank with almost the identical game his child's mind fashioned in the Kogarah back yard. His game is childishly absurd, but it works. It is almost as unorthodox as if a ballplayer stood with his legs straddling home plate and tried to hit a wicked curve with the swing of a man driving a nail. A golfing counterpart of Bromwich would be an eccentric who used only one hand on all approach shots. The difference is that Bromwich wins tough, grueling matches with this child's game.

The pile of victims in his short and turbulent wake include Budge, whom he beat in an exhibition in Australia when he was eighteen, and the great Baron Gottfried von Cramm, from whom he nonchalantly won the German singles championship at the age of seventeen.

The Service That Baffles

Bromwich has made one concession to tennis' rigid form book. When he was thirteen he gave up serving with two hands, but he still has misgivings about the decision because his service, the one orthodox shot he owns, is the weakest link in his game. When he decided to go normal, on his serve, he chose a soft and conventional slice serve which any crisp-driving opponent could lean into with great glee. But lately, as if moved by the same happy perversity that made him distort all the rules on how to hit a tennis ball, he has been hitting himself on the lower right leg in the midst of his windup for his serve. The shock of the collision often causes the ball to take a slightly different flight across the net than the progress of the swing would indicate, simply because the face of the racket tends to wobble from the impact with his leg. Now, due to this apparently brainless leg-whacking, his serve is harder to receive. His opponent is never quite sure where the thing is going and, judging from his worry-creased pan, neither is Bromwich.

Today, when he is about to attain the top peak of world tennis, Bromwich doesn't hit the ball as hard as the average public playground player. He will be the softest hitter in the National Singles, and in the Davis Cup matches his American opponent will sock the ball at a speed of from 20 to 40 miles per hour faster than he. But Bromwich will keep the ball in play all day. That's his strength.

"He's the closest thing to a practice wall I've ever seen," Vincent Richards, who alternates with George Lott as Bromwich's American coach, told us recently.

Did you ever play a practice wall? If you ever did you took the worst beating you'll ever take in tennis, for you didn't win one point. You couldn't, for the wall returned the ball as often as you hit it against it. A practice wall always has the last word, or shot. Playing against Bromwich gives players a similar feeling of futility. He looks easy at the start, for his shots carry no particularly visible power, and while they are extremely well placed it isn't too difficult to reach the first five or six of them he hits during a single rally. However, the disheartening thing is that Bromwich keeps sending your returns back over the net, and back and back and back. And sooner or later, with mounting vexation or the recklessness born of weariness, his opponent slams the ball so hard, in the hope of winning the point outright, that he drives it into the net or out of bounds.

The one hard-to-cure weakness in the game of Jack Bromwich is Jack Bromwich. The fellow is a strange nest of moods. Last year in the finals of the National Doubles he played in a way which should have caused the customers at the Longwood Cricket Club to yell for their money back. He and Adrian Quist lost to Don Budge and Gene Mako, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1. Bromwich was as unsteady as the franc, and when those queer shots of his go haywire he looks like a comic valentine of a tennis player, even to the mop of yellow hair hanging in his eyes.

But ten days later at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup matches, he pressed Don Budge to Big Red's hardest match of the year and stood within one shot of sending it into the fifth set, where anything could have happened. For Budge was winded and tired. Bromwich lost gallantly, fighting like a demon for every point, 6-2, 6-3, 4-6, 7-5. In the doubles the next day, against the same team of Budge and Mako, which had annihilated him and Quist at Longwood, Bromwich played some of the greatest tennis ever seen in this country to dominate the Australians' 0-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2 victory. Standing well inside the base line, and hitting the Americans' whistling serves with a kind of hay-pitching swing, Bromwich made dozens of returns that had Budge and Mako pawing at the air like stricken fighters.

On the third and final day of the 1938 Challenge Round, Bromwich dusted off Bobby Riggs, 6-4, 4-6, 6-0, 6-2, ending the match with an absolutely flawless streak of tennis. As a result of that 3-day performance he was named the No. 1 seeded foreign player in the National Singles and a certain bet to oppose Budge in the finals. But some kind of adolescent listlessness overcame him at Forest Hills. He barely squeezed through Frank Shields in five sets and finally was knocked out of the tournament in the semifinal round by Gene Mako, who normally couldn't take a set from him with a court order. Nobody could understand it, and Bromwich, who is reporter-proof, wouldn't explain.

Aussies Won't Talk

Though his current ambition is to be a sports writer, Bromwich has a fear and mistrust of reporters. Like a considerable proportion of our big-league baseball players—whom he greatly admires, by the way—he freezes up at the sight of a newspaper man or woman bearing down on him for an interview. But this is not wholly a personal trait. It is contrary to the rules of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association, and other Anzac sports bodies, for a member of an Australian team to speak to a member of the press. All interviews must be obtained from the captain of the team or by his leave.

This quaint rule is a throwback to the nasty little scandal kicked up a few years ago when an Australian bowler was accused of deliberately trying to bean one of England's finest cricketers in the celebrated contest for "The Ashes."

Bromwich is a brilliant volleyer. Indeed, it is at the net that his unearthly,

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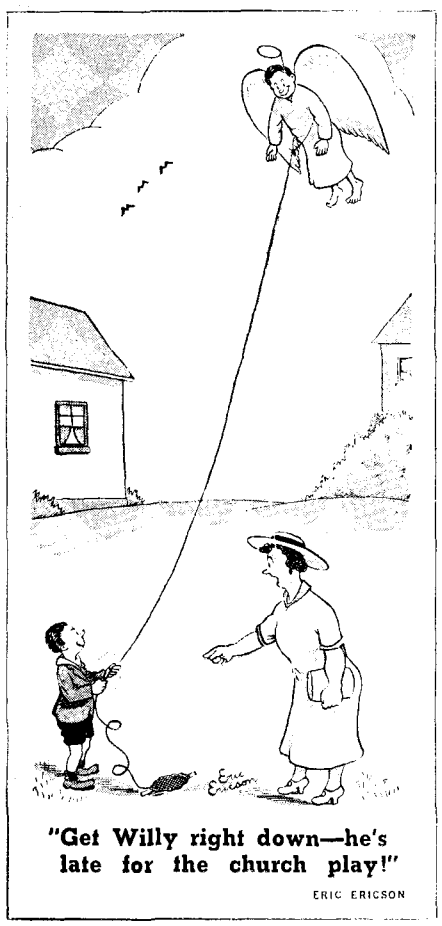
catlike speed is best exhibited. For there, in the very teeth of his opponent's driving, he still is able to make a two-handed forehand volley, follow it up if necessary with a quick shift of the racket to his left hand, for a left-handed forehand volley and finish off the point, if given the chance, with a one-handed (right-handed) overhead smash. And he can do all this racket-shifting and artful swinging in the briefest flick of time, while he dives this way and that, propelled by two brisk legs and a sense of anticipation that is definitely not of this world.

Bromwich didn't play at Wimbledon this year, and because of that he is going to be very tough in the Challenge Round and at Forest Hills—particularly against Riggs. He's still sore about not being able to play in England's great tournament. The Australian net association made him stay with the Australian team to insure victories in the early rounds against such minor-league teams



"Get Willy right down—he's late for the church play!"

ERIC ERICSON

as Mexico, Philippines and Canada. He's positive that he would have won the singles at Wimbledon, for Riggs, one of his 1938 victims, won it.

What he plans to do, he recently confided to one of his few intimates, is bear down every time he meets Riggs this year. He thinks that'll make them sorry, back home, that they wouldn't let him go to the English classic, but it doesn't seem likely that there will be much sorrow in Sydney, in view of the fact that the Australian tennis fathers would rather have the saucer of the Davis Cup than ten Wimbledon championships. The Australians have spent at least $300,000 trying to bring back the Davis Cup which Bill Tilden and Bill Johnston took away from them in 1919. This year Australia has its greatest chance, thanks wholly to Bromwich. And once the Australians get the Cup back in kangaroo land it will stay there a long time. Bromwich is young enough to be a dominating force in world tennis for ten more years.

Jack has worked out his own method of relaxing from what must be—for all its country-clubbish luxury—downright hard work. In America he gets up quite early, eats a carefully selected breakfast, and starts the phonograph he takes everywhere with him. Unlike the jitterbug American players, he abhors swing. His records go as deep into music as Tchaikovsky. In mid-morning he begins playing bridge and at noon he eats again, lightly, and goes to the courts. If he doesn't have to play that day he'll play his phonograph nice and loud after lunch, then go to a ball game or to a race track, if one is handy. At night he goes to a movie. He doesn't have a very good time with girls, nor a great deal of money to spend on them.

Bromwich is a subsidized amateur. He works for Slazenger, the British sports-goods house. He's a salesman without portfolio. He uses their equipment and for this he gets a retainer of five pounds a week. Adrian Quist, his teammate, has a similar arrangement with Dunlop. It takes some of the strain off the Australian amateur net body, which looks upon such subsidies with favor, but the greatest bulk of Bromwich's annual expenses are borne by the Australian association.

In a much less hypocritical manner than our U.S.L.T.A. supports our more prominent players, the Australian association has been more or less supporting Bromwich since he was fifteen. He attended Hurstville Technical School, at home, but by the time he got through what amounts to a junior-high education he was too valuable a piece of amateur tennis property to permit to go to college—as was the case with Budge. In 1934, when he was fifteen, he won the junior championship of Queensland, New South Wales, South Australia and Australia, and repeated in all these tournaments the following year. That same year, 1935, he was so good that the association gave him a spot on the Australian senior team which met an all-European team in Adelaide, and he won his match. That same year, at sixteen, he beat Crawford, Quist and McGrath, and in 1937 he began the globe-trotting that will continue until his springs run down.

He'll Leave His Mark

George Agutter, the veteran professional at Forest Hills, believes that in Bromwich is ingrained one of the finest cases of "tennis sense" he has seen in forty years of watching tennis. "When he beat Riggs in the Davis Cup matches last year he did it by deliberately softening every shot he hit to Riggs' backhand," Agutter says. "That kept Riggs busy trying to put some speed into his backhands, but whenever he seemed to be mastering Bromwich's slow shots Jack would wallop one to Riggs' forehand. In other words Bromwich reversed the usual procedure and simply outwitted his man. I think he's the steadiest, brainiest player we've seen since Lacoste, and with a better all-around game than the Frenchman had."

If he wins the Davis Cup for Australia and our National Singles for himself, as most of the thoughtful tennis experts are sure he will, young Bromwich will have the most telling effect on tennis that any man has had since Maury McLoughlin made the neighborhood toughs stop yelling "Forty-love!" through the backstop. The up-and-coming tennis enthusiasts throughout the world tend to follow the form of the champ. McLoughlin popularized vicious serving and dynamic volleying. Tilden restored graceful back-court playing. Lacoste and Cochet convinced millions of players to change their shots and use the cramped Continental grip. Vines and Budge re-established the long flat method of driving now in vogue.

And when Bromwich takes over, there is ample reason to believe that the new crop of players will hail his form as gospel and strive to copy, in all its dexterous screwiness, the game that a child conceived and then made plausible.

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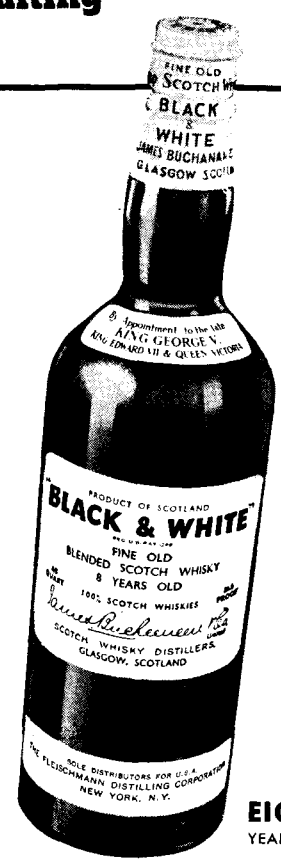

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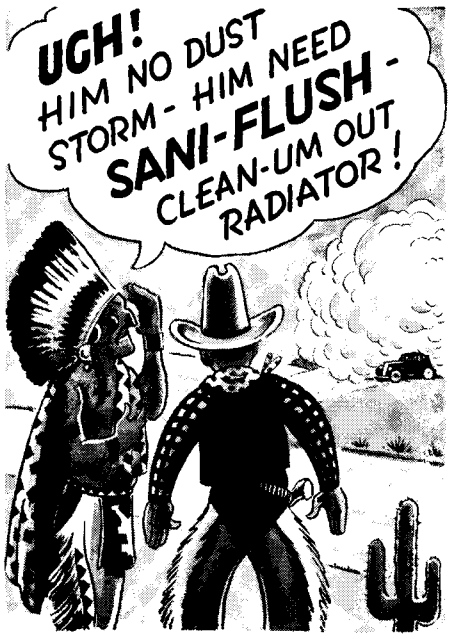

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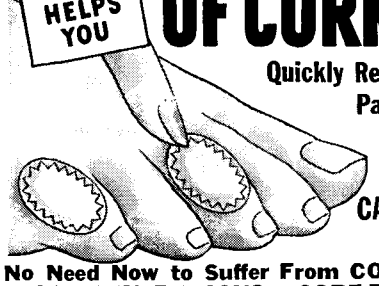

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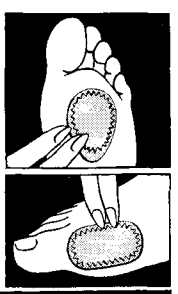

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The Peaceful Japanese

Continued from page 13

military events talk of Soviet planes over Tokyo, first-smack, professional militarists say, "Unh-unh." If you will look at your map you will observe it is not quite as far, in a bird line, from Vladivostok to Osaka as from Vladivostok to Tokyo. Osaka has about as many inhabitants as Chicago, and it is literally the industrial heart of the Island Empire. Beside it—and a most unstrategic triumvirate, according to modern aerial calculations—lie Kobe, huge port; Kyoto, the Boston of Japan. Nagoya, her Philadelphia, is a slight detour.

Kazoku-san, our next host, is not concerned with such matters, however.

Kazoku-san is an average industrial worker; together with his brothers, and his sisters, he represents about one third of employed Japanese. He comes right behind Yoi-san in importance to the empire. He makes the products which compete with and undersell yours on G Street in Washington and Fifth Avenue in Seattle, in Central and South America, and in farther places. The flood of goods from his machines, or hands, follows Japanese bayonets upon the Asiatic mainland like a second attack wave. He stocks the markets which Japanese militarists usurp. Kazoku-san is a valued cog in an Osaka textile plant.

Nothing to Complain About

Of his brothers, there is Mizu-san, the fisherman, whose Oku-san works beside him on the blood-and-gut-slippery decks of a floating cannery in the rough north seas; and there is Ishi-san, who labors naked in a Kyushu coal mine. Their sister, Kaikatsu, is a cook-san for a country inn. Kazoku-san is well off, compared with his brothers whose misery, squalor and debts—everything, in fact, except tax load—are on a par with those endured by cousin Yoi-san. But Kazoku-san is a skilled loom repairman, and he makes about 90 yen a month. That is less than $27, but it is more than twice as much as the miner earns; twice as much as the fisherman and his wife make *between* them.

Kazoku-san and his brood live in a house which has one six-mat and one four-mat room, besides a small kitchen and a dark walled-in hole which is the latrine. There is no bath, no plumbing; water for all household purposes is carried from a street tap, near by. In Japan, room size is figured by the number of straw mats which form the floor covering. Each mat is six by three feet; this size never varies. The well-off may have rooms of twenty mats or more. There is no furniture in Kazoku-san's house, except one low table in the larger room, and several pads, and a charcoal brazier for heating. The brood eats squatted on the floor, in the six-mat room; when the table is cleared away, the sleeping pads for the children are spread there. Kazoku-san and Oku-san sleep on the floor in the small room. The children sit on their heels to study; Kazoku-san unfolds his paper on the floor; the whole family is fatalistically unmindful of the Oriental pother of noise and foul odors which assail their paper walls on all sides. Twice a year the police come, as they do in rotation in every ward in every Japanese city, and compel Oku-san and her neighbors to carry into the street every mat, every portable article; disembowel their houses, then scour them—wall, ceiling and floor—with disinfectant, and obtain a sanitary inspector's certificate before the effects can be replaced. This is to lessen the danger of disease-carrying by the rats and vermin, which swarm in congested urban Japan.

Walk to Kazoku-san's house and you have an impression of ordinary city street blocks. But each block is not a quadrangle of back yards, in the Western manner, but a solid jam of shacks filling in the whole square—a puzzle maze, a labyrinth in which you scrape your shoulders on both sides as you fight through. This is why there are numerous scaffolded fire-lookout towers, like those of American forest rangers, in all Japanese cities; why fire watchmen clack their sticks and utter shrill medieval cries in their night rounds; why authorities realize the hopelessness of other than desultory air-raid precautions; and why Tokyo's fires are poetically known as her "Blossoms." Yet Kazoku-san lives in a relatively good quarter.

Still, do not be too sorry for Kazoku-san: he is better off than perhaps 8 in 10 of his fellow workers in the mill. He pays five dollars a month for this place: even so, Oku-san, who used to be a chambermaid before their marriage, is such a good one with a yen that she gives her charges enough of what they consider proper food, clothes, medical and dental care, insurance, takes them to movies once or twice a week—and puts two dollars a month in the postal savings bank! Kazoku-san's tax hides in his rent, amusements, purchases; if he made 10 yen a month more he would just reach the income-tax class. Moreover, Sakura-san and Jiki-san, Kazoku-san's daughters, will be kept in school through elementary grades at least; while Hon-san may go through middle school.

The girl children of Kazoku-san's brothers, like those of Yoi-san, are commodities—to be sold against debts. Perhaps, instead of brothels, they may attain the benevolent contractual slavery of these big cotton mills right here in Osaka, where they will be fed, housed, clothed and treated well enough, given exercises for body and mind, and a few sen a day for pocket money. In addition to the small down payment, their fathers will probably get $10 a year for the term of their bondage. Kazoku-san, on the other hand, being solvent, may look forward with pride to having his girls work as bank messengers or bus-ticket choppers and earn $10 a month.

What does Kazoku-san, who is 32 per cent of workaday Japan, think about the wars—about China and Russia and the turmoil of the Orient? He is literate: as shrewd in his way as laborers anywhere. But he is unorganized. The Transport Union was the only one which ever gained a semblance of power in Japan; but when it tried a strike, after the China incident began, jail gates and police truncheons swung with "let this be a lesson to you" earnestness. Kazoku-san used to parade with some of his pals on May Day; the police suggested February 11th—which commemorates the first emperor of Japan—would be nicer. Kazoku-san is in effect completely insulated from all knowledge of the war, except that which the authorities, with full control of radio and press, wish him to have.

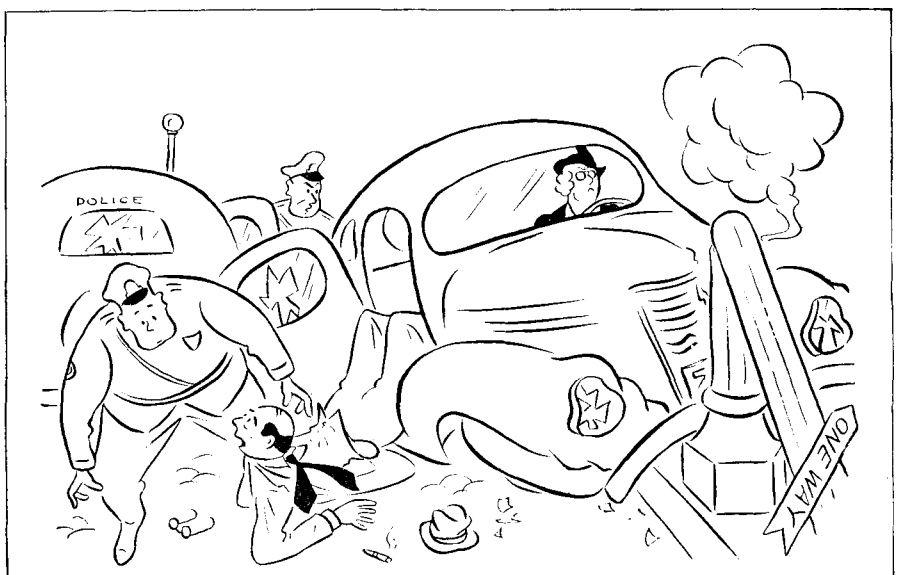
Kazoku-San Looks at the War

"The Russians are a bad lot," Kazoku-san explained to me in a friendly but not too optimistic way, over our fourth "go" of sake. "You must admit that. *Hai,* they are crazy people. They are not sincere, and this would upset matters greatly. The Chinese are good enough folks, though; but we must settle with that bandit, Chiang Kai-shek, who won't let them peacefully buy Japanese goods. Of course he is bribed by the English and the French. Some time the Chinese will know we have been fighting only for them, not for ourselves, and will love us because we have saved them from the Bolsheviks and from the European bankers. But, meantime, my beer costs five sen a glass more, and I have not got my usual 50-yen bonus for the last three six-month periods.

"Some of us in my shop would like to quit and go to work in the munitions factories, where, I've been told, a man and wife together can make up to 400 yen a month. We don't think it is altogether right that shiftless fellows who didn't have steady work should now get this fine chance. But the police tell us to stay where we are."

Once again on the train—"The Swallow," Japan's crack express—we rush through some of this earth's loveliest scenery, where every window frames a picture on which you would like to write "wishing you were here" and mail it home. We have a date in Tokyo with Ginko-san—one of the other 20 per cent of Japan's total worker population.

Ginko-san is a fair average of the seven million Japanese spread through petty officialdom, commerce and the professions. But there are too many variables in this class, and he cannot represent the whole of it as closely as Yoi-san, the farmer, and Kazoku-san, the worker, do theirs. Yoi-san, for example, told me



"Don't say anything to her; she doesn't like to be kidded about her driving" WADE MONROE

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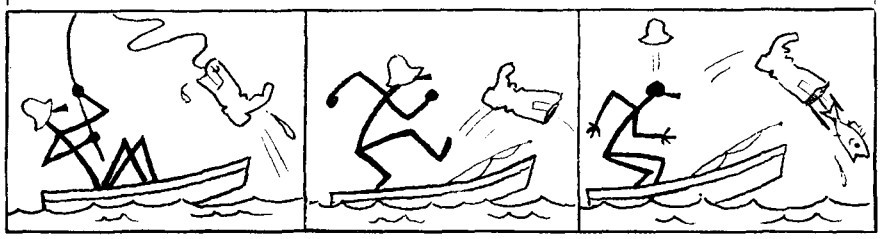
he has never been more than five miles from his home. Kazoku-san boasted of having made an excursion to the deer park of Nara and the shrines in Kyoto—perhaps two hours by train. Ginko-san, on the contrary, has rubbed minds with foreigners on their own shores. Travel and study in the United States, for upper middle-class Japanese youth, today is much the same cultural finishing touch the "Grand Tour" of the Continent was for your Englishman of Victoria's day. Ginko-san has this much in common with all his class, from humblest to most eminent: diligence, passion for observation and knowledge, ambition.

Ginko-san is waiting for us in Tokyo Central Station, and we stroll in the city before dinner. It is within Ginko-san's group that you find the most apparent effects of war on Japanese life and thought: and, naturally, encounter the most articulateness with respect to it. It is twilight and thousands of Tokyoites are playing baseball, or walking in Hibaya Park and in Maronouchi along the moat that surrounds the Imperial Palace. Ginko-san observes: "Have you noticed the weeping-willow trees that line the outside of the moat, and the sturdy old pines that face them on the inner rim. That is symbolic of our national character and relation to the Throne. The willows are the subjects, the common people—submissive. The pines are the Imperial Family—noble and enduring.

HAIRLINE HARRY



ALAN FOSTER

"And then you get silly things; like these taxicabs, required to keep their tonneau lights on so that the police can see who is sitting inside. If they see a Japanese couple, after eleven, they stop the cab to find out if they are married. If they see a Japanese girl with a foreigner, they stop the cab and make her get out and walk and . . ."

"Never mind all that, Ginko-san; how about the war?"

"It is so very good for our machinery-importing business," he said with a quick grin.

"Maybe you're just lucky. How about other businesses—and your employees and relatives who must go to the front?"

"When I lived in America," said Ginko-san, "I used to hear my acquaintances talk about jury duty. War to us is like jury duty to you: we don't bother our heads about it until we are summoned. You leave your courts to the judges; we leave our war to the ministers."

"And they put it right back in your pocketbook?"

"But isn't that true all over the world? The cost of living is very serious everywhere. Hasn't peace become as expensive as war? How about the Rearmament Program taxes in England? But isn't it said that there is no tax anywhere in the world that cannot be found already in operation in France?"

"But there are other issues—"

"Oh, I know. Americans always bring up the question of humanitarian rights. You are simply wonderful in your concern with morals. Now, you know that I am pro-American. I represent American machinery, and visit the United States at least once a year. Japan pays lip service to the alliance with Germany and Italy, but there is nothing in common among us except envy, poverty and the delusion of some of our militarists that the way to win friends is by murder. But Japan, proud because she is 'the first land the new day touches' has always looked to the east: to the sunrise. All our good things have come from that direction: the wide Pacific that helps feed our people; the young republic that sponsored our coming of age, and provided us with the means to step out. Socially, culturally, industrially, we are bound to you. Our factories were built by your engineers; your manufacturers tooled our entire heavy industry to such an extent that if Pittsburgh and Schenectady were to quit dealing with us today, we'd have to fetch all our troops home from China tomorrow.

"American English is our second language. There are a hundred American books sold for every other foreign one; a thousand American films shown for every European one. Your popular songs are ours. Your sports—it's always a great surprise to a Japanese to learn that golf originated in Scotland. My American friends who don't know a word of Japanese say they can follow our baseball games over the radio by the phrases which have been kept: 'Homer,' 'Stolen bag,' 'Whiffed,' 'Two down,' 'Out at first.' In all those matters we know and respect you. But when it comes to morals—you're quaint.

"You protest the bombing of Chinese cities, and ignore the fact that many of our planes and bombs which do those dirty jobs were manufactured in your country and contributed profits to American stockholders, wages to American workmen. You conveniently forget that in 1927 your gunboats bombarded, slaughtered, the soldiers of this same Chiang Kai-shek in Nanking." Ginko-san's opinion is what intelligent Japanese tell one another in clubs, bars and trains. American character, in their eyes, is tar-brushed with hypocrisy. They appreciate being able freely to buy from us munitions and supplies needed for the war on China; but sneer at the uneasiness that lies between our conscience and our purse.

Ginko-san is a commuter. He runs, with perhaps 900,000 other Tokyoites, for the 8:15—and tries to catch the 5:11. The hours for office workers in Japanese cities follow the American copy: 9 to 5. Tokyo stations each morning and evening present a rush-hour scene that would make you homesick for Winnetka, San Mateo, Cyn Wyd, Glen Echo or White Plains. In the outlying places, however, there is nothing homey in the morning or night pictures; no sleepy wives with topcoats over pajamas, driving their husbands up at the last moment in Hayama, Hiratsuka, Omori, Fujisawa or Hodogaya. The commuters come to the station by ricksha, bus or on foot. Once aboard his 7:39 from Kamakura, though, Ginko-san reminds you of your own daily journeys from Port Washington or New Rochelle. He has grabbed a morning paper from the vendor at the station. He and his friends exchange salutations and wisecracks, read for a while, then lapse into gossip or cards. First-class coaches are rarely attached to commuters' trains. Ginko-san rides second. There are six third-

Figures take Wings
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9
2
3
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6

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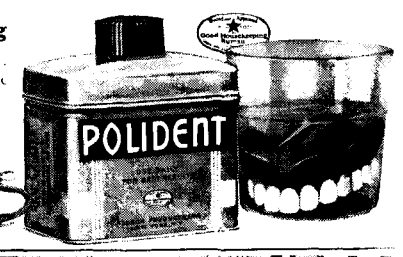

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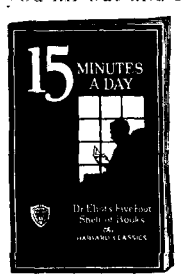

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class coaches to each second-class one: that will give you a clue to incomes—third being half the cost of second. In one respect Japanese commuters' trains offer something different: the acrid smell of peeled oranges. Virtually every commuter smokes cigarettes and sucks oranges, and the remains of both mount in the aisles until it is like wading through a garbage can to get out at Tokyo.

I asked Ginko-san if he could tell me precisely what Japan is driving at, in this conflict toward which his countrymen seem notably indifferent.

Self-Sufficiency is Japan's Goal

"Yes," he said, "I'll try. What seems to you indifference is merely recognition that this war is peculiarly a function of government policy. It is the function of the government, exactly as it is the function of one girl in my office to accept the cards of visitors and ask them to be seated while she looks up the man they want. If the visitors become too numerous for her, we'll give her assistance. If she needs roller skates to accomplish her job, we'll buy them for her. We do not question these matters; we accept the word of the responsible section chief. The government is one section of Japanese life; so is the army. It is the business of men therein to know what they are doing. Every Japanese in the land can't concern himself with their job. He has his own work to think about.

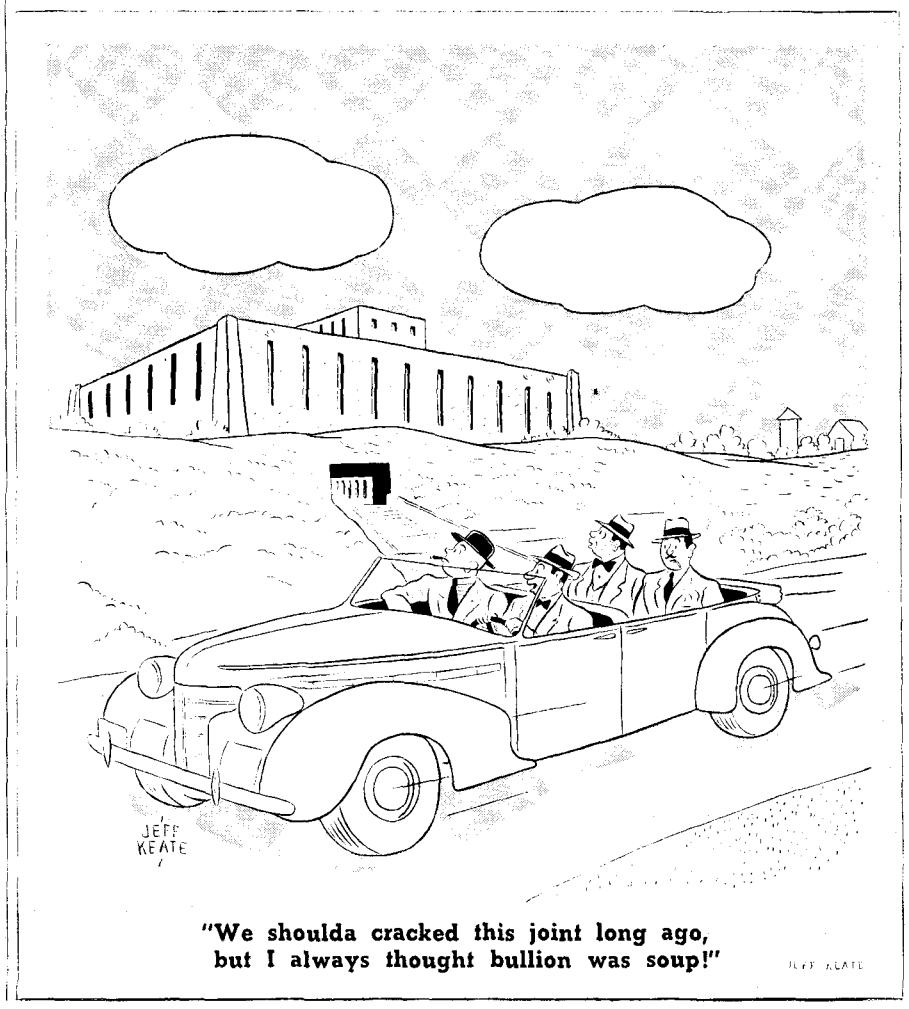
"Japan is a vigorously expanding nation. She is the miracle among nations. She has, according to our traditional beliefs, an ancient destiny to fulfill. Unfortunately she came to maturity at a time when the other nations had already usurped most of the free lands and sources of raw materials, and controlled their markets. We can produce all our food, much of our raw material. We need cotton, iron, oil. We can buy those in world markets. However, a new weapon has come into the use of the nations which control those markets—a club to keep have-not nations in line: sanctions; the cutting off of essential supplies. We were given a scare of that kind in 1931.

"Our internal pressure, industrial as well as social, is so great that we must have outlets for expansion or come to disaster. Other nations set quotas against us; they won't let our people in, they won't let our goods in. We had to have a place for immigrants. We had to have markets. We turned to the nearest Asiatic mainland, principally because we could kill four birds with one stone there: build a buffer against the very real menace of Bolshevism; gain land for Japanese immigration; develop raw-material sources, which those lands have and we haven't; and encourage markets for our products. Then we had our scare. The Manchurian incident brought threats of sanctions from the League of Nations.

"The sanctions were not actually put in force, but we saw them tried half-heartedly against Italy and then and there we decided that Japan's program should be to put itself in a position where it would never again have to worry about sanctions, or economic blockades. *We must become self-sufficient.*

"That is the *whole* point of what we are doing. We have, surrounding us, lands that will give us self-sufficiency which the combined powers of the earth could not take away from us. We tried to develop those measures peacefully; but China, which recognized our policy, bribed and goaded by envious powers, refused to co-operate. We shall prosecute war against China only so long as is necessary to gain co-operation and we shall continue our program of expansion in the Orient, led by our army and navy, to the east, the south or the north, until this program of self-sufficiency has been completely achieved.

"That is Japan's plan. That is what is behind everything going on in Asia today. Every foreign power knows this, even if its citizens are not informed. What they don't know is how far we intend to go; just what our blueprints take in. If our policy seems to be Asia for Japan it is because we think Japan cannot live, safe from economic attacks from abroad, until she controls Asia. We



"We shoulda cracked this joint long ago, but I always thought bullion was soup!"

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feel, moreover, it will be better for Asia to be controlled by Japanese, who are Asiatics, with ties of blood and culture, than by Occidentals without such associations, whose only thought is exploitation.

"If foreign nations would be generous in realizing the necessity to Japan's life, as well as the inevitability, of this, we think it can be accomplished peacefully, kindly, with justice. Force won't stop us; neither will bad words. If the young coeds in the United States who expose their pretty legs to the newsreel photographers instead would expose their minds to their economics instructors, they would learn that the boycott is a two-edged sword. It hurts us, no doubt of that. But it also hurts the workers in your silk-stocking factories. It is the same with every article you boycott.

"Japan is building another great wall in China today. It is a double wall: one of cotton fields and iron mines against economic invasions from Europe. The other is of concrete and steel pill-boxes and flying fields, against Communist armies."

"But hasn't China any rights?"

Why China Has No Rights

"That, of course, brings up the old argument of self-determination; a thesis, mind you, which the rich nations never advanced until they had gobbled all they wanted. Japan is just giving a revival performance, in the Orient, of the old familiar Western play, 'The Strong Must Rule the Weak.' You've glorified it nowadays into a 'Grand Opera of Ideals and Democracy,' but it's the same old melodrama we used to see when you first let us into the gallery. Now we've moved down into the orchestra. I would say that when you talk of China's rights to govern herself you talk of something that never existed. Chiang built up purely localized control through a little moneyed group. China remained a vast unorganized blob of banditry, war-lordism and corruption—a neighbor whose unpredictable character gave her no rights. If Canada had been like China, instead of a highly civilized, orderly and co-operative land, how long would you have permitted her to remain independent?"

Early one Monday Ginko-san and I rode in from a week end at Miyanoshita. It was the regular commuters' train up from Atami. Business executives, clerks, professional men sat with their morning *Yomiuri* or *Asahi,* sucked their oranges, bowed and hissed and gossiped.

Once, at a rural crossing, we flashed past a group of school children drawn up with flags, waiting to *banzai* a troop train. The prosperous-looking Japanese opposite me sat bolt upright in surprise at the sight, as though he had never seen the like before.

"First time he ever finished his paper before getting into Tokyo!" smiled Ginko-san. Then he fished a bit of paper from his pocket.

"Last night I was reading the Journal of Townsend Harris, first American Consul to Japan, way back in the middle of the last century," he said. "I copied this down, because I thought it might interest you." He gave me the slip of paper. It read:

"The people in Yedo (Tokyo) are all fat, well clad, and happy-looking, but there is an equal absence of appearance of wealth or of poverty—a state of things that may perhaps constitute the real happiness of a people. It is more like the golden age of simplicity and honesty than I have ever seen in any other country. I sometimes doubt whether the opening of Japan to foreign influence will promote the general happiness of this people."

The Last Dude

Continued from page 21

was always ahead. Ann dropped back once and waited for Bill to come up with her. She had a strange, rueful little smile on her face.

"Well, Bill Stewart," she said, "go on. Say it."

"Say what?"

"Tell me I'm getting what's coming to me. Rub it in. Go on. I deserve it. I admit it. I'm waiting."

"I'm not saying anything," Bill told her. "I thought I'd like to watch you getting your ears slapped back. Well—I'm watching, but I'm not liking it. You're a good sport. I'm all admiration."

She said, "Fentriss is a fine man. It's just that he's so efficient himself, he doesn't appreciate—he doesn't stop to think that—"

"Of course. He's one of the best climbers I've ever seen."

THEY went on then until they overtook Fentriss. He was sitting on a rock, the inevitable map on his knee.

"We can cut down here," Fentriss said. "We'll save three miles and have more time for fishing."

Bill looked at the map too.

"I advise against it," he replied. "Nobody has been over that trail this year."

"Nonsense."

"The snows were heavy last winter. It's too big a risk."

"Stewart, what's the matter with you? You've been a drag weight the whole trip. Lost your nerve?"

"I think it's unwise," Bill said. "The smart man on a mountain is the one who doesn't get himself into danger."

Fentriss said, "You lost your nerve too, Ann?"

"Why—why no, Fen. Of course not."

"Then we'll go ahead. I can assure you, Stewart, I've done a good deal of climbing in my day. More than you have, no doubt."

"I'm sure of that," Bill said.

"You can take the long way if you wish. We'll wait for you down at the lake."

"I'll stick along," Bill said.

THE short trail down was rock work—all of it—very cautious and tricky. Bill had never seen a better exhibition than Fentriss gave now. He knew exactly what he was doing with each foot and hand, and each pound of weight. Ann watched him too, and tried to do what he did.

When they had traversed more than half the distance, they could see the lake below them. They could see the lower level waiting there, so safe and secure. Then abruptly the ledge they were following petered out in a straight drop.

"Maybe we had better go back," Ann suggested.

"Oh, I don't think so," Fentriss replied. "You two stay here, and I'll work my way down the cliff and have a look."

Down Fentriss went on the granite wall. He was almost at the bottom when he slipped. He caught himself. He got a handhold. He worked his legs up and down for a ledge that wasn't there, then stopped struggling, just hanging on, unable to look up or down, like something frozen and immobile.

Bill Stewart called out to him:

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— And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It *takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills* to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

"Hang on. We're coming down for you."

He took out a rope, and made it fast to a pinnacle of rock.

"Ann," he said, "will you help me?"

"Of course, Bill."

"You can't hold me. I'm too heavy. You're lighter. You'll have to go down. Can you do it?"

"Yes, Bill. If you'll tell me what to do."

"I'm going to tie this rope to your belt. I'll ease you down very slowly. The rope will get you to that ledge below Fentriss. Get a good hold on the ledge and pull the rope in to the cliff so that Fentriss can reach it. I won't let you fall or slide."

"I know you won't, Bill."

He lowered her down the cliff. As she passed Fentriss she spoke encouragingly to him.

When she reached the ledge below Fentriss she wedged herself close to the rock. She pulled the rope to where Fentriss could reach it and held it taut. He slid down to the ledge.

Bill worked his way carefully down the wall and joined them.

Fentriss wasn't hurt. If he had been afraid, he didn't show it now.

He said, "Ann, you were a trooper. You're a real mountaineer."

To Bill he said, "Lucky you knew what to do, Stewart."

"You would have gotten out by yourself," Bill said. "You couldn't see the talus slope below you. Eventually you would have reached it of course."

"Of course you would, Fen dear," Ann told him.

"Why, yes, I think so. It would have been a bit tricky, but I would have made it."

They didn't talk after that. They made their way down to the lake. Fentriss got out his rod and Ann's.

"We'll have an hour to fish before we have to start for camp," he announced. "Are you ready, Ann?"

Ann said slowly, "No-o-o, Fen."

"But look here. You're not dropping out now?"

"Yes-s-s, Fen. I'm a little tired. I'm going to sit here and rest. You go on. I wouldn't want to spoil your fishing, Fen. Perhaps, when I'm rested, I'll come too."

He said, "Well, it does seem pretty silly to come all this way and then not take advantage of the fishing."

"Oh, terribly silly, Fen dear."

"You're sure you—you won't mind, Ann?"

"No, Fen. You go along. I'll just sit here and rest—and think."

He went on. They could hear him crashing through the brush, whistling cheerfully. Ann sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and suddenly she began to cry.

"Oh, Bill," she told him. "I'm so tired, I ache all over. I'll never be able to take another step. I'm half dead."

"You've had a big day. Here—put my jacket around you. Lean your back against this tree, and don't try to talk."

SHE sat quietly for a while, her eyes closed.

"Bill," she said finally, "he didn't even apologize. He didn't even say he was sorry. He didn't thank you. He didn't admit it was dangerous, and that he got us into it."

"You mustn't blame him too much, Ann. Many fine men are like that. They like to prove their superiority to their environment. It's their way of keeping up the old ego. They'll push themselves to the limit, and expect everyone else to do it too. It's a kind of mountain fever."

"Yes, I know. I see that now. It was Father who insisted we come camping with Fen. He says a girl can find out more about a man in two days on a mountain than in two years in a city."

"That's true, Ann."

"I know something else, Bill. It takes a lot more courage to come out and say no than to flatter yourself that you're being a good sport and go on and get into trouble."

"Hold out your hands," Bill ordered.

"Why?"

"You burned them badly on that rope. I was watching you. I'll bandage them for you. See—you've taken the skin off."

"Fentriss wouldn't approve of that. I must have done something wrong, Bill. I was so scared. The only reason I could go down there was because you helped me. I made you come along against your will. I helped get you into it, and I had to help you get us out."

She watched him while he fixed her hands.

"That's a rather professional bandage," she pointed out.

"It ought to be. I'm a gigolo cow waddie, Ann. You were right. I never even saw the range. I've worked here summers ever since I was a kid. Winters I go to school. My dad's the judge in the next county. This is my last summer here. I'm through medical school. Next year I interne."

She sat very quietly, her eyes closed again. She made no effort to join Fentriss.

When he returned with three nice trout, she was friendly and pleasant to him. All the way back to camp she rested every time she grew tired. She didn't even look for a wrinkle alibi.

"This is a nice rock," she would say; "I'll just sit on it."

THEY were very late getting back to camp. Mr. Drew had supper ready for them. When he asked what kind of a day they had had, Fentriss said, "Splendid. A real workout."

A little smile flickered across Ann's face, but she said nothing.

"Any difficulties?" Mr. Drew asked.

"One bad moment on a wall," Fentriss admitted. "No real danger, however. Ann was splendid."

Mr. Drew looked at Ann, and then at Bill. Neither spoke.

After supper, Bill did the dishes. When he went to his tent, Ann was still sitting by the campfire, Fentriss beside her. Fentriss had opened a map on his knee.

"Now, Ann, tomorrow we'll take this trail to the left. We'll follow it—"

Bill could see her face in the firelight. Very pretty, she looked. Very thoughtful and wise.

The next morning when he got up and walked out to the cook tent, he found Ann there ahead of him. She had the fire going, the coffeepot on and bacon sizzling in the pan.

"Taking over my job?" Bill asked. "Do you think that's fair?"

"You can assist. Pass me three cups, please, and three spoons."

"Three, Ann? Don't you mean four?"

SHE turned over the bacon before she replied.

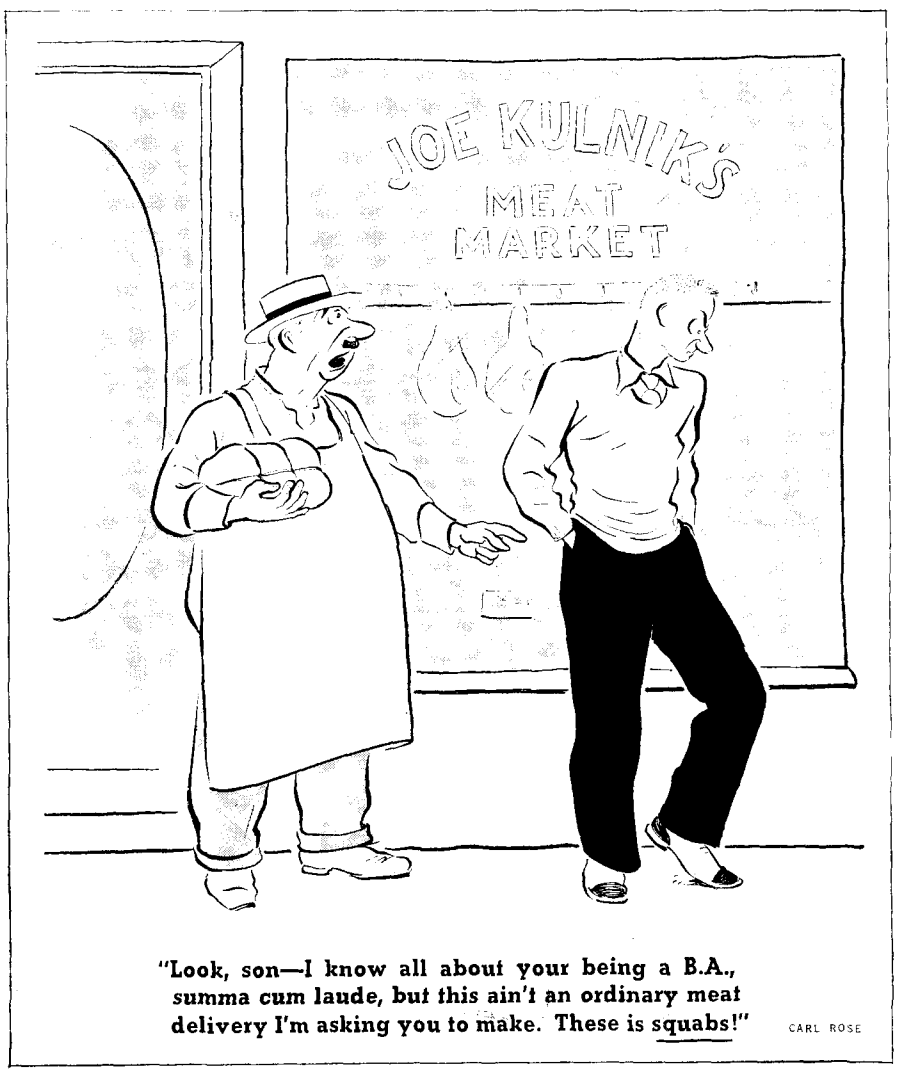
"Fentriss has gone, Bill," she said slowly. "We had a little chat last night after you and Dad had gone to bed. I told him I couldn't play second fiddle to his ego. I told him I couldn't marry him. I'm afraid he didn't like it very much, Bill. He's gone. He didn't even say goodby. He'll probably break the world's record getting back to the ranch."

"Oh, undoubtedly. He must be halfway there by this time. Ann, I feel a little sorry for Fentriss. I feel a little sorry for all he's lost."

"I could say something to that, but I won't."

"I know. At least I hope so. One man's loss is another man's gain. Is that it, Ann?"

"Of course, Bill. You pour the coffee, while I find Dad. We're going to have a nice day—a nice, quiet day. When we get back to the ranch we'll go riding. On Dolly, please, Bill. You can show me how to hold my reins. I'll be very stupid, Bill. I expect we'll have to spend quite a lot of time holding hands."



"Look, son—I know all about your being a B.A., summa cum laude, but this ain't an ordinary meat delivery I'm asking you to make. These is squabs!" CARL ROSE

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So You Want to Lead a Band

Continued from page 14

American music and I'd advise any youngster to study and practice the drums for two years before he does anything else. The drum's the chief rhythm instrument in the band, and, when you're a band leader, you're in the rhythm business.

Some people have a natural sense of rhythm. Others have none at all and they just aren't cut out for band work. Those who have no sense of rhythm are like people who are color-blind; there's nothing that can be done about it. However, although an ordinary sense of rhythm is enough for the enjoyment and appreciation of music it isn't enough for the professional. He needs to develop this natural bent to the nth degree.

That's why I'd advise a youngster to get a lot of records and play his drum in his living room. Let him sit for hours in front of the radio, playing with different bands. He'll pick up and develop his sense of rhythm in two years, provided of course he takes lessons and has a good teacher.

Then Turn to the Piano

Now comes the part that most youngsters balk at. Just as the drum gives one rhythm so does the piano give one harmony. Every embryo musician should play the piano well enough to be able to pick out all the chords that form the basis of his music. When you are playing the piano you are holding the orchestra right in your two hands. If you know the piano well you know harmony well and if you know harmony well no arranger is going to give you any double talk. You'll know whether his arrangement for your band is good or not and if you don't like it you can make your own. If you want to know how important a piano is to a composer, look at the men who wrote the music for our concert in Carnegie Hall last Christmas. Duke Ellington, Raymond Scott, Roy Bargy, Morton Gould, Bert Shefter, George Gershwin, Walter Gross—every one a great pianist.

Harmony is not a static thing. Our conception of harmony is changing all the time. New combinations of musical sounds, thought to be ugly and unharmonious a few years ago, are now considered to be in good musical taste.

Now here's something the embryo Artie Shaw, Sal Franzella or Benny Goodman won't like. He must forget about jazz and swing once in a while, and practice classical music. The band leader of the future who isn't well-grounded in the classical standards hasn't a chance. So if you're a high-school or college boy don't burn up at your teacher because he's an "ickie." And don't think he's a long-haired crank just because he doesn't like to swing William Tell. If there's one single reason why I'm still leading a swell band after twenty years it's because I received a classical background and profited from it.

Don't get impatient with your college education. Kay Kyser, Hal Kemp, Rudy Vallee and Fred Waring are just a few who learned their musical ABC's on the campus.

Consider just one or two of the really fine swing musicians. When Alec Templeton, the blind piano player, sits down to play a swing number students of classical music come running to listen. Templeton is a master of compromise between classical and jazz music. And the advanced trend of swing is nothing short of a compromise between classical and jazz extremes. More and more we go back to the old masters. We take what we can from them and then add something of our own. I don't mean that we intentionally lift melodies from them, but we do try to catch the spirit of the great music and translate that spirit in terms of swing or other modern music. The subconscious effect of the old masters on modern composers is a good influence.

Your son probably listens to Artie Shaw a great deal. Tell him that Artie Shaw knows and respects classical music. Benny Goodman, with just a little tonal adjustment, could play the clarinet with any symphony orchestra in the country. Your son knows Teddy Wilson as a great swing pianist. Tell him that he also plays harpsichord duets with the acknowledged Bach expert of that instrument, Yella Pessl, and that she thinks Bach would approve. Ask your musically ambitious son whom he thinks to be one of our best all-around rhythm trumpet players. The chances are he'll say Mannie Klein. Well, recently Mannie Klein was offered the post as first trumpet in the Philadelphia Symphony.

Once he's mastered the drum and learned the piano and harmony and obtained a good, thorough grounding in the classics it will be time enough for our young musician to specialize. He'll have a particular aptitude for some instrument. Then he can and should go ahead and really master it. Eddy Duchin, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman and the rest paved their way to the leader's podium with their musical instruments.

Of course, as soon as a youngster feels that he's ready, he wants to make a beeline for New York. That of course is the worst thing he can do. There are thousands of unemployed musicians walking along Broadway. There just aren't enough jobs to go around. Our youngster will do better to make a reputation for himself in his own home town. Most of our best band leaders did it that way. Bunny Berigan made his reputation in Madison, Wisconsin, and it wasn't long before they were all after him. Louis Armstrong and the late King Oliver both made their reputations on Mississippi River steamboats. A dozen fine bands came out of New Orleans. If those lads had immediately hopped to New York before achieving fame, they would have been forgotten now.

You'll Never Be Free

Now let's suppose our young man has done all of these things. He has made a reputation for himself and he has been lucky enough to obtain a good job in New York, Chicago or Los Angeles. Now what? Now he'll find out a lot of things he never knew about being a band leader, things quite unconnected with music. Suppose, for instance, some friends from the old home town come to New York. He'll be glad to see them and he'll ask them to dinner.

"Dine with me tomorrow night," he'll say. "I'll meet you at five o'clock."

"What kind of an hour is five o'clock to have dinner?" they'll ask.

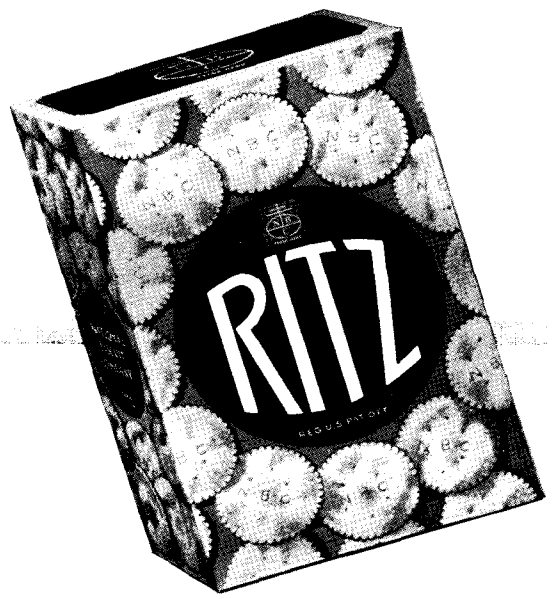
"It's the only time I can get off for dinner," our hero will say miserably. "I rehearse all afternoon and then start work at seven in the evening."

"Well, anyhow, old boy, we'll meet you after you're through for a drink," the old friends will say.

"I can't," our band leader will say unhappily, "I get through at three. We're taking a train at seven-thirty in the morning. I have to get some sleep."

It may come as a surprise to swing

"Well you know how those things go!"



It's pure magic the way Ritz Crackers seem to vanish into thin air! What happens? They get gobbled up by folks who just can't see a Ritz without eating it. There are *millions* of such people — for Ritz is the most popular, the *largest selling* cracker in America. It has a glorious nut-like flavor never before captured in a cracker. An enticing crisp-crunchiness that's *sealed in* by a special baking process. Buy Ritz today. You'll see why everyone's so *crazy* about Ritz! It comes to you *fresh* in new moisture-proof packages.

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addicts who have always confused music, liquor and marijuana to know that not one of the really first-rate band leaders does any heavy drinking. He just can't take a chance. Anything that is likely to dull his wits or wilt his pep has to be discarded.

All smart band leaders, I told my son, exercise religiously. They must keep in good physical shape to do a good job. A band feels no better than its leader.

I have to keep physically fit for another reason. I have no right to get sick. A lawyer, a doctor, a writer is allowed a few days off each year for illness. Any business executive, with a good vice-president in the office, can temporarily afford a bad liver. But if I'm sick all engagements have to be canceled and the thirty members of my band are out of work. The public cares only about the temperature of my music. My musicians think of my temperature in terms of a layoff.

Band Leaders Can't Be Socialites

A band leader's time is not his own. Rehearsals, recordings—these are two things that take up a lot of time. We rehearse twelve hours a week for my half-hour radio program. Listen, Mr. Parent, if your son likes golf tell him to give up the idea of being a band leader. I'd rather play golf than eat. I own six beautiful sets of clubs, and I've played two rounds in the past three years. There's no time for golf or any real social life for a band leader.

A band leader has to be a businessman as well as a musician. A few years ago I had fifty-eight Paul Whiteman bands scattered all over the country. They were all busy and I thought that I was getting rich. So what happened? At the end of the year when I checked up I found that although the bands had grossed a little better than five hundred thousand dollars, I had lost fifty thousand on the deal. It didn't make sense. So I had to become a businessman and learn about overhead and gate receipts and gross and net returns.

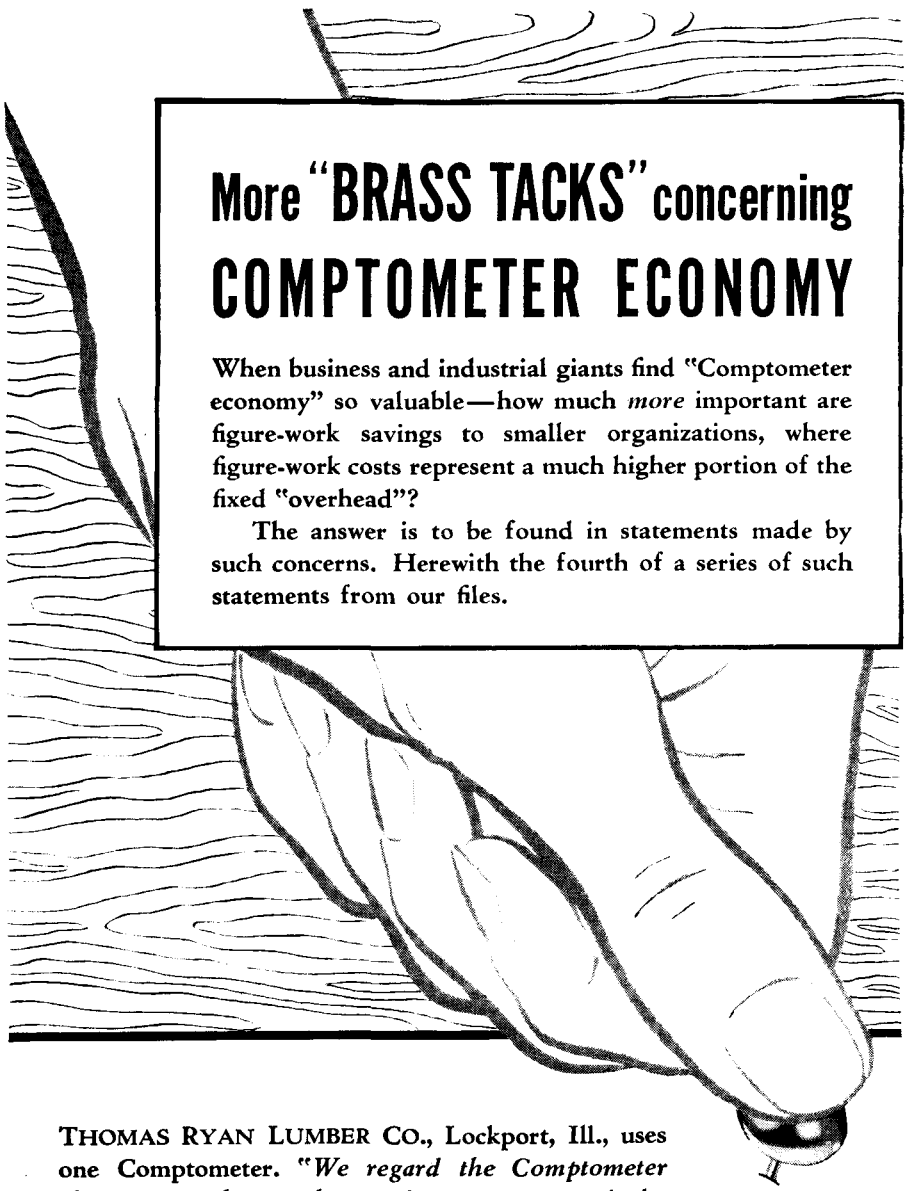
A band leader has to know the value of good publicity. Good publicity is the finest thing you can have. But he has got to be able to spot bad publicity stunts. Once a publicity man in Chicago had what he thought was a bright idea. My band had to fly to New York to keep an engagement. He suggested that I fly a cow back with me. It would be the first time a cow had ever been in the air with the exception of that one who jumped over the moon.

"Every paper in the country will use it on page one," he cried enthusiastically.

"That's right," I told him, "And every humane society in the country will be on my neck for being cruel to a dumb animal. And they'd be right."

Yes, a band leader has to be a musician, a businessman and even a lawyer. It is very easy to make verbal contracts unwittingly. As soon as you get in the limelight you're fair game for anyone who wants to sue. If you give in to a couple of professional plaintiffs the word goes around that you're an easy mark and then you're always being sued. You've got to fight every suit even if you could settle for ten dollars. I began to be billed as King of Jazz many years ago. A man in Philadelphia who didn't even have a band sued me on the grounds that he was known as King Jazz. I could have settled for a hundred dollars. Instead I had to fight the suit, winning it at the cost of $10,000.

As for parents who are worrying about the preoccupation of their youngsters with band music, make up your mind there's nothing you can do about it. I know there's nothing I can do about my son except to wish him luck.



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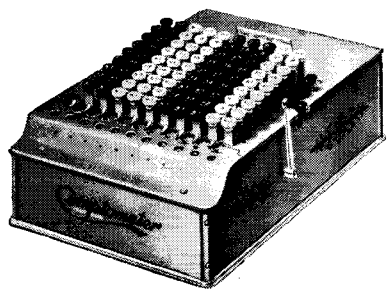

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LOUIS PRISCILLA

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Girl Among Millions

Continued from page 16

"No, sir. Well, she did tell me one friend of hers, but I reckon she was just talking. She said she was a friend of Senator Hayfield."

"Said she . . . all right, sign a complaint against Whitey Kosik for attempted highway robbery. A bad actor, that lady, Mr. Collins. We got complaints on the quiet about her and Whitey."

Ad signed the complaint drawn by the sergeant, returned to the street and drove home to Columbia Road.

DURING the forenoon of the next day his supervisor came to Ad's desk in the Patent Office.

"Senator Hayfield called up, Collins, and he'd like to see you. Go now if you want. You know the Senate Office Building? The senator says to enter Room 980 directly from the hall."

Ad went down to the free parking lot, extricated his car from among the hundreds belonging to other people in the government, and drove a mile east on Constitution Avenue to the Senate Office Building.

He parked beside the building, entered, and found door 980, which gave into the senator's private chamber.

Senator Hayfield was alone, behind his desk.

He was a florid, overnourished gentleman of middle age, with a neck like Punch—an alert and energetic person despite his tonnage; the shrewd blue eyes in his great red face glanced at the opening door.

"Mr. Collins? Come in, sir. Sit down."

He scrutinized Ad for a silent moment.

"The police," he explained, "say that you met some woman last night who told you she was a friend of mine. Probably some constituent I was introduced to at a carnival or barbecue; and rather undesirable, I gathered. However, did this woman say how she knew me, where I met her, anything of the sort? Was she at all definite and specific?"

"No, sir. I met her in a beer place on Dee Street, Senator. She asked me if I knew you, and I told her you're from my state. Then she said she was a particular friend of yours. That was all, sir."

Senator Hayfield sat back, relaxing.

"I doubt very much, Mr. Collins, that I have the honor of her acquaintance. But describe her and that fellow you fought with. Tell me about it."

Ad detailed his tawdry adventure of the evening before. As he went on, steered by interjected questions, the senator's red face grew redder and his eyes shone and he frowned heavily. He rose and stumped about the desk and trudged to and fro behind Ad.

When the recital was done, the senator returned to his chair, sat down and stared at Ad disapprovingly.

"It is about what the police told me, Mr. Collins, and it was a brutal and degrading affair. You threw this man down, kicked him, jumped on him and beat him without mercy. The police said that he was black, blue and bloody. A very discreditable affair, Mr. Collins, and one that puts you in a doubtful light. What part you from, sir?"

"Colquhoun County, Senator. About a half-hour back of—well, sir, I reckon you never heard of Yancey's Run."

The senator's frown did not lighten.

"Mr. Collins," he said in a creaking and overstuffed voice, "I hold the people of Colquhoun County in the utmost regard, particularly the folks of Yancey's Run. It is so much the more pitiful, sir, that a boy born and raised among ladies and gentlemen should come up here and mess with trash. Lie down with dogs, sir, and get up with fleas."

He pouted aggrievedly.

"I've seen it, Collins. A boy comes up here from down yonder and he's away from his folks and got a fine salary and he gets to frequenting low drinking spots. And that's where he meets and makes his friends. That's where, sir! And what sort are they? With all that Washington has to offer in concerts and study courses and places where he'll meet the right people and the right girls. I sw'ar, if it weren't for his mother's prayers and having no suffrage in the district, he'd go the whole hawg and turn Republican.

"Will he meet the right sort in Mother Carey's, Collins? Or the London Pub, or Klipp's Joint, or Shipwreck Sadie's, or—I could soil your ears with a dozen, sir. But you will not meet the right sort of gentlemen and ladies there. You will meet them in the Shorebay Grill or the Dayflower Lounge, and that's where to go, sir, for good bonded liquor and pay for it like a gentleman. . . . Bought a car, did you, Collins? Then improve your leisure time in visiting the wonderful scenery about Washington, such as the Virginia Caverns and Cabin Billy's Barbecue Park and the Skyline Drive."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, Senator. . . . Is my car parked all right out there, Senator, or might I get a ticket?"

The senator looked from the window.

"You'll get a ticket, sir. . . . But that looks like my old car, Collins. You bought it on 14th Street? Why, sir, that is my old car. Pshaw, that creature merely recognized my car that I've driven four years here!"

"Your car, Senator? I'd be mighty obliged, sir, if you'd tell me who was the lady delivered it to Uncle Sam!"

"I was coming to that, Collins, hearing you mention Yancey's Run. I have in my employ a charming girl from your distinguished town whose society, if you can acquire it, will be more refining and elevating than—I refer to one of my secretaries, Miss Rosemary Lee."

"She's in Washington sure enough, Senator?"

Senator Hayfield studied the boy's eager face, smiled.

"Miss Rosemary has your picture on her desk, Collins; just to put spirit in the other lads that call here for her, I reckon. . . . Say nothing to her about the affair of last night. The best of explanations, Collins, are often lost on the best of women, in my experience. I shall respect your confidence. Tell her you got the name from Uncle Sam—to that effect. . . . Go in the next room and introduce yourself. . . : And—ah—Mr. Collins! If there's anything your senator should do for you here in Washington, don't hesitate to ask, sir."

LEFT alone, Senator Hayfield called National 4000—the police.

"Kicked him down," he whispered to himself, waiting. "Beat him sick, sore, lame and disabled! Mess with folks from down yonder, will you? Heh, heh!

"Hello. Sergeant. You were right, Sergeant: the persons young Collins had to do with last night were the ones inveigled me into a false situation last week and robbed me. Collins gave the scoundrel the thrashing that I was tempted to administer to him myself. . . . Heh, heh! . . . I—ah—didn't mention my personal experience to Collins, Sergeant. No need to say more about that, eh?"

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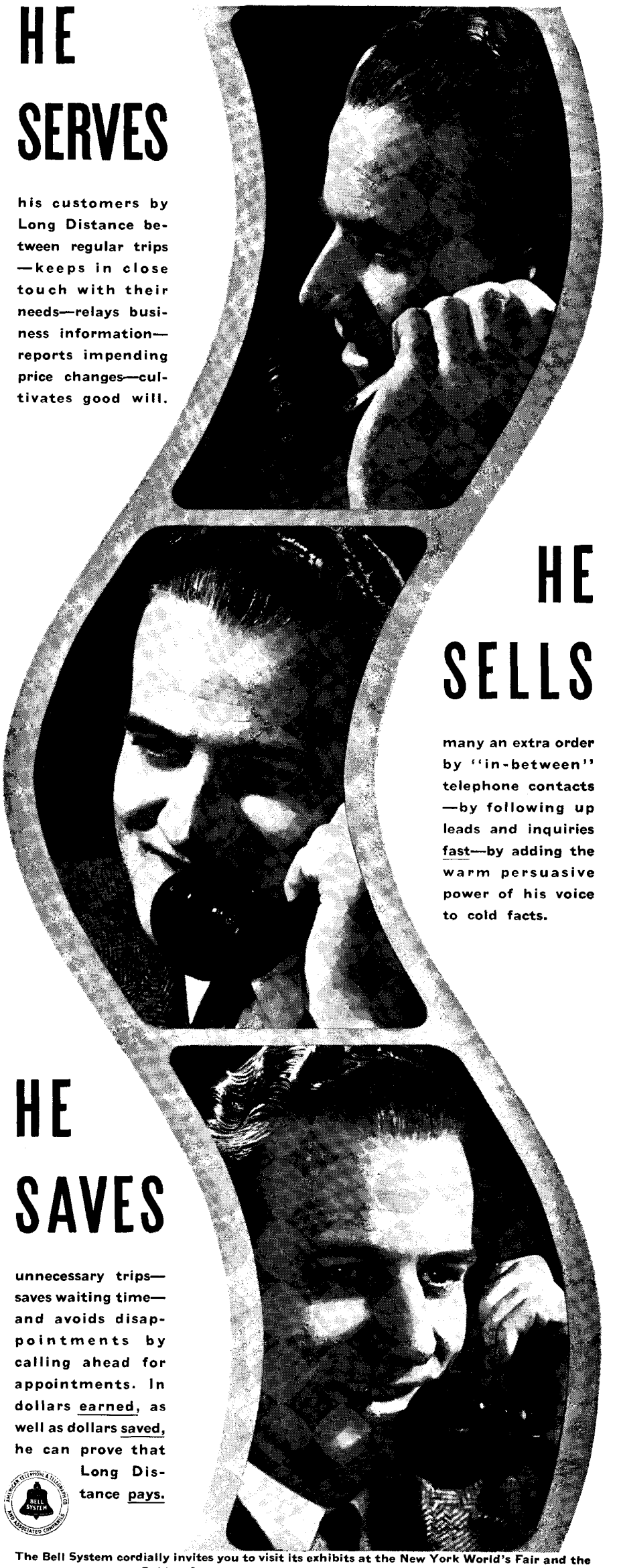

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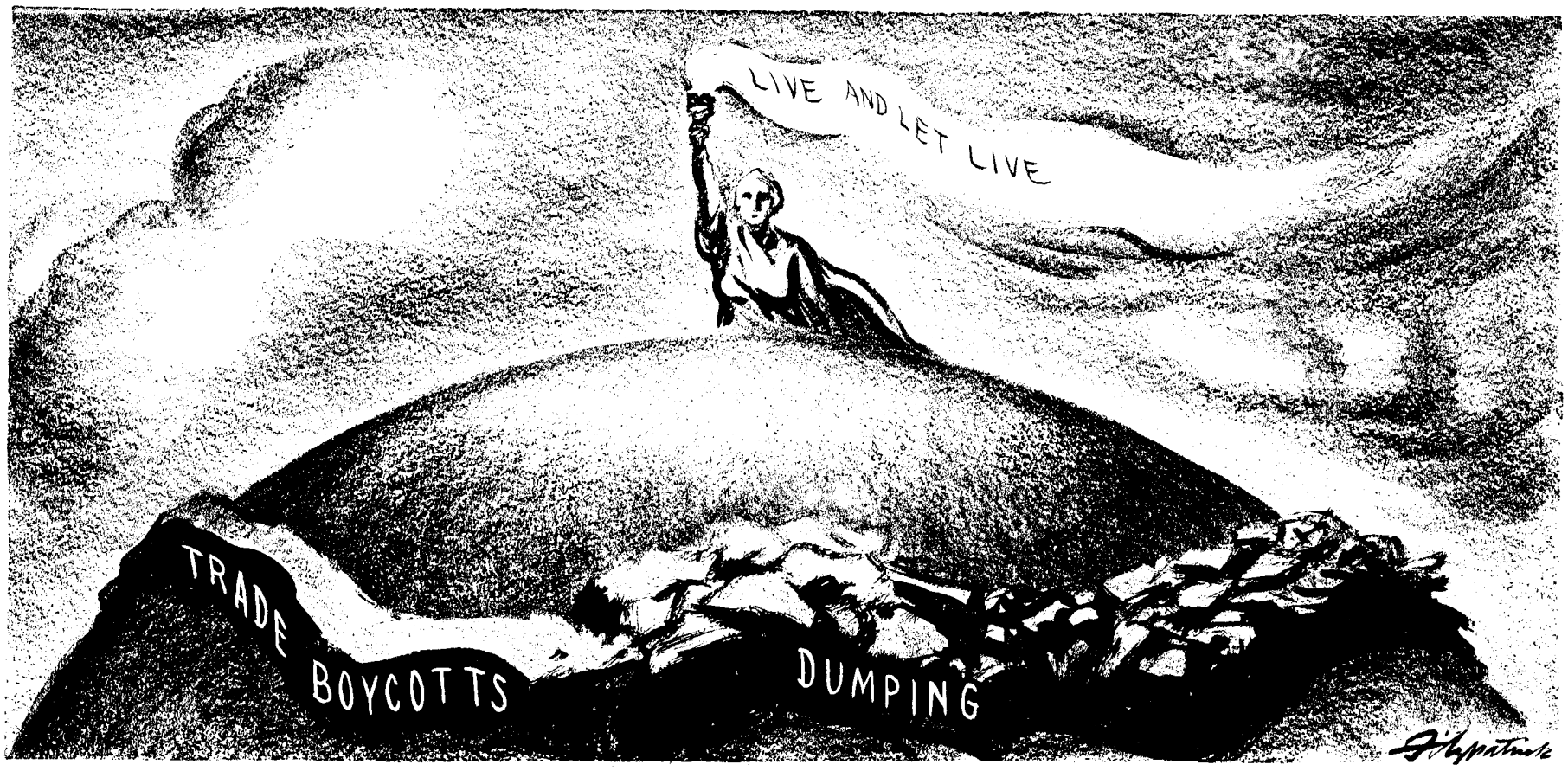

Has Democracy Won Again?

IT LOOKS to us as if the summer of 1939 will go down in history as the time when democracy squeezed around the most dangerous corner that had challenged its corner-rounding abilities since the World War.

That corner was fashioned by totalitarianism—dictatorship—a system which contradicts democracy on every principle that matters in the lives of men and women.

And it looked for quite a while as if totalitarianism had everything its own way. Hitler grabbed Austria. Hitler forced the Munich backdown and followed that up by grabbing the rest of Czechoslovakia. He began making passes at Danzig, Rumania, Yugoslavia. Mussolini snatched Albania between a pair of suns. The democracies sat back and took it—and seemed fated to take a lot more of it—and presently Japan was twisting the British lion's tail in Asia and stamping on Uncle Sam's toe thrust in at the Open Door in China.

Then, early in August, just about the time of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the World War's opening salvos, you could feel a change.

Hitler suddenly wasn't talking so loud. The Japanese kept on insulting Americans and Britons in China, but somehow their insults took on a hollow tone. And various pieces of specific news began to pop.

Such news, we mean, as that the British had stepped up the Malta garrison from two artillery regiments to five, and from two infantry battalions to four, and had doubled the Malta air defenses since Munich—that Britain now had 20,000 soldiers in Palestine, plus 10,000 armed Jews, who might not like the British Palestine policy but would fight to the death to keep the Axis from taking over—that the Aden garrison commanding the lower Red Sea entrance had been greatly strengthened.

Further news items told how assorted Arab war lords, who had begun to slide Axisward, had been effectively buttered up and won back by the British . . . how the British war machine in Egypt was making tremendous progress; was already believed capable, with the help of Britain's new Turkish partners, of checkmating any Axis moves from Libya . . . how Mussolini's Albania snatch had enraged the Moslem world, so that Axis radio propaganda in the Near East now only made the Mohammedans choke up inside with righteous anger—or anyway with anger.

As if to cap all this, the United States government announced that the 1911 Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with Japan was now out, and that a new one might be negotiated, but also might not. The consternation that ensued in Japan was almost pitiful.

We think it all adds up to this: That the White War of 1937-39 is just about over, and that this White War has been won by the democratic powers of Britain, France and the United States.

Of course we may be dead wrong. And of course we hazard this guess with fingers crossed in the prayerful hope that blood-red war will not have blazed into being by the time this appears in print.

But suppose it's true. Suppose the democracies have won the White War and there isn't going to be any world-wide red war. Where do the democracies go from here in that case?

We all know where the democracies went from the 1918 Armistice that marked their victory in the reddest war in world history. The United States—to its honor, in retrospect—refused to sign the peace treaty that was hammered out at Versailles. But the rest of the winners proceeded to grind the Central Powers' faces in the mud.

In due time they gathered the logical harvest of that blind heartlessness. They got this White War of 1937-39, which we hope democracy has won even though it didn't particularly deserve to win.

Can't things be handled differently this time?

Must there be 1939-40 counterparts of the inter-Allied blockade and the Versailles, Trianon and St. Germain victor banquets? Must there be, for examples, economic boycotts, merchandise-dumping campaigns financed by the democracies' immensely superior cash resources, other peacetime measures calculated to bleed the totalitarian states white?

Such things could be tried. For a while they could be made to work.

But on the record of 1918 and after, the harvest would be hideous. Trying to control the Central Powers after the World War, the democracies eventually brought a world panic on themselves. Suppose the democracies now try to choke totalitarianism to death in countries which seem to prefer totalitarianism. Won't the harvest most likely be totalitarianism in the countries which now prefer democracy? The old physical law of action and reaction hasn't often been side-stepped.

We move that the democracies try some human decency this time, abhor totalitarianism though we do.

Now that we have apparently shown the totalitarians that they can't win a red war, why not give them a sporting chance to work out their salvation in their own way, and to gain their fair share of this world's goods and trade by peaceable means?

One principle of democracy is that everybody is entitled to a fair break. The democracies betrayed that principle after the World War. Out of that betrayal they got a quarter-century of uncertainty, spreading poverty, mounting tragedy and fear.

Let's try being democratic this time, even toward those who hate democracy.

If the White War has indeed been won, as it seems to have been, let's do our best to keep from turning around and sowing the seeds of another war.

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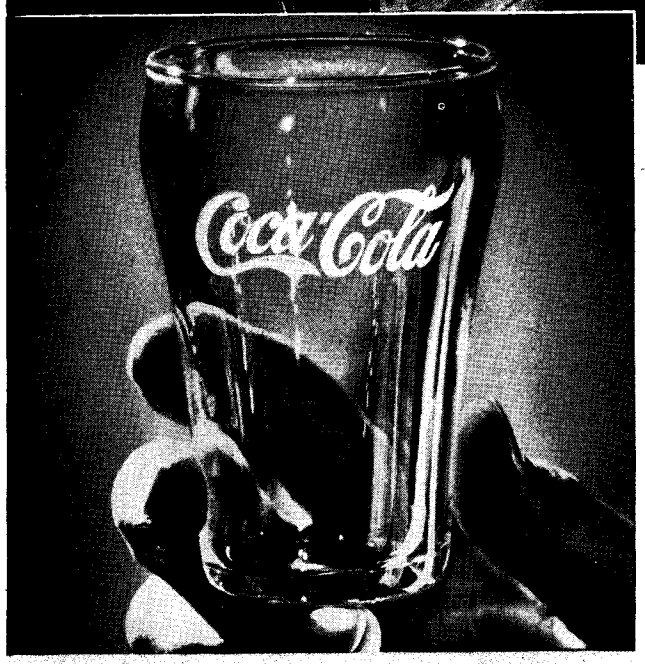

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